

SONGES AND SONEITES

Written by the right honorable  
Lord Henry Haward late  
Earle of Surrey, and  
others.

Apud Richardum Tottell.

1567

Robert South his book 1670



Cum priuilegio.





## To the reader



What to haue wel wytten in verse, yea and in smal  
parcelles, deserueth greate praise, the woorkes of  
diuers Latins, Italians, and other, doe proue suf-  
ficiently, that our tong is able in that kinde to do as praise  
woorthelpe as the reste, the honorable stile of the Earle  
of Surreye, and the weightinesse of the deepe wytted  
syr Thomas Wyat the elders verse, withe seuerall graces  
in sundrie good English writers, doe shewe abundantlye  
It resteth nowe (gentle Reader) that thou thinke it not e-  
uill done, to publish to the honour of the English tongue  
and for profite of the studious of English eloquence, those  
woorkes whiche the vngentle horders bp of suche treasure  
haue heretofore enuied thee. And for this point (good Rea-  
der) thine owne profite & pleasure, in these present tyme, & in  
mo hereafter, that aunswere for my defence. If perhappes  
some myslike the statelynesse of stile remoued fro y rude  
skyll of comon eares: I aske helpe of y learned to defende  
their learned frēdes, the authors of this woorkes. And

Exhorte the vnlearned, by readinge to  
learne to bee more skyllfull, and to  
purge that swynelyke grossenes  
that maketh y swete maie  
come not to sinell  
to their de-  
lyght.

Description of the restlesse state  
of a louer, with sute to his  
lady, to rue on his di-  
ynge harte,

lying heart

**T**he sunne hath twise brought fourth his tender  
Twise cladde the earth in liuely lustinesse,  
Once haue the winds the trees dispoiled cleane  
And once againe beginnes their cruellnesse,  
Since I hyd vnder my brest the harme,  
That neuer shal recouer healthfulnesse,  
The winters hurt recouers & the warme,  
The parched grene restozed is with shade,  
What warmth, alas, may serue for to disarme,  
The frosen harte that mine inflame hath made,  
What colde againe is able to restoze  
My freshe grene, that wither thus and fade?  
Alas I see nothing hath hurt so soze,  
But time in tyme reduceth a returne,  
In tyme my hart encreaseth more and more,  
And seemes to haue my cure alwaies in scozne,  
Strange kindes of death, in lyfe that I doe trye,  
At hand to melt farre of in flame to burne,  
And like as time list to my cure applie,  
So doth eche place my comfort cleane refuse.  
All thing alyne, that seeth the heauens with eye,  
With cloke of night may couer and excuse,  
It selfe from trauaile of the daies vnrest,  
Saue I alas, against al others ble,  
That then styre vp the tormentes of my brest,  
And curse eche starre as causer of my fate,  
And when the sunne hath eke the darke opprest,  
And brought the day, it doth nothing abate  
the trauailes of mine endlesse smarte and paine;  
For then as one that hath the light in hate,  
I wishe for night more couertly to playne,  
And me withdraue from euery haunted place  
Lest by my chere my chaunce appere to plaine,  
And in my minde I measure pace by pace,

grene; forth free  
dispoiled cleane  
I haue hid

grene

grene which look

hine  
heart that hurt  
strange life his

ech

all  
travell dayes

\* eche  
stir torments

travell

appere

# Songes

To seeke the place where I my self had lost,  
 That day that I was tangled in y<sup>e</sup> lace,  
 In seemyng slack that knitteth euer most. *seemyn*  
 But neuer yet y<sup>e</sup> trauaile of my thought, *haued*  
 Of better state could catch a cause to host, *boast*  
 For if I founde some time y<sup>e</sup> I haue sought,  
 Those sterres by whom I trusted of y<sup>e</sup> porte, *shame*  
 My sailes do fall & I aduance right nought, *saigly* ★  
 As ankard fast my spirites doe al resort, *Ankards Anchor*  
 As o stand agazed & sinke in moze and moze  
 The deadly harme which she doth take in sport. *In or lo*  
 Lo if I seeke hope I doe find my soze. *seeke, how*  
 And if I see, I care with mee still, *carre me*  
 The venomd shaft which dothe his force restore *doth*  
 By hast of flight, and I may plaine my fill *playe me still*  
 Unto my selfe, vnlesse this careful song,  
 Print in your hart some parcell of my tene, *heart, tene*  
 For I alas in silence all to longe, *all long*  
 Of mine olde hurt yet fele the wounde but grene. *my old felt wound*  
 Rue on my life or els your cruel wrong, *else*  
 Shall wel appeare and by my death be sene. *sene*

## Description of spring, wherein eche thing rene wes saue onelye the louer.

The soote seasons y<sup>e</sup> bud & bloome forth brings, *seasons, bud*  
 with grene hath cladde the hill & eke the vale, *grene clad*  
 The Nightingale with fethers new she sings, *new sin*  
 The Turtle to her make hath told her tale: *make make*  
 Somer is come for euery spray now springes.  
 The Hart hath hong his old headdon the pale, *harts*  
 The Buck in boake his winter coate he flings, *Bucke boake*  
 The Fishes flete with the newe repaired scale, *flete with*  
 The Adder al her slough away she flinges, *slough fling*  
 The swift Swallow pursueth the flies smal *Swallow*  
 The busy Bee her honny now she minges, *honic*  
 Wynter is worne that was the flowers bale.  
 And thus I see among these pleasant thinges, *this, thing*  
 Eche care decays and yet mye sorow springes *my sorow spring*

★ I had rather say in them their ends, in me my sorrow springes *Descrip-*

Description of the restless estate  
of a louer.

**V**hen yowth had led me halfe the race,  
 That cupides scourge had made me runne *easily*  
 I looked backe to meete the place, *looked* *meete*  
 From whence my very course begunne. *weary*  
 And then I sawe howe my desire,  
 Misguiding me had led the waye,  
 Whine eyen to greedy of theire hire, *greedy*  
 Had made me lose a better pray. *lose* *praise*  
 For when in sighes I spent the day,  
 And could not cloke my griefe with game:  
 The boyling smoke did still beswape, *boiling smoke*  
 The present heate of secret flame.  
 And when salt teares doe bayne my brest, *did baine*  
 Where loue his pleasant traines hath lozen:  
 Her beauty hath the fruites opprest,  
 Ere that the buddes were sprong and blowne.  
 And when myne eyen did still pursue, *mine*  
 The flying chace of theire request,  
 Theire greedy looks did oft reuenge, *greedy*  
 The hidden wound within my brest.  
 When euery looke these cheekes might stain,  
 From deadly pale to glowing red,  
 By outward signes appeared playne,  
 To her for helpe my hart was fled. *heart*  
 But al to late loue learneth mee, *all too*  
 To paint al kynde of colours newe: *kind*  
 To blind their eyes that els shoulde see,  
 My speckled chekes with Cupides hew.  
 And now the couert brest, I clame, *cheekes* *leave*  
 That worshipt Cupide secretlye, *now* *claim*  
 And nourished his sacred flame: *my self*  
 From whence no blasing sparkes do flye. *blazing* *fly*

Description of the fickle affections, *affections*  
 panges, and sleighes *pangs* *sleights*  
 of loue,



## Songes

Such wayward wayes hath loue, that most part in discord, <sup>disan</sup>  
 Our willes do stand, whereby our hartes but seldom do accord. <sup>le</sup>  
 Deceite is his delight, and to beguile and mocke, <sup>Deceit</sup>  
 The simple harts, whō he doth strike & frowarde diuers stroke. <sup>le</sup>  
 He causeth thone to rage with golden burning darte,  
 And doth alay with leaden cold againe the others harte, <sup>phane</sup>  
 Whote greames of burning fire, and easly sparks of flames, <sup>wich</sup>  
 In balance of vnegall weight he pondereth by anie. <sup>Ballan</sup>  
 From easy forde where I might wade and pas full well, <sup>whie</sup>  
 He me withdraues, and doth me driue into a depe darke hell. <sup>duy</sup>  
 And me withholdes where I am calde and offred place, <sup>Wild for</sup>  
 And willes me that my mortall foe I doe beseeke of grace. <sup>all</sup>  
 He lettes me to pursue a conquest welnere wonne, <sup>neare</sup>  
 & so follewe where my paines were losse, ere I my lute begonne. <sup>x</sup>  
 So by this meanes I knowe how soone a hart may turne, <sup>he</sup>  
 From warre to peace, from truce to strife, and so againe returne.  
 I knowe howe to content mye selfe in others lust,  
 Of little stufte vnto my selfe to weaue a webbe of trust.  
 And howe to hide my harmes with lost dissembling chere, <sup>chere</sup>  
 whan in my face I painted thoughtes would outwardly appeare. <sup>le</sup>  
 I knowe howe that the bloud forsakes the face for dred,  
 And howe by shame it staines againe the cheekes & flaminge red. <sup>le</sup>  
 I knowe vnder the greene the serpent howe he lurkes, <sup>great</sup>  
 The hammer of the restlesse forge, I wote eke howe it workes. <sup>x</sup>  
 I knowe and can by rote the tale that I would tell, <sup>roten</sup>  
 But oft the wordes come fourth a wyfe of him that loueth wel. <sup>a</sup>  
 I knowe in heate and coulde the louer howe he shakes, <sup>ulde</sup>  
 In singing howe he doth complaine, in sleping howe hee wakes. <sup>le</sup>  
 To languish without ache, sickelisse for to consume, <sup>wh</sup>  
 A thousand things for to deute, resoluing of his fume. <sup>things</sup>  
 And though he list to see his ladies grace full fore,  
 Such pleasure as delight his eye, doth his health restore. <sup>pleas</sup>  
 I knowe to seeke the trade of my desired foe, <sup>hale</sup>  
 And feare to finde that I do seeke, but chiefly this I knowe,  
 That louers must transfourme into the thing beloued, <sup>transfor</sup>  
 And liue (alas who would beleue?) with sprite fro life remoued. <sup>le</sup>  
 I knowe in hartie sighes and laughers of the splene, <sup>hartie</sup>  
 At once to change my state, my wil, and eke my colour clene, <sup>le</sup>  
 I knowe howe to deceiue my selfe with others helpe, <sup>x</sup>  
 And howe the Lyon chastised is by beating of the whelpe. <sup>chast</sup>  
 In standing nere the fire, I knowe howe that I freele, <sup>neare</sup>  
 Farre of I burn, in both I wast, and so my life I leese. <sup>off</sup>  
3



I knowe how loue doth rage vpon a yelding minde, <sup>yelding</sup>  
 How snial a net may take and make a hart of gentle kinde, <sup>nettle</sup>  
 Or els with scloome swie to season heapes of gall, <sup>seldome smite</sup>  
 Reuiued with a glimse of grace old fores to let fall. <sup>sorrow</sup>  
 The hidden traines I know and secrete snares of loue, <sup>secret</sup>  
 How soone a looke will print a thought, that neuer may remoue. <sup>more</sup>  
 The slipper state I know, the sodaine turnes from wealth <sup>wealth</sup>  
 The dout full hope, the certaine woe, and sure disperd <sup>doubtfull</sup> haly.

Complaint of a louer, that defied  
 loue and was by loue after  
 the more tormen-  
 ted.

**W**hen Summer toke in hande the winter to assaile, <sup>summer toke</sup>  
 with force of might, and vertue great, his stormy blastes to  
 And when he clothed faire the earth about with greene, (quail  
 And euery tree new garimented, that pleasure was to lene, <sup>sceme</sup>  
 Mine hart gan n<sup>ew</sup> reuiue, and changed blood did sturre <sup>stirre</sup>  
 He to withdraue my winter woore, that kept within the dore.  
 Abrode, quod my desire, assay to let thy fore <sup>quoth</sup> <sup>stirre</sup> <sup>foote</sup>  
 where thou shalt finde the labour sweete, for spring is euery roile, <sup>in the</sup>  
 And to thy health, if thou were sicke in any case,  
 Nothing more good, than in the spring the aere to fele a place. <sup>his place</sup>  
 There shalt thou heare and see al kinde of birdes p<sup>ro</sup>rought,  
 well tune their voice & warble small, as nature hath the thought. <sup>well</sup>  
 Thus pricked me my lust the sluggish house to leaue,  
 And for my health I thought it best suche counsell to receaue, <sup>counsell</sup>  
 So on a morow furth, driuist of any night, <sup>morow forth</sup>  
 I went to proue how well it would my heauy burden light.  
 And when I felt the aere so pleasant round about,  
 Lorde, to my selfe how glad I was that I had gotten out. <sup>forde</sup>  
 There might I see how her had euery bloosome hent,  
 And eke the new betrothed birdes p<sup>ro</sup>upled how they went,  
 And in their songes methought they thanked nature much,  
 That by her lycence all that pere to loue their happe was such. <sup>allready</sup>  
 Right as they could deuise to chouse them feres throughout,  
 with much reioising to their Lorde thus flew they all about.  
 which when I gan resolue, and in my head conceaue, <sup>conceiue</sup>  
 what pleasant life, what hrapes of ioy these little birdes receiue.

## Songes

And saw in what estate I wery man was wrought, <sup>weary</sup>  
 By want of that they had at wil and I reiect at nought: <sup>will</sup>  
 Lord how I gan in wrath vnwisely me demeane,  
 I cursed loue and him defied: I thought to turne the streame.  
 But when I wel beheld he had me vnder awe, <sup>well</sup>  
 I asked mercy for my fault that so transgress his law.  
 Thou blinded God quod I forgeue me this offence, <sup>quoth</sup>  
 Unswittingly I went about to malice thy pretence.  
 Wher with he gaue a becke and thus methought he swore, <sup>where</sup>  
 Thy sorow ought suffice to purge thy fault if it were more.  
 The vertue of the which found myne hart did so reuiue, <sup>hid is in</sup>  
 That I me thought, was made as hoale as any man aliue. <sup>whole</sup>  
 But here I may perceiue myne errour al and some,  
 For that I thought that so it was: yet was it still vndone. <sup>\*</sup>  
 And all that was no more but mine exprest mynd, <sup>my</sup>  
 That faine would haue some good reliefe, of Cupide wel assinde  
 I turned home forthwith, & might perceiue it wel. <sup>well</sup>  
 That he agreued was right sore with me for my rebell. <sup>agrieved</sup>  
 My harines haue euer since encreased more and more, <sup>in</sup>  
 And I remaine without his help, vndone for euer more.  
 A mirroz let me be vnto ye louers all.  
 Striue not with loue for if ye doe it will ye this befall. <sup>fall</sup>

### Complaint of a louer rebuked,

I Due that liueth and raineth in my thought,  
 That built his seat within my captiue brest,  
 Glad in the armes wherin with me he fought,  
 Oft in my face he doth his banner rest.  
 He that me thought to loue and suffer paine,  
 My doubtful hope and eke my hote desire, B6  
 With shamefast cloke to shadow and restraine  
 Her smiling grace conuerteth straight to ire.  
 And couered loue then to the hart apace  
 Taketh his flight whereas he lurkes and plaines  
 His purpose lost and dare not shewe his face,  
 For my lordes gilt thus faultlesse bide I paines,  
 Yet from my lordes shal not my fote remoue,  
 Swete is his death that takes his end by loue.

## Complaint of the louer disdained.

**I**n Ciprus, springes, whereas Venus dwelt,  
 As well so hote, that who so tastes the same,  
 Were he of stone, as chawed yse should melt,  
 And kindled finde his brest with fixed flame.  
 Whose moist poison dissolued hath my hate,  
 This creping fire my colde lims so opprest,  
 That in the hart that harborde fredome late,  
 Endles dispaire long thraldome hath imprest.  
 An other so colde in frosen yse is founde  
 Whose chilling venome of repugnant kinde  
 The seruent heat doth quenche of Cupides wounde  
 And with the spot change infectes the minde,  
 wherof my deere hath tasted, to my paine.  
 My seruice thus is growne into disdaine.

 Deseripcion and praise of his loue  
 Geraldine.

**F**rom Tuscan came my ladies worthy race,  
 Faire Florence was sometime her auncient seate,  
 The western yle, whose pleasant shore doth face  
 Wilde Cambers clifs, did giue her liuely heat,  
 Fostred she was with milke of Irishe brest:  
 Her fire, an Erle, her dame of princes blood,  
 From tender yeres in Brittain she doth rest,  
 With kinges child, where she tasteth costly foode.  
 Wonsdon did first present her to myne epen.  
 Bright is her hewe, and Geraldine she hight:  
 Hampton me taught to wishe her first for myne:  
 And Windsor, alas, doth chase me from her sight,  
 Her beauty of kind her vertues from aboue,  
 Happy is he, that can obtaine her loue.

 The frailtie and hurtfulnes  
 of beautye.

**L**ittle beauty that nature made so fraile,  
 wherof the gift is small and short the season,

## Songes

Flourishing to day to morrow apt to faile,  
Tickle treasure abhorred of reason,  
Daungerous to deale with, vaine of none auaille,  
Costly in keeping, past not worth two pason,  
Slipper in sliding as is an eies taile,  
Harde to attaine once gotten not geason,  
Iewel of icoperdy that perill doth assaile,  
False and vntrue, enticed oft to treason,  
Enemy to youth, that most may I bewaile,  
Th bitter swete infecting as the poison,  
Thou farest as fruit that with the frost is taken,  
To day redy ripe, to morrow all to shaken.

### A complaint by night of the louer not beloued.

Alas so al thinges now we doe hold their peace,  
Heuen and earth disturbed in nothing,  
The bestes, the aire, the birdes their song do cease,  
The nightes chare the starres about doth bring,  
Calme is the sea, the waues worke lesse and lesse,  
So am not I, whome loue alas doth wring,  
Wringing before my face the great encrease  
Of my desires, wherat I wepe and sing,  
In ioy and wo, as in a doubtful case:  
For my swete thoughtes, sometime doe pleasure bring,  
But by and by the cause of my dis ease  
Geeues me a pang, that inwardly doth sting,  
When that I think what grieve it is againe,  
To liue and lacke the thing should ridde my paine.

### How eche thing saue the louer in spring reuiueth to pleasure.

When wind for walles susteined my wearied arme,  
My hand my chin, to ease my restless hed,  
The pleasant plot reuested greene, with warme,  
The blossomed bowes with lusty Ver ysprad,

The



The flowred meades, the wedded byrdes so late  
 Myne eyes discouer, and to my minde resoꝛte  
 The ioly woes, the hatelesse shoꝛte debate,  
 The rakehell life that longs to loues dispoꝛte,  
 Wherewith (alas) the heauy charge of care  
 Heapt in my bꝛest, bꝛeakes fourth against mye will  
 In smoky sighes, that ouercast the ayre,  
 My vapoꝛd eyes such dreary teares distill,  
 The tender spring which quicken where they fall,  
 And I haife bent to thꝛowe me downe withall.

A vow to loue faithfullye how  
 loeuer he be re-  
 warded

SEt me whereas the sunne doth parche the grene,  
 Or where his beames doe not dissolue the yse,  
 In temperate heate where he is felt and sene,  
 In presence prest of people madde or wyle,  
 Set me in hye, or yet in lowe degree,  
 In longest night, or in the shoꝛtest day,  
 In clearest skye, or where cioudes thickest be,  
 In lusty youth, or when my heares are graye,  
 Set me in heauen, in earth, or els in hell,  
 In hill or dale, or in the coming floode,  
 Chꝛill, or at large, aloue where so I dwell,  
 Sicke or in health, in euill fame or good,  
 Hers wil I bee, and onely with this thought.  
 Content my selfe, although my chaunce be nought.

Complaint that his ladie after she  
 knew of his loue, kept her face  
 alwaye hidden from  
 him.

I neuer sawe my lady laye apart  
 Her cornet blacke, in colde nor yet in heate,  
 With first she knew my grief was growe so greate

Whiche



## Songes

which others fantasies driueth from my harte  
That to my selfe I doe the thought reserue,  
The which vnwares did wound my wofull brest,  
But on her face myne eyes mought neuer rest.  
Yet since she knewe I did her loue and serue,  
Her golden tresses cladde alway with blacke,  
Her smyling lookes that had thus euermore,  
And that restraines which I desire so sore:  
So doth this cornet gouerne mee alacke,  
In summer sunne in winters breath, a frost,  
Whereby the light of her faire lookes I lost.

### Request to his loueto ioyne bounty with beautie.

**T**he golden gift that nature did the geue,  
To fasten frendes, and feede them at thy weyll  
With fourme and fauour taught me to beleue,  
How thou art made to shewe her greatest skill.  
Whose hydden vertues are not so vnknownen,  
But liuely domes might gather at the first,  
Where beanty so her perfect seede hath sownen,  
Of al oher graces followe nedes there must.  
No we certess: Ladye, since al this is true,  
That from aboue thy giftes are thus elect,  
Doe not deface them than with fantasies newe.  
Nor chaunge of mindes let not the mynde infecte  
But mercy him thy frende, that doth thee serue  
Who sekes alway thine honour to preserue.

### Prisoner in windsor, here counteth his pleasure there passed.

**S**o cruell prison howe coulde betide, alas,  
As proude windsor: where I lust and ioye.  
With a kinges sonne, my childish yeares did pas:  
In greater feast than Priams sonnes of Troye,  
Where eche swete place returnes a tast full sower:

The large grene courtes where we were wont to houe,  
 With eyes cast vp into the maidens tower,  
 And easie sighes, such as folke drawe in loue,  
 The stately seates, the ladies bright of hewe,  
 The daunces short, long tales of greate delighte,  
 With wordes & lookes, that wigers could but rew,  
 Where eche of vs did pleade the others right,  
 The plaine playe, where, dispoyled for the game,  
 With dazed eyes oft we by gleames of loue,  
 Haue mist the ball, & got sight of our dame,  
 To bayte her cies, which kepes the leades aboue,  
 The grauell ground with fleues tyed on the helme  
 On foming horse, with swordes and friendly harts,  
 With cheare as though one should another whelme,  
 Where we haue fought, and chased oft with darts,  
 With siluer droppes the meade yet spread for ruthe,  
 In aduie games of nimblenes and strength,  
 Where we did straine & rained & swarmes of youth,  
 Our tender lymmes, that yet shot vp in length,  
 The secret groues, which oft we made resounde,  
 Of pleasaunt plaint, and of our ladies praise,  
 Recording oft what grace eche one had founde,  
 What hope of speade, what dread of long delays,  
 The wilde forest, the clothed holtes with grene,  
 With raines auayled, & swifty breathed horse,  
 With crye of hound, & mery blastes betwene,  
 Where we did chase the fearefull hart of force,  
 The wyde vales eke, that harborde vs eche night,  
 Wherewith (alas reuiueth in my brest,  
 The swete accorde, suche slepes as yet delighte  
 The pleasant dreames the quiet bed of rest,  
 The secret thoughtes imparted with such trust,  
 The wanton talke, the diuers chaunge of playe,  
 The frindship sworne, eche promise kepe so iuste,  
 Wherewith we past the winter night awaye.  
 And with this thought the bloud forsakes the face,  
 The teares berayne my cheekes of deadly hewe  
 The which as soone as sobbyng sighes (alas)  
 Upslipped haue, thus I my plaint renews,  
 A place of blisse, renuer of my woes,  
 Geue me accompt, where is my noble fere,  
 Whom in this walles thou dost eche night enclose.

## Songes

To other leese, but vnto me moste deare  
Eche (alas) that doth my sorowe rewe,  
Retorns therto a holloſſe sounde of plaint,  
Thus I alone, whiere al my freedome grewe,  
In prilon pine, & bondage and restraint,  
And with remembraunce of the greater grieve,  
To banishe the lesse I finde mie chiefe reliefe.

The louer comforteh himselſe  
with the worthines of  
his loue.

When raging loue with extreme paine,  
W<sup>h</sup>ost cruelly distraines my harte,  
When  $\frac{1}{2}$  my teares as floudes of rayne,  
Bears witnes of my woofull smarte,  
When sighes hath wasted so my breath,  
That I lye at the point of death:  
I call to minde the nauye greate,  
That the Greekes brought to Troye to soone,  
And how the boisteous winds did beate,  
Their shippes and rent their sailles adowne  
Till Agamemnons daughters bloode,  
Appealed the Goddes that them withstoode.  
And how that in those ten yeres warre  
Full many a bloudy deede was done,  
And many a lord that came full farre,  
There caught his bane (alas) to soone,  
And many a good knight ouercome,  
Before the Greekes had Helene wonne.  
Then thinke I thus, with such repaire,  
So long time warre of valiant men,  
Was all to winne a lady faire,  
Shall I not learne to suffer then,  
And thinke my time well spent to bee,  
Seruing a worthier wight then she?  
Therefore I neuer will repente,  
But paynes contented still endure,  
For like as when rough winter spent,  
The pleasant spring straight draweth in bre,

So after raging stormes of fare,  
Ioyfull at length may be my care.

Complaint of the absence of  
her louer being vpon the  
seas.

O Happy dames that may embrace  
The frute of your delight,  
Helpe to bewaile the woful case  
and eke the heauye plight  
Of me that wonted to reioice  
The fortune of my pleasant choice,  
Good ladies helpe to fill my mourning voice.

In shippe freight & remembraunce  
Of thoughtes and pleasures past,  
He sailes that hath in gouernaunce  
My life while it will last.  
With scalding sighes for lacke of gale  
Furdering his hope that is his saile  
Toward me, the swete port of his auaille.

Alas how oft in dreames I see  
those eyes that were mye foode,  
which some time so delighted mee,  
that yet theye doe me good:  
wherewith I wake with his returne,  
whose absent flame did make me burne,  
But when I find I lacke, lozde how I moorne

When other louers in armes a crosse,  
Reioice their chiefe delight,  
Drownded in teares to mourne my losse  
I stand the bitter night  
In my window, where I may see  
Before the winds how the cloudes flee,  
Lo what mariner loue hath made me.

And in grene waues when the salt flood  
Doth rise by rage of winde,  
A thousand fancies in that mood,  
I stayle my restlesse minde.  
Alas, now drencheth my swet so,  
That with the spoile of my hart did go,



## Songes

And left me (but alas) why did he so?  
 And when the seas waxe calme againe,  
 To chace from me annoye,  
 My doubtful hope doth cause me plaine,  
 So dread cuts of my ioye.  
 Thus is my wealth mingled with wo,  
 And of eche thought a doubt doth growe,  
 Powe he comes, wil he come: alas no no.

### Complaynt of a dying louvere- fuled vp on his ladies iniust mistaking of his writinge.

*I*n winters iust returne, when Bozeas gan his raygne,  
 And euery tree vnclothed fast, as nature taught them playne,  
 In misty morninge darke, as shepe are then in holde,  
 I hyed me fast, it sat me on, my shepe for to vnfolde.  
 And as it is a thing that louers haue by fittes,  
 Under a palme I harde one crye, as he had lost his wittes.  
 Whose voice did ring so shrill in vttringe of his plaint,  
 That I amazed was to heare, howe loue could him attaint.  
 Ah wretched man, quod he, come death and ridde this wo:  
 A iust reward, a happie end, if it may chaunce thee so.  
 Thy pleasures past haue wrought thy wo, without redzesse,  
 If thou haddst neuer felt no ioye, thy smart had been the lesse.  
 And rechelesse of his life, he gan both sigh and grone,  
 A ruful thing me thought it was, to heare hym make such mone  
 Thou cursed pen, saith he, wo worth the birde thee bare,  
 The mann, the knife, & all that made thee, wo be to their share.  
 Wo worth the tyme & place, where I so could endite,  
 And wo be it yet once againe, the pen that so can wryte.  
 Unhappie hande, it had been happy time for me,  
 If when to wryte thou learned first, vnmounted hadst thou be.  
 Thus cursed he himselte, and euery other wright,  
 Saue her alone whom loue him bound to serue both day & night:  
 Which when I heard and sawe, how hee himselte forbeyd,  
 Against the ground with bloudy strokes, himselfe euen there to rid.  
 Had been my harte of flynt, it must haue melted tho,



For in my life I neuer sawe a man so fall of wo.  
 With teares for his redresse, I rathely to him ran,  
 And in my armes I caught him fast, & thus I spake him than.  
 What woofull wight art thou, that in such heauy case  
 Tormentes thy self with such despite, here in this desert place?  
 Wherewith as all agast, fulfild with yre and dread,  
 He cast on me a staring looke, with colour pale and dead.  
 May, what art thou (o he) that in this heauy plight,  
 Dost find me here, most woofull wretch, that life hath in despight?  
 I am (o I) but pooze, and simple in degree,  
 A shepheardes charge I haue in hand, vnworthy though I be.  
 With that he gaue a sighe as though the skye should fall,  
 And loude (alas) he thpyked oft, and sheheard gan he call.  
 Come hye thee fast at ones, and print it in thy hart,  
 So thou shall know, and I shal tell the gittlesse how I smart.  
 It is backe against the tree, soze feebled all with faint,  
 With wery spyte he stretcht him vp, and thus he told his plaint.  
 Once in my heart (o he) it chaunced me to loue  
 Such one, in who hath nature wzought, her cūning for to proue  
 And sure I cannot say, but many yeres were spent,  
 With such good will so recompent, as both we were content.  
 whereto then I me bounde, & she like wise also,  
 The sunne should runne his course as wy ere we this faith forgo.  
 Who ioyed then but I: who had this woildes blisse?  
 Who might compare a life to myne, that neuer thought on this?  
 But dwellinge in this truth, amid my greatest ioy,  
 Is me befallen a greter losse then Priam had of Troy.  
 She is reuered clene, and beareth me in hande  
 That my desertes haue geuen cause to breke this faithful band.  
 And for my iust excuse auaieth no defence,  
 Now knowest thou al, I can no moze, but shepherd hye the hēce  
 And geue him leauē to dye, that may no lenger liue,  
 whose record io I claime to haue, my death I doe forgeue.  
 And eke when I am gone, be bolde to speake it plaine,  
 Thou hast seene dye the truest man that euer loue did paine.  
 wherewith he turnd him rounde, and gasping oft for breath,  
 Into his armes a tree he raught, and said welcome my death.  
 welcome a thousand fold, now dearer vnto me,  
 Than should without her loue to liue, an Emperour to be.  
 Thus in this woful state he yelded vp the gost,  
 And little knoweth his lady, what a louer she hath lost.  
 whose death when I beheld, no maruel was it right,  
 B. 1.

## Songes

For pittie though my hart did bleede, to see so petious sight.  
 My blood from heat to colde oft changed wonders soze,  
 A thousand troubles there I found I neuer knew before.  
 Twene dread and dolour, so my sprites were brought in feare,  
 That long it was ere I could call to mynde, what I did there.  
 But as eche thing hath ende, so had these paines of mine,  
 The furies past and I my swittes restord by length of time.  
 Then as I could deuise, to seeke I thought it best,  
 Where I might finde some worthy place, for such a corpes to rest.  
 And in my minde it came, from thence not farre away,  
 Where C residues loue, king Pyriams son, & worthy Croplus lay.  
 By him I made his tomb, in token he was true,  
 And as to him belongeth well, I couerd it with blewes.  
 whose soule by angels power, departed not so soone,  
 But to the heauens, lo it fled, for to receiue his dome.

### Complaint of the absence of her louer being vpon the sea.

Good Ladies, ye that haue your pleasures in exile,  
 Step in your foote, cōe take a place, & mozne with me awhile,  
 And such as by their lordes do set but little price,  
 Let them sit stil, it skilles them not what chaunce cōe on & dice.  
 But ye whome loue hath bound by order of desire  
 to loue your lordes, whose good deserts none other would require:  
 Come ye yet once againe, & set your foote by myne,  
 whose wooful plight and sorowes great no tong may well define.  
 My lone and lord alas, in whome consistes my welthe,  
 Hath fortune sent to passe the seas in hazard of his health:  
 whome I was wont to embrace with well contented minde,  
 Is now amid the foming floodes at pleasure of the winde,  
 where god will him preserue, and sone him home me sende,  
 without which hope, my life (alas) were shortly at an ende.  
 whose absence yet although my hope doth tell me plaine,  
 with shor returne he comes anone, yet ceaseth not my paine.  
 The fearefull dreames I haue, oft times do greue me so,  
 That when I wake I lye in doubt where they be true or no.  
 Sometime the roaring seas, me seme do grow so hye,  
 That my deare lord, ay me alas, me thinkes I see him dye.  
 In oither time the same doth tell me he is come,

And

and playing, where I shall him finde with his satre litle sonne.

So forth I goe apace to see that lelesome sight,  
and with a kyss, me thinke I saye, welcome my lord, my knight  
welcome my swete, alas, the stay of my welfare,  
Thy presence bringeth fourth a truce atwixt me and my care.

Then liuely doth he looke, and salueth me againe,  
and saith, my deere how is it now, that you haue all this paine:  
wherewith the heauy cares, that heapte are in my brest,  
Breake fourth and me discharged cleane of all my huge vnrest.

But when I me awake, and fynd it but adream,  
The anguyshe of my former swo beginneth more extreame.

And me tormenteth so that breath may I finde  
Some hidden place, wheerein to slacke the knawing of my mind.

Thus euery way you see, with absence how I burne  
and for my wound no cure I finde, but hope of good returne:  
Haue when I thinke, by sowre how swete is felt the more,  
It doth abate some of my paines, that I abode before.

And then vnto my selfe I saye, when we shal mete,  
But litle while shall seme this paine, the toy shalbe so swete.

ye winder I you coniuere in chiefest of your rage,  
That yee my Lorde dooe safely send, my sorowes to asswage.

And that I may not long abyde in this excesse,  
Do your good will to cure a wight, that lucth in distresse.

A prail e of his loue wherin he repro-

ueth them that compare theire

Ladies with his.

Gene place ye loners here before

That spent your boastes and bragges in bayne,

Why Ladyes beauty passeth more

The best of yours, I dare well sayne

Than doth the sunne the candle light,

Or brightest day the darkest night.

And there to hath a troth as iust,

as had Penelope the faire,

For what she saith ye may it trust,

as it by writing sealed were,

and vertues hath she many moe

Than I with pen haue skill to shewe

I could reherse, if that I woulde

The whole effect of natures plaint,

## Songes

When she had lost the perfitte mould,  
The lyke to whom she could not paynt  
With wyngyng handes howe she dyd crye,  
And what she sayd, I know it I.

I knowe she swoze with ragyng mynde,  
Her kyngdome onely set apart,  
There was no losse by laswe of kynde,  
That could haue gone so nere her hart,  
And this was chiefly all her payne,  
She coulde not make the lyke agayne.

With nature thus gaue her the prayse  
To be the chiefest worke she wrought,  
In faith me thinke some better wayes  
On your behalfe might well be sought,  
Then to compare (as ye haue done)  
To matche the candle with the sunne.

### To the ladie that skorned her louer.

Al though I had a cheke,  
To geue the mate is harde,  
For I haue founde a necke  
To kepe my men in garde,  
And you that hardy are  
To geue so great allaye  
Unto a man of warre  
To dryue his men awaye:  
I rede you take good hede,  
And marke this foolish verbe,  
For I will so prouyde  
That I will haue your serce.  
And when your serce is had  
And all your warre is done,  
Then shall your selfe be glad  
To end that you begonne.  
For if by chaunce I winne  
Your persone in the fiede,  
To late then come you in,



your selfe to me to yelde.

For I will vse my power  
as captayn full of might,

And such I will deuoure  
As vse to shew me spight.

And for because you gaue  
Me checke in your degree,

This vantage loe I haue,  
Now checke, and garde to thee.

Defend it if thou may,  
Stande stiffe in thine estate,

For sure I will assay  
If I can geue the mate.

A warning to the louer  
how he is abused  
by his loue.

**T**O dearly had I bought my grene and youthfull yeres,  
If in myne age I could not fynd when craft for loue apperes  
And seldome though I come in Court among the rest,  
Yet can I iudge in colours dymme, as depe as can the best.

Where grieve tozmentes the man that suffreth secret smart,  
To breake it forth vnto some frende it easeth well the hart:

So standes it now with me for my beloued frende,  
This case is thine, for whom I feele such tozment of my mynde,  
and for thy sake I burne so in my secret brest

That tyll thou know my whole diseale, my heart cā haue no rest.

I see how thync abuse hath wrested so thy swittes,  
That al it yeldes to thy desyre, and follovers thee by suites,

Where thou hast loud so long with heart and all thy power.  
I see thee fed with sayned wordes, thy freedom to deuowr,

I knowe (though she say nay, and would it well withstande)  
when in her grace thou yeldst the moste, she bare the but in hand

I see her pleasant here in chiefeest of thy suite,  
When thouwert gone I see him come, that gathers vp the fruite.

And eke in thy respect I see the base degree  
Of him to whom she gaue the hart that promised was to thee.

I see (what word you moze) stode neuer man so sure  
On womans woord, but wisdom would mistrust it to endure.



Songes

The forsaken louer describeth  
and forsaketh loue,

O Lothsome place where I  
Hauē seene and heard my dere,  
When in my heart her eye  
Hath made her thought appeare  
By glinsing with such grace  
As fortune it ne would,  
That lasten any space  
Betwene vs longer should.

As fortune did auance,  
To further my desire,  
Euen so hath fortunes chaunce  
Throwen all amids the mire:  
And that I haue deserued  
With true and faithfull hart,  
As to his handes reserued  
That neuer felt the smart.

But happy is that man  
That scaped hath the grieke  
That loue well teach him can  
By wanting his reliefe:  
A scourge to quiet myndes  
It is who taketh hede,  
A common plague that byndes,  
A trauell without mede.

This gift it hath also,  
Who so enioyes it moste,  
A thousand troubles growe  
To bere his worried ghost,  
And last it may not long  
The truest thing of ail,  
And sure the greatest wrong  
that is within this thrall.

But sence thou desert place  
Canst geue me no accompt,  
Of my desired grace  
that I to haue was wont,  
Fare well thou hast me taught  
to

To thinke me not the first,  
 That loue hath set a loſt,  
 And caſten in the duſt.

The louer deſcribes his  
 reſtleſſe ſtate.

As oft as I behold and ſee  
 The ſoueraigne beauty that me bound  
 The nuer my comfort is to me,  
 Alas the freſher is my wound.  
 As flame doth quench by rage of fyre,  
 And running ſtreames conſumed by raynes:  
 So doth the ſight that I deſire,  
 Appeaſe my grief and debly payne.  
 Firſt when I ſawe thoſe chriſtall ſtreames,  
 Whoſe beauty made my mortall wounde:  
 I little thought within her beames  
 So ſweete a venom to haue found.  
 But wiſfull Will dyd pricke me forth,  
 And blynde Cupide did whippe and gwyde:  
 Force made me take my grieſe in worth,  
 My fruitles hope my harne dyd hide.  
 As cruel waves ful oft be found,  
 Againſt the rockes to roze and cry,  
 So doth my hart full of rebound  
 Againſt my breaſt full bitterly.  
 I fall, and ſe myne owne decaye,  
 As one that beares flame in his breaſt,  
 Forgets in paine to put away,  
 The thing that bredeth myne vneſt.

The louer excuſeth himſelf of  
 ſuch ſuſpected change.

Thought I regarded not  
 The promiſe made by me,  
 Or paſſed not to ſpot  
 My faith and honeſtie,

## Songes

Yet were my fanſie ſtrange,  
And wilfull will to wite,  
If I ſought nowe to change,  
I ſhalke for a kite.

All men myght well diſpraiſe  
My wit and enterpriſe,  
Yf I eſteemd a pce,  
Aboue a pearle in price.  
Or iudged the owle in ſight  
The ſparhanke to excell,  
Which ſlieth but in the night:  
As all men know right well.

Or if I ſought to faile  
Into the brittle port,  
Where anker hold doth faile,  
To ſuch as do reſort,  
And leue the hauens ſure  
Where blowes no blaſting wind,  
For ſickneſſe in bre  
So farforth as I finde.

No think me not ſo light,  
Nor of ſo churliſh kinde,  
Though it lay in my might.  
My bondage to vnbinde:  
That I would leaue the kinde  
To hunt the Ganders ſo,  
No no I haue no minde  
To make exchanges ſo.

Nor yet to change at all,  
For thinke it may not be  
That I ſhould ſeke to fall  
From my felicitie.

Deſirous for to win,  
And loth for to forgo,  
Or new change to begin,  
How may all this be ſo.

The fire cannot freſe:  
For it is not his kynde,  
Nor true loue cannot leſe  
The conſtancye of mynde  
Yet as ſone ſhall the fyre,  
Want heat to blaſe and burne,

As I in such desyre,  
Haue once a thought to tourne.

A carelesse man, scorning and  
describing the suttle v-  
sage of women to-  
wardes their  
louers.

VVapt in my carelesse cloke, as I walke to and fro,  
I see, how loue cā shew, what force ther reyneth in his bow  
And howe hee shoteth eke, an hardy hart to wounde,  
And where he glaunceth by agayne, that litle hurt is founde.  
For seldome is it sene, he woundeth hartes a lyke,  
The tone may rage, when tothers loue is often farre to seke.  
All this I see, with moze, and wonder thinketh mee,  
How he can strike the one so sore, and leaue the other free.  
I see, that wounded swight, that suffreth all this wrong,  
How he is fed with peas, and napes, and liueth al to long.  
In silence though I kepe such secretes to my selfe,  
yet do I see, how she sometyme doth yelde a looke by stelthe,  
As though it semde, pwis I will not lose the so,  
When in her hart so swete a thought byd neuer truly grow,  
Then say I thus, alas that man is farre from blisse  
That doth receyue for his relief, none other gayne but this  
And she that feedes him so, I fele and finde it playn,  
Is but to glozy in her power, that ouer such can raigne.  
Nor are such graces spent, but when she thinkes, that he,  
A werry man is fully bent, such fancies to let flee,  
Then to retayne him still, she wrestleth new her grace,  
And smyleth so, as though she would so twith the man embrace  
But when the prose is made, to try such lokes with all,  
He fyndeth then the place al boyde, and freighted full of gall.  
Lord what abuse is this, who can such women praysle,  
That for their glozy do deuise, to ble such craftie wayes.  
I, that among the rest do sit, and marke the row,  
fynde that in her is greater craft, then is in twenty moe.  
whose tender yerres, alas, with wyles so wel are sped,  
What will she do, when hozy heares, are powdred in her hed:



## Songes

### An answer in the behalfe of a woman of an vncertaine author

Cpt in my guiltles goone as I sytt here and so we,  
 I see that thynges are not in dede as to the ourwarde showe,  
 And who so list to loke and note thynges some what nere,  
 Shal finde wher plainesse seemes to haue nothing but craft apere.  
 For with indifferent eyes my selfe can well discerne,  
 How some to guyde a ship in stormes seke for to take the sterne,  
 Whose practise if were proued in calme to steere a barge,  
 Assuredly beleue it well it were to great a charge.  
 And some I see agayn sit still and say but small,  
 That coule do ten tymes more the they that say they can do all.  
 Whose goodly giftes are such they more they vnderstand,  
 The more they seke to learne & know & take lesse charge in hand  
 And to declare more playn the tyme sietes not so fast,  
 But I can beare full well in mynde the song now song & past,  
 The Authoz wherof came, wrapt in a crafty cloke,  
 With will to force a flaming fyre where he coule raise no smoke,  
 If power and will had ioyned as it appereth plaine,  
 The truth now right had tane no place their vertues had be vaine  
 So that you may perceiue, and I may faillly se,  
 The innocet that guiltlesse is, condemned should haue be,

### The constant loue r la menteth,

Sins fortunes wrath enuyeth the welthe,  
 wherin I raigned by the sight  
 Of that that sed myne eyes by stealth,  
 with lower, swete, dread and delight:  
 Let not my grief moue you to mone,  
 For I will wepe and wayle alone.  
 Spite draue me into Bozeas raigne,  
 where hoyp frostes the frutes do byte,  
 when hyles were spred and euery playne  
 with stormy wynters mantle white.  
 And yet my dere such was my heate,  
 when others freeze then dyd I sweate.  
 And now though on the sunne I dye,  
 whose seruient flame all thing decays,

His beames in brightnesse may not strue,  
 with light of your swete golden rayes:  
 Nor from my brest this heate remoue,  
 The frosen thoughtes grauen by lone,  
 He may the waues of the salt floodde,  
 Quenche that your beauty set on fire.  
 For though myne eyes forbear the foodde,  
 That did relieue the hore desyre,  
 Such as I was such will I be,  
 your owne, what woulde ye more of me.

A song written bi the Earle of Surreie  
 to a ladie that refused to daunce  
 with him,

Eche beast can chole his feere acoz ding to his mynde,  
 and eke can shewe a frendly chere like to their beastly kynde.  
 I upon sawe I late as white as any snowe,  
 which semed wel to leade the race his port the same did showe,  
 Upon the gentle beast to gaze it pleased me,  
 for still me thought he seemed wel of noble blood to be,  
 And as he praued before still seeking for a make,  
 as who would saye there is none here I trowe will me forsake,  
 I might perceiue a wolfe as whit as whales bone,  
 a fairer beast of fresher hue beheld I neuer none:  
 Saue that her lookes were coy and froward eke her grace,  
 Unto the which this gentil beast gan him anaunce apace,  
 And with a decke full lowe he bowed at her feete,  
 In humble wise as who woulde saye, I am to farre vnnecie,  
 But such a frownefull chere wherwith she hym rewarded,  
 Was neuer sene I trowe the like to such as well descrued.  
 with that she start aside welnere a foote or twaine,  
 and vnto him thus gan she say with spite and greate disdain.  
 Iyon she said, if thou hadst knowen my mynde before,  
 Thou hadst not spent thy trauaile thus nor al thy paine forlore:  
 Do way I let thee wete thou shalt not playe with me,  
 So range about where thou mayst fynd some meter fere for thee,  
 With that he bet his taile, his eyes began to flame,  
 I might perceiue his noble heart much moued by the same:  
 yet sawe I him refrayne and eke his swerth allswage,  
 And vnto her thus gan he say when he was past his rage,

Cruell

## Songes

Cruell you doe me wrong to let me thus so light,  
 without desert for my good will to shew me such despight.  
 How can ye thus entreate a Lyon of the race,  
 That with his pawes a crowned kyng deuoured in the place.  
 whose nature is to praye vpon no simple food,  
 As long as he may sate the fleshe and drinke of noble blood.  
 yf you bee faire and freshe, am I not of your hue  
 And for my vaunt I dare well say, my blood is not vntrue.  
 For you your selfe haue heard it is not long ago,  
 Sith that for loue one of the race dyd ende his lyfe in wo.  
 In Tower stronge and hye for his assured truthe,  
 whereas in teares he spent his breathe, alas the more the ruthe,  
 This gentle beast so dyed whom nothing could remoue,  
 But willingly too leese his lyfe for losse of his true loue.  
 Other there be whose liues do lynger styll in payne  
 Against their willes preserved are that would haue dyed fayne.  
 But now I doe perceyue that nought it moueth you,  
 My good entent, my gentle heart, nor yet my kinde so true.  
 But that your wil is such to lure me to the trade,  
 As other some full many yeres to trace by craft ye made.  
 And thus behold our kyndes how that we differ farr,  
 I seeke my foes, and you your frendes do threate still with warr,  
 I faune where I am fed, you slay that sakes to you,  
 I can deuour no yelding pray, you kill where you subdue.  
 My kynde is to desyre the honour of the field,  
 And you with bloud to slake your thirst on such as to you yelde.  
 Wherefore I would you wist that for your coyed looks,  
 I am no man that will be trapt, nor tangled with such hookes.  
 And though some lust to loue where blame full wel they might  
 and to such beasties of currant sort that would haue trauail bright:  
 I wil obserue the lawe that nature gaue to me,  
 To conquer such as will resist and let the rest go free.  
 And as a fawcon free that sozeth in the ayre,  
 which neuer fed on hand nor lure, nor for no stale doth care:  
 while that I lyue and breathe, suche shall my custome be,  
 In wildnes of the wooddes to seeke my pray where pleaseeth me.  
 Where many one shall rue, that neuer made offence,  
 Thus your refuse against my power shal bote them no defence.  
 And for reuenge thereof I vowe and sweare thereto,  
 A thousand spoyles I shall commit I neuer thought to doo.  
 And if to lyght on you my lucke so good shal be,  
 I shalbe glad to feede on that that would haue fed on me.

And

And thus fare well vnkynde to whom I bent and bowe,  
 I would ye wist the ship is safe that bare his sayle so lowe.  
 With that a Lyons heart is for a wolfe no praye,  
 with bloudy mouth go slake your thirst on simple shepe I saye.  
 With moze despyte and yre than I can now expresse,  
 which to my payn though I reitrayn, the cause you may wel gesse  
 As for because my selfe was aucthor of the game,  
 It botes me not that for my wꝛath I should disturbe the same.

The faithfull louer declareth his paynes,  
 And his vncertaincioues and with  
 oneli hope recomfirteth  
 somewhat his wo  
 full heart.

If care do cause men crye, why doe not I complaine,  
 If eche man doe bewaile his wo, why shew I not my payne:  
 Synce that amongst them all I dare well saye is none,  
 So farre from weale, so full of wo oz hath moze cause to mone,  
 for all thinges haupng lyfe somety me hath quiet rest,  
 The bearyng Asse, the drawyng Ox, and eucry other beast.  
 The peasant and the post, that serues at all assages,  
 The shipboy and the galley slaue, haue time to take their ease  
 Saue I, alas, whome care of force so doth constrayne,  
 To wayle the day and wake the night continually in payne,  
 From pensiuenes to plaint, from plaint to bitter teares,  
 From teares to painfull plaint agayn, & thus my lyfe it weares.  
 Nothing vnder the sunne that I can heare oz see,  
 But moueth me for to bewaile my cruell destiny.  
 For where men do reioyce since that I cannot so,  
 I take no pleasure in that place, it doubleth but my woe.  
 And when I heare the sounde of song oz instrument,  
 We thinke eche tune there dolefull is, and helps me to lament.  
 And yf I see some haue theire moste desired sight,  
 Alas thynk I eche man hath weale saue I moste woful wight,  
 Then as the stricken Deare withdraues himselfe alone,  
 So doe I seke some secret place where I may make my mone,  
 There doe my flowyng eyes shew forth my meltynge harte  
 So þ the streemes of those two welis right wel declare my smart.  
 And



## Songes

And in those cares so could I force my selfe a heate,  
 As sicke men in their shaking fittes procure themselfe to sweate,  
 With thoughtes that for the tyme do much appeale my payne,  
 But yet they cause a farther feare, and brede my wo agayne.  
 We thynke within my thought I see right playne appere,  
 My harts delight, my sorowes leche, myne earthly goddesse here  
 With euery sundry grace that I haue seene her haue,  
 Thus I within my wofull brest her picture paynt and graue.  
 and in my thought I roll her beauties too and fro,  
 Her laughing chere, her lyuely looke, my heart that perced so,  
 Her straungenes when I sued her seruauant for to be,  
 And what she sayd, and how she simplde when that she pittied me:  
 Then comes a sodaine feare that rueth all my rest,  
 Lest absence cause forgetfulness to sinke within her brest.  
 For when I thynke how farre this earth doth vs deuide,  
 Alas, me semes loue throwes me down, I fele how that I slide.  
 But when I thinke agayne, why should I thus mistrust,  
 So swete a wight, so sad and wyle, that is so true and iust.  
 For loth she was to loue, and wauerling is she not,  
 the farther of, the more desyre thus louers trie their knot,  
 So in dispayre and hope plunged am I both vp and downe  
 As is the ship with wynd & waue when Neptune list to frowne  
 But as the watery showres delay the ragng wynde,  
 So both good hope cleane put away dispayre out of my mynde.  
 And byddes me for to serue and suffer patiently  
 For what wot I that after weale that fortune willes to me.  
 For those that care do knowe and tasted haue of trouble  
 When passed is their wofull payne eche ioy shal seme the double.  
 And bytter sendes she nowe to make me tast the better,  
 The pleasant swete when y it comes to make it seme the sweter.  
 And so determine I to serue untill my breath,  
 yea rather dye a thousand tymes then once to false my sayth.  
 And yf my dedly corps through weight of wofull smart,  
 Do fayle or faint, my will it is that still she kept my hart.  
 And when this carcass here to earth shalbe refard,  
 I do bequeath my sweried gost to serue her afterward.

The meanes to attaine  
happy life.

Part III

**M**artiall, the thinges that doe attaine  
 The happy life, be these I finde,  
 the riches left, not got with paine,  
 the fruitfull ground, the quiet minde:  
 The egall friend no grudge no strife,  
 No charge of rule nor gouernaunce,  
 without disease the healthfull life,  
 the household of continuance:  
 The meane diet no delicate fare,  
 true wisedome ioinde with simplicitie,  
 The night discharged of all care,  
 where wine the witte may not oppresse:  
 The faithfull wife without debate,  
 Such sleepes as may beguile the night,  
 Content thy selfe with thine estate,  
 Be wish for death no feare his might.

Praise of manne and  
 constant estate.

**O**f thy life Thomas, this compasse wel marko  
 Not aye with full sailles the hye seas to beate,  
 Ne by coward dreed, in storming stormes darke,  
 On shallose shores thy keel in perill fret.  
 Who so gladly halseth the golden meane  
 Awaide of dangers aduicely hath his home  
 Not with lothsome mucke, as a den vncleane  
 Nor palace like, wherat disdain may glome,  
 The lofty pyne the great winde often ryues,  
 With violenter sweep falne turrets kepe,  
 Ligheninges assant y high mountaines, & ciues,  
 That well staide, in ouerthwardes depe,  
 Hoopeth amendes in swete, both feare the sowre  
 God that sendeth, with draweth winter sharp,  
 No will not aye thus, once Hebus to loose,  
 With boie vnbent, shall cesse, & frame to harpe  
 His voice, in strait estate appeare thou stout  
 And so wisely, when lucky gale of winde  
 All thy puffed sailles shall fill, loke wel about,  
 take in a rift, hall is wast, prose both synde

Praise

Songes  
Praise of certaine psalmes of  
Dauid translated by sir  
T. w. the elder.

**T**he great Macedone, that out of Persie chased  
Darius, of whose huge power all Asia rong,  
In the riche arke Dan Homers rimes he placed,  
who fained gestes of heathen princes song:  
What holy graue? What worthy sepulchre  
To wpates psalmes should christians then purchase  
Where he doth paint the liuely faith and pure,  
The stedfast hope, the sweete returne to grace  
Of iust Dauid by perfite penitence,  
Where rulers may see in a myrrour clere  
The bitter fruite of false concupiscence,  
How Iewry bought Arias death full deare.  
In princes heartes Gods scourge imprinted depe,  
Dught them aswake out of their sinful sleepe.

Of the death of the same.  
sir T. w.

**D**iuers thy death do dyuersly beuone,  
Some that in pzelence of thy liuelihed  
Lurked, whose brestes enuy with hate had swolne,  
yeide Caesars teares vppon Pompeious hed  
Some that watched with the murderers knife,  
With eager thirst to drinke thy gittles blood,  
whose practise brake by happy ende of life,  
With enuious teares to heare thy fame so good  
But I, that knew what harbzed in that hed,  
What vertues rare were tempred in that breste,  
Honour the place that such a iewel bzed,  
And kisse the ground wheras the corps doth rest,  
With vapoized eyes, from whence such streames auayle,  
As Priamus did on Chibbes brest bewayle.

Of the same.

**W**hat resteth here, that quicke could neuer rest,  
whose heauenly gittes encrease by disdaine,

And vertue sanke the deeper in his brest,  
Such profit he by enuy could obtaine,

A hed, where wisdomes misteries did frame,  
Whose hammers bet still in that liuelye brain,  
As on a stithe, where that some worke of fame  
Was dayly wrought, to turne to Britaines gaine.

A visage sterne, & milde, where both did growe,  
Nice to contemne, in vertue to reioyce  
Amid great stormes, whome grace assured so  
To liue vpright, and smile at fortunes choyce:

A hand, that taught, what might be said in time,  
That rest Chaucer the glozy of his wit:  
A marke, the which (vnparsed for time)  
Some may appzoche, but neuer none shal hit:

A tong, that serued in forein realmes his king,  
Whose courteous talke to vertue did inflame  
Eche noble hart, a worthy guide to bring  
Our english youth, by trauaile vnto fame.

An eye, whose iudgement none affect could blinde,  
Frendes to allure, and foes to reconcile,  
Whose persinge looke did represent a minde  
With vertue fraught, reposed boyde of guile.

A hart, where dreade was neuer so imprest,  
To hide the thought that might the trouth auance,  
In nether fortune lost, nor yet repress,  
To swel in wealth, or yelde vnto mischaunce.

A valiant corps, where force and beauty met,  
Happy, alas, to happy, but for foes,  
Lived, and ran the race, that nature set,  
Of manhodes shape, where she the molde did lose.

But when to the heauens that simple soule is fled  
Which left with such as couet Christ to knowe:  
Witnes of faith, that neuer shalbe dead,  
Sent for our health, but not receiued so:  
Thus for our gilt, this iewel haue we lost,  
The earth his bones, the heauens possesse his ghost

Of the same.

In the rude age when knowledge was not rise,  
At Ioue in Crete and other were that taught,

C. i.

Artes



## Songes

Wretes to conuert to profit of our life,  
Wend after death to haue their temple sought  
If vertue yet no voyde vnthankful time,  
Fayled of some to blast her endles fame,  
A goodly meane both to deferre from crime,  
And to her steppes our sequels to enflame:  
In daies of truth if wopates friendes then wayle,  
The onely bet that dead of quicke may claime,  
That rare wit spent, employed to our auaille,  
Where Christ is taught we led to vertues traine,  
His liuely face their brests how did it treat,  
Whose cinders yet, with enuy they do cate.

### Of Sardanapalus dishonorable life, and miserable deathe,

**T**he Assyrian king in peace, with foule desire,  
And filthy lusses, that staine his regall harte  
In warre & should set princely hartes on fyre,  
Did yeld, vanquishd for want of marciall art.  
The dynt of swoordes from kisses seemed strange,  
And harder, than his ladies side, his targe,  
From glotton feastes, to souldiers fare, a change,  
His helmet farre aboue a garlandes charge,  
Who scarce the name of manhood did retain,  
Drenched in slough, and womannish delight  
Feeble of sprite, impatient of paine,  
When he had lost his honor, and his right  
Proud time of welth, in storms appald & dreade,  
Murdred himselfe, to shewe some manfull dedde.

How no age is content with his owne  
estate, and how the age of chils  
dren is the happiest if they  
had skill to vnder-  
stand it,

Lard

I Layed in my quiet bed, in studie as I were,  
 I saw within my troubled head, a heape of thoughtes appere;  
 And euery thought did shewe so liuely in myne eyes,  
 That now I sight, & the I smilde, as cause of thoughts did rise.  
 I saw the little boy, in thought how oft y he  
 Did wish of god, to scape the rod, a tall yong man to be,  
 The yong man eek that feeles his bones withe paines oppresse  
 How he would be a riche olde man to liue and lie at rest,  
 The riche olde man that sees his end draw on so soze,  
 How he would be a boy againe to liue so muche the more;  
 wherent full ofte I smilde, to see how all these three,  
 From boy to man, from man to boye would chop & change degrees  
 And musing thus, I think, the case is very strange,  
 That man from wealth, to liue in wo, both euer seke to change.  
 Thus thoughtfull as I lay, I saw my withered skynne,  
 How it doth shew my dented chawes, the flesh was woyn to this  
 And eke my totheles chaps, the gates of my right way,  
 That opes and shuts as I do speake, do thus vnto me say:  
 The white and horish heres, the messenger of age,  
 That shew like lines of true belife, that this life dothe allwage,  
 Byddes the lay hand, and feele them hanging on thy chin,  
 The which do wyte two ages past, the thir'd now coming in,  
 Hang vp therefore the bitte, of thy yong wanton time,  
 And thou that therein beaten art, the happiest life define,  
 wherat I sighed, and said, farewell my wonted ioy,  
 Trusse vp thy packe, and trudge from me, to euery little boy,  
 And tell them thus from me, their time most happy is,  
 If to their time they reason had, to know the truth of this.

Bonum est mihi quod  
 humiliasti me.

The stormes are past, these clouds are ouerblown  
 And humble chere, great rigour hath repeat,  
 For the default is set a paine for knowne,  
 And pacience graft in a determed brest,  
 And in the heart where heapes of griefes were growne  
 The swete reuenge hath planted mirth and rest,  
 No company so pleasant as mine owne.  
 Chzal dome at large hath made this prison free,  
 Danger well past remembered workes delight,

## Songes

Of lingering doubtles such hope is sprong pardie,  
That nought I finde displeasaunt in my sight:  
But when my glasse presented vnto me  
The curelesse wound that bledeth day and night,  
To thinke (alas) such hap should graunted bee  
Vnto a wretch that hath so oft been shed,  
For Brittaines sake (alas) and now is ded.

### Exhortacion to learne by others trouble.

My Batelife, whē the rechelesse youth offendes,  
Receiue thy scourge by others chastisment,  
For such calling, when it woꝝkes none amendes  
Then plagges are sent without aduertisement.  
Yet Salomon said, the wronged shal recure,  
But wyat said true, the scarre doth aye endure.

### The fansie of a wried louer.

The fansie, which that I haue serued long,  
That hath alway been enemy to myne ease,  
Semed of late to rue vpon my wrong,  
And badde me flie the cause of my mis ease,  
And I forthwith did please oute of the thronge,  
That thought by flight my painefull hart to please,  
Some other way, till I saw faith more stronge,  
And to my selfe I said: alas, those dayes  
In vain were spent, to runne the race so long,  
And with that thought, I met my guide, & plaine  
Out of the way wherein I wandered wꝛonge  
Brought me amidds the hilles in base Bullayn,  
Where I am now, as restles to remayne,  
Against my will, full pleased with my pain.

SVRREY.

The loue for shamefastnesse hideth  
his desire within his faith-  
ful heart.

**T**He one long loue, & in me thought I harber,  
And in my hart doth kepe his residence,  
Into my face preaseth with bold pretence:  
And there campeth, displayeth his banner,  
She that me learnes to loue, and to suffer,  
And willes that my trust, and lustes negligence,  
Be repned by reason, shame and reuerence,  
With his hardinesse takes displeasure,  
Wherewith loue to the hartes focest he fleeth,  
Leauing his enterprize with paine and crye,  
And there him hideth and not appeareth,  
What may I doe? when my maister feareth  
But in the field with him to liue and dye,  
For good is the life, ending faithfully.

The louer waxeth wyser, and  
wil not die for affec-  
tion.

**Y**ET was I neuer of your loue agreued,  
Nor neuer shall, while that my life doth last:  
But of hating my selfe, that date is past,  
And teares continually soze hath me wried,  
I wil not yet in my graue be buried,  
Nor on my tombe pour name haue fixed fast  
For cruell cause, that did my sprite soone hast  
From thynhappie bones by great sighes stirred,  
Then if an hart of amorous faith & will  
Content your mind without doing grieve:  
Please it you so to this to doe reliefe,  
If other wise you seke for to fulfill  
Your wrath, you erre, & shall not as you wene,  
And you pour selfe the cause thereof haue been.



## Songes

The abused louer seeth his follie,  
and entendeth to trust  
no more.

**W**As neuer file yet halfe so well yfild,  
To file a file for any smithes entent,  
As I was made a filing instrument,  
To frame other, while that I was begyled:  
But reason loe, hath at my folly smiled,  
And pardoned me, sins that I me repent  
Of my last peres, & of my time mispent:  
For youth led me, & falshod me misguid ed,  
yet this trust I haue of great apparance,  
Sins that disceit aye returnable,  
Of very force it is agreable,  
That therewithall be done the recompence  
Then gyle begyled, plained should be neuer  
And the reward is litle trust for euer.

The louer describeth his being  
stricken with sight of  
his loue.

**T**he lively sparkes, y issue from those eyes  
Against the which there baileth no defence,  
Haue perst me hart, and done it none offence,  
With quaking pleasure, more then once or twise  
Was neuer mā could any thing deuise,  
Sunne beames to turne with so great vehemence  
To dale mans sight, as by their bright presence  
Daled am I, much lyke vnto the gyle  
Of one stricken with dint of lighteninge,  
Blind with the stroke, & crynge here & there,  
So call I for helpe, I not when, nor where,  
The pain of my fal patiently bearing.  
For straight the blafe (as is no wonder)  
Of deadly noyle heare I the fearful thunder.

The

The wauering louer willetth,  
and dreadeth, to moue  
his desire.

Such vaine thought, as wonted to misleade me  
in desert hope by well assured mone,  
Makes me from company to liue alone,  
In folowing her, whome reason biddes me flee,  
And after her my harte would faine be gone,  
But armed sighes my way do stop anone,  
Twixt hope and dread lacking my libertie,  
So fyerth she by gentle, cruellie,  
Yet as I geasse vnder disdainful brow  
One beame of ruth is in his cloudy looke,  
Which comfortes y mind, y earst for feare shooke  
That holded straight, the way then seeke I how  
To vtter forth the smart I bide within,  
But such it is, I not how to begin.

The louer hauing dreamed enioying  
of his loue complaineth that  
the dreame is not either  
longer or truer.

Vnstable dreame according to the place,  
Be stedfast ones, or els at least be true,  
By tasted sweeteneste, make me not to rewe  
By good respect in such a dangerous case,  
Thou broughtest not her into these tossing seas,  
But madest my spyt to liue, my care tencease.  
My body in tempest her delight embrace,  
The body dead, the spyt had his desire,  
Painlesse was thone, the other in delight.  
Why then alas, did it not kepe it right,  
But thus returne to leape into the fyer,  
And where it was at wish, could not remaine?  
Such mockes of dreames to turne to deadly pain

## Songes

The louer vnhappy biddeth happy  
louers reioice in May, while  
he waileth that moneth  
to him most vn-  
luckely.

YE that in loue fynde lucke & sweete abundance,  
And liue in lust of ioyful solitie,  
Arise for shame, do way your sluggardy,  
Arise I say doe May some obseruaunce,  
Let me in bed lye, dreeming of mischance,  
Let me remember my mishappes vnhappy,  
That me betide in May most commonly.  
As one whome loue list little to aduaunce.  
Stephan said true that my natiuitie  
Mischaunced was with the ruler of May:  
He gett (I proue) of that the veritie,  
In May my welth, and eke my wittes, I say  
Haue stand so oft in such perplexitie,  
Ioy, let me dreame of your felicitie.

The louer confesseth him in loue  
with Phillis.

IF waker care, if sodeine pale colour,  
If many sighes with little speche to plaine,  
Now ioy, now wo, if they my chere distaine,  
For hope of smal, if much to feare therfore,  
To hast or slacke, my pace to lesse or more  
Be signe of loue, then doe I loue againe,  
If thou aske whome, sure sirs I did refraine,  
Bunet that set my welth in such a roze,  
Chunfained chere of Phillis hath the place  
That Bunet had, she hath and euer shall,  
She from my self now hath me in her grace,  
She hath in hand my wit, my will and all:  
My heart alone well worthy she doth stay,  
Withous whose help skant do I liue a day.

Of others fained sorow, and  
the louers fained  
mirth.

Cesar whan that the traitour of Egypt  
With thonorable head did him present  
Couering his hartes gladnesse, did represent  
Plaint with his teares outward, as it is writ,  
The Hanniball when fortune him out shrit  
Cleue from his reigne, and from all his entent,  
Laught to his folke, whom sorow did torment,  
His cruel despise for to disgorge and quite:  
So chaunced me, that euery passion  
The mynde hydeth by colour contrary,  
With fained vilage, now sad, now mery.  
Whereby if that I laugh at any season,  
It is because I haue none other way  
To cloke my care, but vnder sport and play.

Of change in minde.

The man me telth, I change most my deuise  
And on my faith, me think it good reason  
To chaunge purpose, like after the season:  
For in eche case to kepe still one guise,  
Is meete for them that would be taken wise.  
And I am not of such maner condicion,  
But treated after a diuers fashon,  
And therupon my diuersenesse doth rise.  
But you this diuersenesse that blame men most,  
Change you no more, but still after one rate  
Treat you me well, and kepe you in that state:  
And while I me doth dwell this wried ghost  
My woord nor I shall not be variable,  
But alwaies one, your owne both firme & stable.

How the louer perissheth in his  
delight, as the fly in  
the fier.

Some



## Songes

Some folowes there be & haue no perfite light,  
Against the sunne their eyes for to defend,  
And some because the light doth them offend,  
Neuer appeare, but in the darke or night:  
Other reioice, to see the fire so bright,  
And wene to playe in it, as they pretend,  
But finde contrary of it, that they entend,  
Blas of that sort may I be by right:  
For to withstand her looke I am not able,  
Yet can I not hide me in no darke place,  
So foloweth me remembrance of that face,  
That with my teary eyen, swolne, and vnsable,  
Why desteny to behold her doth me leade,  
And yet I know I runne into the gleade.

Against his tong that failed to  
vtter his suites.

Because I still kept the fro lyes and blame,  
And to my power alwaies the honoured,  
Unkind tong, to yll hast thou me rendred,  
For such desert to do me wreke and shame:  
In neede of soccour most when that I am,  
To aske rewarde, thou standest like one asfayde  
Alway most cold, and if one woorde be saide  
As in a dreame vnperfite is the same,  
And ye salt teares, against my will eche night,  
That are with me when I should be alone,  
Then are ye gone, whē I should make my mone  
And ye so ready sighes, to make me shright,  
Then are ye slacke, when that ye should out start  
And onely doth my looke declare my hart.

Description of the contrarious  
passions in a lo-  
uer.

I fynd no peace, and all my warre is done,  
I feare and hope, I burne, and frise like yse,

I flye aloft, yet can I not arise,  
 And nought I haue, al the world I season,  
 That lockes nor loseth, holdeth me in prison,  
 And holdes me nat, yet can I scape no wise,  
 Nor letteth me liue, nor die, at my deuise,  
 And yet of death it geueth me occasion.  
 Without eye I see, without tong I plain  
 I wish to perish, yet I aske for health,  
 I loue another, and I hate my selfe,  
 I fede me in sorow, & laugh in al my paine,  
 Lo, thus displeaseth me both death and life,  
 And my delight is causer of this strife.

The louer compareth his state to  
 a shippe in perillous storme  
 tossed on the sea,

**M**y gally charged with forgetfulnesse,  
 Through sharp seas, in winter nights doth passe  
 Twene rocke, & rocke and eke my foe (alas)  
 That is my lord, stereth with cruelnesse,  
 And euery houre, a thought in readinesse,  
 As though that death were light in such a case,  
 And endlesse winde doth teare the saile apace  
 Of forced sighes & trusty fearefulnesse,  
 A raine of teare, a cloude of darke disdayne  
 Haue done the sweried coardes great hinderance,  
 Wretched with errour and with ignozance  
 The starres be hidde, & lead me to this paine  
 Drounde is reason & should be my comfozte  
 And I remaine, dispairing of the porte.

Of doubtful loue,

**A** flying & bright beames of those faire eyes,  
 Where he abides & mine oft moistes & wasteth  
 The sweried minde straight from & hart departeth  
 To rest within his wordly Paradise,

And

## Songes

And bitter findes the sweete, vnder his gyse.  
What webbes ther he hath wrought, wel he perceiueth  
Wherby then with himselfe on loue he playneth,  
That spurs with fire, and bydleth eke with yse,  
In such extremitie thus is he broughte,  
Frosen now cold, and now he standes in flame  
Twixt wo and wealth: betwixt earnest and game,  
With seldome glad, and many a diuers thought,  
In soze representance of his hardinesse,  
Of such a roote loe commeth frute frutelesse.

The Louer sheweth how he is forsaken  
of such as he sometime enioyed,

**T**hey flee from me, that sometime did me seek,  
With naked foote stalking within my chāber,  
Once haue I sene them gentle, tame, & meke  
That now are wild, & do not once remember  
That sometime they haue put theselues in dāger  
To take bread at my hand, & now they range  
Busely seeking in continuall change.  
Thanked be fortune, it hath been otherwise  
Twenty times better, but once especiall  
In thine aray, after a pleasaunt gyse  
When her loose gowne did from her shoulders fall  
And she me caught in her armes long & small  
And therewithall so sweetely did me kisse,  
And softly sayd: dear hart, how like you this?  
It was no dreame, for I lay brode awaking,  
But al is tourned now through my gentlenesse,  
Into a bitter fashion of forsaking:  
And I haue leaue to goe of her goodnesse  
And she also to vse new fanglenesse,  
But, sins that I vnkindly so am serued:  
How like you this, what hath she now deserued?

The Lady to aunswere directly  
with yea or no,

Madame

**M**adame, withouten many wooordes  
 Once I am sure, you wil, or no,  
 And if you wil, then leaue your wooordes,  
 And vse your wit, and shewe it so,  
 For with a beck you shal me call,  
 And if of one, that burnes alwaie,  
 Ye haue pittie, or ruth at all:  
 Answer him faire withe yee or naye,  
 If it be naye, friendes as before,  
 You shal an other man obtaine,  
 And I mine owne, and yours no more.

To his loue whom he had  
 kissed against  
 her will.

**A**s madam, for stealing of a kisse,  
 Haue I so much your mind therin offended?  
 Or haue I done so grieuously amisse,  
 That bye no meanes it maye not bee amended?  
 Reuenge you then, the readiest way is this,  
 Another kysse my life it shal haue ended,  
 For to my mouth the first my hart did sucke,  
 & he next shal cleane out of my brest it plucke.

Of the iealous man that loued the  
 same woman and espied  
 this other sitting  
 with her.

**T**he wandering gadling in the sommer tyde,  
 That finds the adder with his rechles foote  
 Startes not dismayde so sodenly aside,  
 As iealous despite did, though there were no boote  
 When that he saw me sitting by her side,  
 That of my health is very crop and roote.



## Songes

It pleased me then to haue so faire a grace,  
To sing f<sup>r</sup> hart f<sup>r</sup> woulde haue mye place.

To his louer from w<sup>h</sup>om he had  
hir gloues.

What nedes these threating wordes, & waisted winde?  
W<sup>h</sup>at this cannot make me restore my pray,  
To robbe your good, y<sup>e</sup>wis is not my minde  
Nor causelesse your faire hand did I dislaye,  
Let loue be iudge, or els w<sup>h</sup>om next we finde,  
That may both heare what you and I cā say,  
She rest my hart, and I a gloue from her,  
Let vs see then, if one be w<sup>o</sup>rthe the other.

Of the fained friende.

Ryght true it is, and sayd full yore agoe,  
Take hede of him that by the backe the clasweth,  
For none is woorse then is a frindly foe.  
Though thee seeme good, al thing that the delitteth  
Yet know it wel, that in thy bolsoine crepeth,  
For many a man such fier oft times be kindlethe,  
That with the blase his beard himselfe he singeth.

The louer taught mistrusteth  
allurementes.

It may be good, like it w<sup>h</sup>o list,  
But I do doubt w<sup>h</sup>o cā me blame  
For oft assured, yet haue I mist,  
And now againe I fere the same.  
The wordes, y<sup>e</sup> from your mouth last came,  
Of lodeyn change make me agast  
For dread to fall, I stand not fast.  
Alas I treade an endles male  
That seke taccoorde two contraries,  
And hope thus still, & nothing haue,  
In

Imprisoned in liberties,  
 As one vnheard, and stil & cries,  
 Alwaies thirstie, and nought doth tast,  
 For dread to fall I stand not fast.  
 Assured I doubt I bee not sure,  
 Should I the trust vnto such suretye  
 That oft hath put the prose in bre,  
 And neuer yet haue founde it trustie:  
 May, for in faith, it were great folly,  
 And yet my life thus do I wast,  
 For dread to fall, I stand not fast.

The louer complaineth that his loue  
 doth not pitie him.

Resound my voyce ye woodes, & heare me plaine  
 Both hilles and vales causing reflexion  
 And riuers eke, record ye of my payne,  
 Which haue ofte forced ye by compassion,  
 As iudges lo to heare my exclamacion.  
 Among wh<sup>ch</sup>, rich (I finde) yet doth remaine,  
 wher I secke, alas, there is disdain.  
 Oft ye riuers, to heare my wofull sound,  
 Haue stopt your cours, and plainly to expresse,  
 Many a teare by moisture of the ground,  
 The earth hath swepte to heare my heauinesse,  
 Which causelesse I endure without redresse,  
 The huge okes haue roared in the winde,  
 Eche thing me thought, complaining in their kind:  
 Why then alas, doth not she on me rue,  
 Or els is her heart so hard that no pitie,  
 May in it sink, my ioy for to renew?  
 O stony hart, who hath thus framed thee  
 So cruell: that art cloked with beautye,  
 That from thee may no grace to me procede,  
 But as reward, death for to bee my meede.

The louer reioyseth against fortune that  
 by hindering his sute had happely  
 made him forsake his folly.

## Songes

**I**n faith I wote not what to say,  
Thy chaunces bene so wondrous  
Thou fortune with thy diuers playes  
That makest the ioyfull dolorous,  
Yet though thy chaine hath me enwrapte  
Spite of thy hap, hap hath wel hapt.  
Though thou hast set me for a wonder,  
And seekst by chaunge to doe me paine,  
Whens mindes yet maist thou not so order,  
For honestie if it remaine,  
Shall shine for all thy cloudy raine.  
In vaine thou sekest to haue me trapt,  
Spite of thy hap, hap hath wel hapt.  
In hindering me, me didst thou further  
And made a gap, where was a stile,  
Cruel wiles been oit put vnder,  
Wenning to lower, then didst thou smile,  
Lord, how thy selfe thou didst begyle:  
That in my cares would haue me wrapte,  
But spite of hap, hap hath wel hapt.

### Arenouncing of hardely escaped loue.

**F**arewel the hart of cruelty,  
Though that with paine my liberty  
Deare haue I bought, and wofully  
Finisht my feareful tragedie,  
Of force I must forsake such pleasure,  
A good cause iust, since I endure  
Thereby my swo, which be ye sure,  
Shall therewith go me to recure.  
I fare as one elcapt that fleeth,  
Glad is he gone, and yet still feareth  
Spied to be caught and so dyedethe  
That he for nought his pain leeseeth  
In ioyful pain, reioyce my hart,  
Thus to sustain of eche aparte.

Let not this song from thee eſtart,  
Welcome among my pleaſant ſmart.

The louer to his bed, with diſ-  
cribing of his vnquiet  
ſtate.

**T**he reſtfull place, renuer of my ſmart,  
The labours ſalue encreaſing my ſorow,  
The bodieſ eaſe, and troubler of my hart  
Quieter of mynd, mine vnquiet foe,  
For geater of paine, remembrer of my woe,  
The place of ſlepe, wherein I do but wake,  
Beſprent with teares, my bed, I the forſake.

The froſty ſnowes may not redreſſe my heat  
Nor theate of ſunne abate my ſeruient colde,  
I know nothing to eaſe my paine ſo great,  
The cure cauſeth encreaſe by twenty folde,  
Renewing cares vpon my ſorowes old,  
Such ouerthwart effectes in me they make  
Beſprent with teares, my bed for to forſake.

But all for nought, I find no better eaſe  
In bed or out, this moſt cauſeth my paine,  
Where I do ſeek how beſt that I may pleaſe  
My loſt labour (alas) is all in vaine,  
My heart once ſet, I cannot it reſtaine,  
No place from me my grief away can take,  
Wherefoze with teares, my bed I the forſake.

Compariſon of loue to a ſtreame  
falling from the Alpes,

**F**rom theſe hye hilles as when a ſpring doth fall  
It trilleth downe with ſtill and ſuttle courſe  
Of this and that, it gathers aye and ſhall,  
Till it haue juſt downe flowe to ſtreame & force  
Then at the foote it rageth ouer all:  
So fareth loue, when he hath tane a courſe,  
Rage is his raine, Reſiſtance baileth none,  
The firſt eſchue is remedy alone.

D. I.

Wyates



## Songes

### VV Yates complaint vpon loue to reason with loues aunſwer.

Myne olde here enemy, my froward maister,  
Afore that Queene, I cauſde to be affited,  
Which holdeth the diuine part of our nature,  
That like as golde, in fire he mought be tried,  
Charged with dolour, there I me preſented,  
With horrible feare, as one that greatly dzeadeth  
A wrongfull death and iuſtice alway ſeketh.

And thus I ſaid: Once my left foote, Adam  
When I was pong, I ſet within his raigne;  
Whereby other then firely burning flame,  
I neuer felt, but many a grieuous paine  
Torment I ſuſtred anger and diſdaine;  
That mine oppreſſed patience was paſt,  
And I myne owne life hated at the laſt.

Thus hitherto haue I my time paſſed  
In paine and ſmart, what waies is profitable,  
How many pleaſant dayes haue me eſcaped,  
In ſeruing this falſe lper ſo deceiuable:  
What ſoit haue wordes ſo preſt and forceable,  
That may containe my great miſhappineſſe?  
And iuſt complaintes of his vngentleneſſe:

So ſmall hony, much aloes, and gall,  
In bitterneſſe, my blinde life hath ytaſted,  
His falſe ſemblauce, that turneth as a ball,  
With faire & amorous daunce, made me be traced,  
And wher I had my thought, & minde eraced  
From earthly frailneſſe, & from vaine pleaſure,  
He from my reſt he tooke, & ſet in errour.

God made he me regardleſſe, than I ought,  
And to my ſelfe to take right little hede:  
And for a woman haue I ſet at nought,  
All other thoughtes, in this only to ſpede.  
And he was only counſeler of this dede,  
Whetting alwaies my youthly fraile deſire  
One cruell whetſtone, tempered with fire.

But (oh alas) where had I euer ſoit?

O: other gift gotten to me of nature:  
 That sooner shalbe changed my worted sprite,  
 Then the obstinate Will, that is my ruler,  
 So robbeth he my fredome with displeasure.  
 This wicked traytour, whom I thus accuse,  
 That bitter life hath turned in pleasant vse.

He hath me hasted, through diuers regions:  
 Through desert woodes, and sharpe hie mountaines  
 Through frostward people, and through bitter passiōs  
 Through rocky seas, and ouer hylles and plaines:  
 With wery trauel, and with laborous paynes,  
 Alwayes in trouble and in tediousnesse  
 All in errour, and daungerous distresse.

But nother he, nor she my tother foe,  
 For all my flight, did euer me forsake:  
 That though my tymely death hath been to slowe  
 That me as yet, it hath not ouertake:  
 The heavenly Gods of pitie doe it slake,  
 And not they this his cruell tyranny  
 That feedes him with my care, and misery.

Sins I was his, howe rested I neuer,  
 Nor looke to doe, and eke the swaky nightes.  
 The banished slepe may in no wise recover  
 By guyle and force, ouer my thralled sprites  
 He is ruler, sins which bell neuer strikes,  
 That I heare not as sounding to reue  
 My plaintes. Him self, he knoweth that I say true.

For neuer woormes olde rotten stocke haue eaten,  
 As he my hart, where he is resident  
 And doth the same with death dayly threaten,  
 Thence come the teares, and thence the bitter torment  
 The sighes, the woordes and eke the languishment,  
 That now doth me, and peradventure other,  
 Iudge thou that knowest the one, and eke the other.

Whine aduerlarie with such greuous reproofe,  
 Thus he began, Heare Lady, tother part:  
 That y plairtrought, from which he draweth allofe,  
 This vnkinde man may shew, ere that I part,  
 In his yong age, I toke him from that art,  
 That selleth woordes, and make a clattering knight,  
 And of my wealth I gaue him the delight.

Now shames he not on me for to complaine,

D. ii.

That

## Songes

That held him euermore in pleasant gayne,  
 From his desire: that might haue been his payne,  
 Yet therby alone I bzought hym to some frame  
 Which now as wretchednes, he doth so blame,  
 And toward honour quickned I his wit,  
 wheras a dastard els he mought haue sit.

He knoweth how great Atreide that made Troy  
 And Hannibal to Rome so troubelous, (treat,  
 whom Homer honoured Achilles that great,  
 And Chaffricane Scipion the famous,  
 And many other, by much honour glozious,  
 whose fame and actes, did list them by aboue,  
 I did let fall in bale dishonest loue.

And vnto him, though he vnsworthy were,  
 I chose the best of many a Million,  
 That vnder sunne yet neuer was her pere  
 Of wisdom, womanhod, and of discrecion,  
 And of my grace I gaue her such a facion,  
 And eke such way I taught her for to teache,  
 That neuer bale thought his hart so he might reach

Euermore thus to content his maiestie

That was his only frame of honestie,  
 I stirred him still toward gentlenesse,  
 And caused him to regard fidelitie.

Paciencie I taught him in aduersitie  
 Such vertues learned he in my great schole,  
 wherof repenteth now the ignorant foole.

These were the same deceites and bitter gall,  
 That I haue vsed, the torment and the anger,  
 Sweeter then euermore did to other fall.

Of right good seede, ill fruite lo thus I gather,  
 And so shall he that the vnkinde doth hurt her,  
 A Serpent nourish I vnder my wing,  
 And now of nature, ginneth he to sting  
 And for to sell, at last, my great seruice,

From thousand dishonesties haue I him drawn,  
 That, by my meanes him in no maner wyse,  
 Fewer vile pleasure once hath ouerthrowen,  
 wher in his dede shame hath him alwayes gnawen,  
 Douting report that should come to her eare,  
 whom now he blames her wonted he to feare.

What euermore he hath of any honest custome,

Of her, and me, that holdes he euery whit,  
 But lo, yet neuer was there nightly fantome  
 So farre in errour, as is from his wit,  
 To plain on vs, he strueth with the bit,  
 Which may rule him and do him ease, and payne,  
 And in one hower, make all his grieve his gayne.

But one thing yet there is about all other,  
 I gaue him winges, wherwith he might by flye  
 To honour and fame, and if he woulde to higher  
 Then mortall thinges, about the starry skye,  
 Considering the pleasure, that an eye  
 Might geue in earth, by reason of the loue,  
 What should that be that lasteth still about:

And he the same himselfe hath sayd ere this,  
 But now, forgotten is both that and I,  
 That gaue him her his onely wealth and blisse  
 And at this woord, with deadly shreke and crye  
 Thou gaue her once (quod I) but by and by  
 Thou tooke her ayen from me, that wo worth the  
 Not I, but price, more worth than thou (quod he.)

At last, eche other for himselfe, concluded,  
 I trembling still, but he, with small reuerence,  
 Lo, thus as we eche other haue accused,  
 Dere Lady, now we wayte thine onely sentence,  
 She smiling, at the whistled audience,  
 It liketh me, quod she, to haue heard your question.  
 But longer time doth aske a resolution.

The louers sorowfull state maketh him write  
 sorowfull songes, but Such, his loue  
 may change the same.

Marcell no more altho  
 The songes I singe do mone  
 For other life then woe,  
 I neuer proued none.  
 And in my heart also  
 Is grauen with letters deepe  
 A thousande sighes and mo  
 A flood of teares to weepe.



## Songes

How many a man in smart  
 finde matter to reloyce:  
 How many a moorning hart  
 Set forth a pleasant voyce:  
 O slave who so can that part,  
 Prides must in me appere,  
 How fortune ouerhtwart  
 Doth cause my moorning there,  
 Perdy there is no man,  
 If he saw neuer sight,  
 That perfittly tell can,  
 The nature of the light.  
 Alas how shoulde I than,  
 That neuer tast but sorrowe,  
 But do as I began,  
 Continuelly to lowze,  
 But yet perchance some chance  
 May chance to chang my tune,  
 And when (Such) chance doth chace  
 Then shall I thank fortune.  
 And if I haue (Such) chance  
 Perchance or it be long,  
 For (Such) a pleasant chance,  
 To sing some pleasant song.

### The louer complaineth him- self forsaken.

Where shal I haue at mie owne wil  
 teares to cōplate: where shal I set  
 Such sighe: that I may sigh my fill,  
 And then againe my plaintes repete,  
 For though my plaint shal haue nōe  
 my teares cānot suffise my woe (end  
 To mone my harme, haue I noe frēd  
 For fortunes friend, is mishappes foe  
 Comfort (God wot) els haue I nōe,  
 But in y wind to waite my woordes  
 Prougt moueth you my dedly mone,  
 But still you turne it into boordes,  
I speake

I speake not how, to moue your hart  
 That you should rue vpon my pame,  
 The sentence geuen may not reuert,  
 I knowe such labour were but vaine.  
 But sing that I for you (my dere)  
 Haue lost that thing, that was my best  
 A right small losse it must appere,  
 To lesse these woordes, and all the rest.  
 But though they sparkel in the wind  
 Yet shall thy shew your falshed faith  
 Which is returned to his kende,  
 For like, to lyke, the prouerbe saith.  
 Fortune, and you did me auance,  
 We thought I swam, and could not drowne:  
 Happiest of all but my mischaunce  
 Did list me vp, to throw me downe.  
 And you with her, of cruellnesse  
 Did set your foote vpon my necke,  
 We and my welfare to oppresse,  
 Without offence your hart to wrecke.  
 Where are your pleasant woordes (alas)  
 Where is your faith: your stedfastnesse:  
 There is nomore but all doth passe,  
 And I am left all comfortlesse:  
 But sins so much it doth you grene,  
 And also me my wretched lyfe,  
 Haue here my trouth thought shal releue,  
 But death alone, my wretched strife.  
 Therefore farewell, my lyfe, my death,  
 My gayne, my losse, my salue, my soze,  
 Farewell also, with you my breath:  
 For I am gone for euermore.

Of his loue that pricked  
 her finger with a  
 needle.

She sate & sowd that hath done me & wrong,  
 wherof I platin, and haue done many a day:  
 And, whilst she heard my plaint, in pitous teg  
 D. iiii.

She

## Songes

She wisht my hart the sampler that it lay.  
The blinde maister, whom I haue serued so long  
Grudging to heare, that he did heare her say,  
Made her own weapon do her finger blede,  
To fele, if pricking were so good in dede.

### Of the same

What man hath hearde such crueltie befoze,  
That when my plaint remēbzed her my wo  
That caused it, she cruell more and more,  
Wished eche stitche, as she did sit and soze,  
Had prickt my heart, for to encrease my soze.  
And as I thinke, she thought it had been so,  
For as she thought, this is his heart in dede,  
She prickt hard and made her selfe to blede.

### Request to Cupide for re- uenge of his vnkinde loue.

Behold Loue, thy power how she despyeth,  
My griuous paine, how litle she regardeth  
The solemne othe wherof she takes no cure,  
Broken she hath and yet she bydeth sure  
Right at her ease, and litle there she dzedeth,  
Weaponed thou art, and she vnarmed sitteth  
To disdainfull, all her lyfe she leadeth  
To me spitefull, without iust cause or measure,  
Behold Loue, how proudly she triumpheth,  
I am in hold, but if thee pitie meueneth,  
Go, bend thy bow, that stony hartes breaketh,  
And lo some stroke, reuenge & greate displeasure  
Of the, and him that sozow doth endure,  
And as hys Lorde the lowly her entreateth.

### Complaint for true loue vnrequited

What baileth trowth, or by it to take pain  
 To strive by stedfastnes, for to attain  
 How to be iust, and fleece from doublenesse,  
 Since all alike, where ruleth craftinesse,  
 Rewarded is both crafty, false, and plain  
 Honest he speedes, that most can lie and faine  
 True meaning hart is had in highe disdain,  
 Against deceit and cloked doublenesse  
 What baileth trowth, or perfit stedfastnesse.  
 Deceiued is he, by false and craftie train  
 That meanes no gile, and faithfull doth remain  
 Within the trap, without helpe or redresse,  
 But for to loue, lo such a sterne maistresse,  
 Where crueltie dwelles, alas it were in vain.

The louer that fled loue, now folows  
 it with his harme.

Sometime I fled the fire that me so bzent,  
 By sea, by land, by water, and by winde,  
 And now the coales I folow, that be quent,  
 From Douer to Cales, with willing minde  
 Lo how desire is both sprong, and spent,  
 And he may see, that wilome was so blind,  
 And all this labour laughes he now to scozne,  
 Deashed in y bziers that erst was onely tozne.

The louer hopeth of better  
 chaunce.

HE is not dead, that sometime had a fall,  
 The sunne returnes, y hid was vnder cloud  
 And when fortune hath spit out all her gall  
 I trust, good luck to me shalbe allowed,  
 For I haue sene a ship in haven fal,  
 After y stozme hath broke both mast & shrowd,  
 The willow eke that stoupeth with the winde,  
 Doth rise again, and greater wood doth binde.

The



## Songes

The louer compareth his hart  
to the ouer charged  
gonne.

**T**he furious gonne in his most ragyng yre,  
When that the boule is rammed in too fore,  
And that the flame cannot part from the fyre  
Crackes in sunder and in the ayre do roze  
The sheuered peces: So doth my desire,  
Whose flame encreaseth aye from moze to moze  
Which to let out, I dare not loke, nor speke,  
So inward force my hart doth al to breake.

The louer suspected of change  
praieth that it be not be-  
leued against  
him,

**A**ccused though I bee, withoutought desert,  
Sith none can proue, beleue it not for true,  
For neuer yet, since that you had my hart,  
Intended I to false, or bee vntrue.  
Sooner I would of death sustain the smart,  
Than breake one worde of that I promised you  
Accept therfore my seruice in good part,  
None is a liue, that can y<sup>e</sup> tongues eschew.  
Hold them as false, and let not vs depart  
Our frendship old, in hope of any new,  
Put not thy trust in such as vse to faine,  
Except thou minde to put thy frend to paine.

The louer abused renoun-  
ceth loue,

**M**y loue to scozne, my seruice to retaine,  
Therin me thought you vsed crueltye,

Since with good will I lost my libertie,  
 Might neuer woe yet cause me to refrayne,  
 But onely this which is extremitie,  
 To geue me nought (alas) nor to agree  
 That as I was your man I might remaine,  
 But since that thus ye list to order mee  
 That would haue ben your seruant true and fast  
 Displease you not, my dotpng time is past,  
 And with my losse to leaue I must agree  
 For as there is a certaine time to rage,  
 So is there tyme such madnes to allwage.

The louer professeth  
 himselfe  
 constant

Within my brest I neuer thought it gayne,  
 Of gentil mindes the fredome for to lose  
 For in my hart sanke neuer such disdaine,  
 To be a forger, faultlesse for to disclose:  
 For I cannot endure the truth to glose  
 To set a glose vpo an earnest paine,  
 For I am not in numbre one of those,  
 That list to blow retreat to euery retayne.

The louer sendeth his com  
 plaintes and teares to  
 sue for grace.

Pass forth my wounted cryes,  
 Those cruel cares to pearce,  
 Which in most hatefull wyse  
 Doe still my plaintes reuerse.  
 Doe you; my teares, also  
 So wet her barain heart:  
 That pitie theremay growe,  
 And crueltie depart.  
 For though hard rokes among

## Senges

She seemes to hane ben bred,  
And of the Tygre long  
Wene nourished and fed.  
ye shall not nature change,  
If pitie once wyn place  
Whom as vnknownen and strange  
She now away doth chafe.  
And as the water soft,  
Without forcing or strength  
Where that it falleth oft  
Hard stones doth perce at length:  
So in her stony hart  
My plaintes at last shall graue,  
And rigour set apart  
Winne graunt of that I craue.  
Wherefore my plaintes, present  
Still so to her my suit,  
As ye through her assent  
May bring to me some frute,  
And as shee shall me proue,  
So bid her me regarde,  
And render loue for loue,  
Which is a iuste reward.

The louers case cannot be  
hidden how euer he  
dissemble.

Your lokes so often cast  
your eyes so frendly rolde,  
your sight fixed so fast,  
Alwaies one to beholde:  
Though hide it faine ye woulde,  
It plainly doth declare,  
Who hath your hart inhold,  
And where good wil ye bare.  
Faine would ye finde a cloke,  
your brenning fire to hide,  
yet both the flame and smoke  
Breakes out on every side.

ye can not loue so guide,  
 That it no issue winne,  
 Abrode nedes must it glide,  
 That byennes so hotte within.

For cause your selfe do wink,  
 ye iudge all other blinde,  
 And secret it you think,  
 which euery man dothe finde.  
 In waite oft spende ye winde  
 your selfe in loue to quit,  
 For agues of that kynde  
 will show, who hath the fit.

Your sighes you fet from farre  
 And all to wry your wo,  
 yet are ye ner the narre  
 Men are not blinded so.  
 Depely oft swere ye no,  
 But all those othes are vaine,  
 So well your eye doth shew,  
 who puttes your hart to paine.

Thinke not therfore to hide,  
 That still it selfe betraies,  
 For seke meanes to prouide  
 To darke the sunny dayes,  
 forget those wonted wayes,  
 Leane of such frowning chere,  
 There will be found no stapes,  
 To stoppe a thing so clere.

The louer praithe not to be  
 disdained, refused mi-  
 trusted, nor for-  
 saken.

**D**isdaine me not without desert,  
 Nor leaue me not so sodenly,  
 Since well ye wot, that in my hert  
 I meane ye not but honestly.

Refuse me not without cause why  
 For think me not to be vnust

Since



## Songes

Since that by lott of fantasie,  
 This carefull knot nedes knit I must.  
 Distrust me not, though some there be,  
 That sayne woulde spot my stedfastnesse:  
 Belene them not, sins that ye se,  
 The prose is not, as they expresse.  
 Forsake me not, till I deserue,  
 For hate me not, till I offende:  
 Destroy me not, till that I swerue,  
 But sins ye knowe what I entende,  
 Disdaine me not that sin your our owne  
 Refuse me not, that am so true,  
 Distrust me not tyll all be knownen,  
 Forsake, me not, now for no new.

The louer lamenteth his estate  
 with sute for grace.

For want of will in swo I pleyne,  
 Under colour of sobernesse,  
 Renewing with my sute my payne,  
 My wanhope with your stedfastnesse.  
 Awake therfore of gentlenesse,  
 Regard at length, I you require,  
 My swelling paines of my desire,  
 Be tymes who geueth willingly,  
 Redoubled thankes aye doth deserue,  
 And I that sue vnfainedly,  
 In fruitles hope, alas do sterue.  
 How great my cause is for to swerue,  
 And yet how stedfast is my sute,  
 Lo her ye see, where is the frute.  
 As bounde that hath his keper lost,  
 Seke I your presence to obtayne,  
 In which my hart deliteth most.  
 And shal delight though I be slaine,  
 You may release my hand of payne,  
 Lose then the care that makes me crye,  
 For want of helpe or els I dye,

I dye

I dye, though not incontinent,  
 By processe yet consumingly,  
 As wast of fire, which doth relent,  
 If you as wilfull will deny.  
 Wherefore cease of such cruelty,  
 And take me wholly in your grace,  
 Which lacketh will to change his place.

The louer waileth his  
 changed ioyes.

Yf euery man might him auant  
 Of fortunes frindly cheere,  
 It was my selfe I must it graunt,  
 For I haue bought it dere,  
 And derely haue I held also  
 The glory of her name,  
 In yelding her such tribute, lo,  
 As did set forth her fame.

Sometime I rode so in her grace  
 That as I would require,  
 Eche ioy I thought did me embrace,  
 That furdered my desire,  
 And all those pleasures, lo, had I,  
 That fancies might support,  
 And nothing she did me deny,  
 That was vnto my comfort.

I had (what would you moze perdy,)  
 Ech grace that I did craue,  
 Thus fortunes will was vnto me  
 All thing that I would haue,  
 But all to rath alas the while,  
 She built on such a ground.  
 In little space, to great a guile,  
 In her now haue I found.

For she hath turned so her wheels,  
 That I unhappy man  
 May waile the time that I did leaue  
 Wherewith she fed me than  
 For broken now are her behestes  
 And pleasant looke she gaue,

And

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 And pleasant looke she gaue,

And

## Songes

And therefore now all my requestes,  
From peril can not saue,  
yet woulde I well it might appeare  
To her my chief regard,  
Though my desertes haue bene to deere  
To merite such reward:  
Sins fortunes will is now so bent,  
To plague me thus pooze man,  
I must my selfe therewith content,  
And beare it as I can.

To his loue that hath geuen  
him aunswer of re-  
fusall.

The aunswere that ye made to me my deare  
when I did sue for my pooze hartes redresse,  
Hath so appalde my countenance & my chere,  
That in this case, I am all comfortlesse,  
Sins I of blame no cause can well expresse.

I haue no wrong, wher I can claime no right  
Hought tane me fro, where I haue nothing had  
yet of my wo, I cannot so be quite,  
Namely sins that another may be glad,  
With that, that thus in sorrow makes me sad.

yet none can claime (I say) by former grant,  
That knoweth not of any graunt at all.  
And by desert, I dare well make auant,  
Of faithfull will, there is no where that shal,  
Beare you more trueth, more ready at your call.

Now good then, call againe that bitter worde  
That toucht your frēd so nere & pangues of pain  
And say my dere that it was said in bozd,  
Late, or to sone, let it not rule the gaine,  
Wherwith free will both true desert retaine.

To his Lady, cruell ouer her  
yelden loue,

Such

Such is the course & natures kinde hathe wroughte,  
 that snakes hath time to cast aswape their stinges,  
 Against chaine prisoners what nede defence be sought,  
 the fierce lion wil hurt no yelding thinges,  
 why should such spight be nursed then by thought?  
 With al these powers are prest vnder thy wings,  
 And eke thou seest, and reason thee hath taught  
 what mischief malice many waies it brings,  
 Consider eke, & spight availeth nought,  
 Therefore this long thy fault to thee it sings  
 Displease the not, for sayng thus (me thought)  
 For hate thou hi fro who no hate soothly springs  
 For furies that in hell bee execrable,  
 For that they hate, are made most miserable.

The lower complaineth that deadlie  
 sicknes can not helpe his  
 affeccion,

The enemy to life, decater of all kinde,  
 & with his colde withers away the grene,  
 this other night me in my bed did finde,  
 And offered me to rid my feuer clene  
 And I did graunt, so did dispaire me blinde,  
 He drew his bowe with arrowes sharp and kene,  
 And strake the place, where loue had hit before,  
 And draue the first dart deeper more and more,

The lower reioyceth the enioy-  
 ing of his loue,

Once as me thought, fortune me kist  
 And bade me aske what I thought best,  
 And I should haue it as me list,  
 Therewith to set my hart in rest.  
 I asked but my ladies hart,  
 to haue for euermore mine owne,  
 Then at an end were all my smart,  
 then should I nede no more to mone:



## Songes

Yet for all that a stormy blast  
Had ouerturnd this goodly nay:  
And fortune seemed at the last  
That to her promise she saide nay.

But like as one out of dispaire,  
to lodepne hope reuiued y:  
New fortune sheweth her selfe so faire,  
that I content me wonderfly.

My most desire my hand my reache,  
My will is alway at my hande,  
We neede not long for to beseeche  
Her, & hath power me to commaunde.

What earthly thing moze can I craue  
What would I wish moze at my will  
Nothing on earth moze would I haue,  
Saue that I haue, to haue it still.

For fortune now hath kept her promise,  
In graunting me my most desire  
Of my soueraigne I haue redresse,  
And I content me with my hire.

The louer complaineth the vns  
kindnes of his loue.

My lute awake perforce me the laste  
Labour that thou and I shall wast:  
And end that I haue now begonne,  
And when this song is song and past,  
My lute be still, for I haue done.

As to be heard where care is none,  
As leade to graue in marble stone,  
My song may pearce her hart as sore,  
Should we then sigh, or sing, or mone?  
No, no, my lute, for I haue done.

The rockes do not so cruelly  
Repulse the waues continually,  
As she my sure and affection:  
So that I am past remedy,  
wherby my lute and I haue done.  
Proude of the spoile that thou hast gotte

Di

Of simple hartes through loues shot,  
 By who vnkind thou hast them wonne,  
 thinke not he hath his bowe forgot  
 Although my lute and I haue done.  
 Vengeance shall fail on thy disdain  
 that makest but game on earnest paine,  
 thinke not alone vnder the sunne,  
 Unquit to cause thy louers plaine,  
 Although my lute and I haue done  
 May chaunce the lye withered and olde,  
 In winter nightes that are so colde,  
 Slaing in vaine vnto the mone,  
 Thy wishes then dare not be tolde,  
 Care then who list for I haue done.

And then maye chaunce thee to repent  
 the time that thou hast lost and spent,  
 to cause thy louers sighe and sworne  
 when shalt thou knowe beauty but lent,  
 And wishe and want as I haue done.  
 Howe cease my lute this is the laste  
 Labour that thou and I shall wast  
 And ended is that we begonne,  
 Now is this song both song and past,  
 My lute be still for I haue done.

How by a kisse he found both  
 his life and death.

Nature that gaue the Bee so feate a grace,  
 To finde honey of so wondrous a fashion,  
 hath taught the spider out of the same place  
 to feche popson by straunge alteration,  
 though this be straunge, it is a straunger case  
 with one kisse by secret operation,  
 Both these at once in those your lips to finde,  
 In change whereof, I leaue my hart behinde.

The louer describeth his being  
 taken with sight of  
 his loue.

## Songes

**V**nwarely so was neuer no man caught,  
 with stedfast looke vpon a goodly face,  
 As I of late, for sodainly me thought  
 My hart was tozned out of his place,  
 I Thozow mine eye the stroke from hers did slide  
 And downe directly to my hart it ranne,  
 In helpe whereof the blood therto did glide,  
 And left my face both pale and wanne.

Then was I like a man for two amazed,  
 Or like the soule & flieth into the fire,  
 For while & I vpon her beauty gased,  
 The more I burnde in my desire.  
 None the bloude start in my face agayne,  
 Inflamde with heate, & it had at my hart,  
 & brought therewith thozoughout in euery vaine,  
 A quaking heat with pleasaunt smart.

Then was I like the straw, when & the flame,  
 As driuen therin, by force & rage of winde,  
 I can not tel alas, what I shall blame,  
 Nor what to seke, nor what to finde.

But well I wot, & grieve doth holde me sore,  
 In heat & colde, betwixt both hope and dreade,  
 That, but her helpe to health do me restore,  
 this relesse life I may not seade.

To his louerto looke  
 vpon him.

**A**l in thy looke my life doth whole depend,  
 thou hidest thy self, and I must die therfore,  
 But since thou maiest so easely helpe thy friende,  
 Why doest thou sticke to salue & thou made sore,  
 Why doe I die? since thou maiest me defend,  
 And if I die, thy life may last no more,  
 For eche by other doth liue and haue reliefe,  
 I in thy looke, and thou most in my grief.

The

The louer excuseth him of wordes  
wherewith he was vniust  
lie charged.

Perdy I sayde it not,  
Nor neuer thought to doe,  
As well as I ye wot  
I haue no power thereto  
And if I did the lot  
That first did me enchainē,  
May neuer slake the knot,  
But straitē it to my payne.  
And if I did eche thinge  
that may do harme or wo,  
Continually may wzing  
My heart where so I go.  
Report may alwaies ring  
Of shame on me for aye,  
If in my hart did spring  
the wordes that you doe say.  
And if I did, eche starre  
that is in heauen aboue,  
May frowne on me to marre  
the hope I haue in loue  
And if I did, such warre  
as they brought vnto Troy,  
Wzing al my life as farre  
from al his lust and ioye.  
And if I did so saye,  
the beauty that me bounde,  
Encrease from day to day  
More cruel to my wounde,  
with al the mone that may,  
to plaint may turne my song,  
My life maye sone decaye  
without redressē by wrong.  
If I be cleare frō thought,  
why do you then complayne?  
then is this thing but sought,  
To turne my art to paine.



## Songes

Then this & you haue wrought,  
you must it now redresse,  
Of right therefore you ought  
Such rigour to repressse.  
And as I haue deserued,  
So graunt me now my hyre.  
You knowe I neuer swerued,  
You neuer found me lye,  
For Rachel haue I serued  
For Lea carde I neuer,  
And her I haue reserued  
Within my hart for euer.

Of such as had forsaken him.

Lix my faire faulcon, and thy fellows all,  
How wel pleasant it were poure libertie,  
Ye not forsake me, that faire mought you fall,  
But they & sometyme liked mye companie,  
Like lyce away from dead bodie they crall.  
Lo, what a proofoe in light aduersitie,  
But ye my birds, I sweare by all your belles,  
Ye be my friendes, and very scwe elles.

A prescription of such a one as  
he would loue.

A Face that should content me wonderous well,  
Should not be faire, but louely to beholde,  
Of liuely looke all grieve for to repell  
With right good grace, so woulde I that it shoulde  
Speake without worde, such words as none can tell  
Her tresse also should be of crisped golde,  
With wit and these, perchaunce I might by tryde,  
And knit again with knot, that should not slide.

How vnpossible it is to finde  
quietnes in loue.

Cur

**E**Uer my hap is slack and slow in coming  
 Desire encreasing as my hope vncertaine,  
 With doubtfull loue that but encreaseth paine  
 For Tiger like so swift it is in parting.  
 Alas the snow black shall it be scalding,  
 the sea waterlesse and fische vpon the mountaine,  
 the teinnes shal back retourne into his fountaine,  
 And where he rose the sunne shal take her lodging,  
 Ere I in this finde peace or quietnesse,  
 Or that loue, or my lady right wisely  
 I caue to conspire against me wrongfully  
 And if I haue after such bitternesse,  
 One drop of swete, my mouth is out of taste,  
 That all my trust and trauell is but waste.

Of loue, fortune, and the louers  
minde,

**L**Oue, fortune, and my mynde, which do remember  
 Like that is now, and that once hath bene,  
 Torment my hart so sore that very often  
 I hate and enuy them beyond all measure,  
 Loue sleeth my hart while fortune is depriuer  
 Of all my comfort, the foolish minde than  
 Burneth and plaineth, as one that very seldome  
 Liueth in rest, So still in displeasure  
 My pleasant dayes they flete and passe.  
 And daily doth mine pl change to the worse.  
 While more then halfe is runne now of my course,  
 Alas not of stele, but of brittle glasse,  
 I see that from my hand falleth my trust,  
 And all my thoughtes are dashed into duste.

The louer prayeth his offred  
hart to be receiued.

**H**OW oft haue I, my dere and cruell foe,  
 With my great paine to get from peace or truce  
 Given you my hart: but you do not vse,  
 In so high thinges, to cast your mynde so low.

## Songes

If any other loke for it, as you trow,  
Theire vaine weke hope doth greatly them abuse,  
And that thus I disdain, that you refuse,  
It was once mine, it can no more be so,  
If you it chafe, that it in you can finde  
In this exile, no maner of comfort,  
Nor liue alone, nor where he is calde resort,  
He may wander from his natural kinde.  
So shal it be great hurt vnto vs twaine,  
And yours the losse, and myne the deadly pain.

### The louers life compared to the Alpes.

Like vnto these vnmeasurable mountaines,  
So is my painfull life the burden of yre,  
For hye be they, and hye is my desire,  
And I of teares, and they be full of fountaines,  
Under craggy rockes they haue barren plaines,  
Hard thoughtes in me my wooful mynd doth tire,  
Small fruit & many leaues their toppes do attire  
With smal effect great trust in me remaines,  
The boisteous winds oft their hie boughes do blast  
Hotte sighes in me continually be shed  
Wilde beastes in them, fierce loue in me is fed,  
Vnmooueable am I, and they stedfast,  
Of singing birdes they haue the tune and note,  
And I alwaies plaintes passing through my throt.

### Charging of his loue as vnpiteous and louing other.

If amorous faith, or if an hart vnfained  
A swete langour, a great louely desire,  
If honest will kindled in gentle fire,  
If long error in a blinde mase chained,  
If in my visage eche thought distained,  
Or my speaking voice, lower, or hyer,

which

which feare and shame, so wofully doth tyre,  
 If pale colour, which loue alas hath stained,  
 If to haue another then my selfe moze dere,  
 If wailling or sighing continually,  
 With sozowful anger feding busily  
 If burned farre of, and if frising nere,  
 Are cause that I by loue my selfe destroy,  
 yours is the fault, and mine the great annoy.

### A renouncing of loue.

Fare well loue, and all thy lawes for euer,  
 Thy baited hookes shal tangle me no moze,  
 Senec and Plato call me from thy loue,  
 To partit welth my wit for to endeuer.  
 In blinde errour when I did perseuer,  
 Thy sharp repulse that pricketh ay so soze,  
 Taught me in trifles that I set no stoze,  
 But scape forth thence, since libertie is lieffer.  
 Therfore, fare wel, go trouble ponger hartes,  
 And in time claime no moze aucthoritye.  
 With ydle youth goe vse thy property,  
 And theron spend thy many brittle dartes,  
 For hitherto though I haue lost my time,  
 We list no longer rotten bowes to clime.

### The louer forsaketh his vnkynde loue.

My hart I gaue the not to do it pain,  
 But to prelerue, lo it to thee was taken,  
 I serued thee not that I shoulde be forsaken,  
 But that I shoulde receiue rewarde againe,  
 I was content thy seruant to remaine,  
 And not to be repayed on this fashion.  
 Now, since in thee there is none other reason,  
 Displease thee not, if that I do refraine,  
 Unsatiat of my wo, and thy desire,  
 Assured by craft for to excuse thy fault,  
 But, since it pleaseth the to faine default,

Fare



## Songes

Farewell I say departing from the fire,  
For he that doth beleue bearing in hand,  
Dlooweth in the water and soweth in the sand.

### The louer describeth his rest lesse state.

**T**he flaming sighes that boyle within my brest  
Sometime breake forth & they can wel declare  
The hartes vnrest and how that he doth feare  
the paine therof the griefe and all the rest.  
The shatered eyen from whence the teares do fall  
Do fele some force oz els they would be dry,  
the wasted fleshe of colour ded can try  
And sometime tell what swetnesse in the gall.  
And he that lust to see and to discearne,  
How care can soze within a wored earne,  
Come he to me, I am that place assende,  
But for all this no force it doth ne harme,  
the wound alas happe in some other place,  
From whence no toole away the skarre can race.  
But you which of such like haue had your part  
Can best be iudge. wherefore my frende so dere,  
I thought it good my state should now appere  
to you and that there is no great defart.  
And wheras you in weighty matters great,  
Of fortune saw the shadow that you know,  
For trisling thinges I now am stricken so  
that though I fele my hart doth wound & beat,  
I sit alone laue on the second day  
My feuer comes, with whome I spend my time  
In burning heat while that she list assigne.  
And who hath helth and liberiy alway,  
Let him thank God and let him not prouoke  
to haue the like of this my painfull stroke.

### The louer lamentes the death of his loue.

**T**he pillar perishe is whereto I lent,  
The strongest stay of mine vnquiet mynde.

The

The like of it no man again can finde  
 From East to west stil seeking though he went,  
 To mine vnhappye for happye away hath rent,  
 Of all my ioy the very barke and rinde,  
 And I (alas) by chaunce am thus assund  
 Daily to morne til death do it relent.  
 But since that thus it is by destiny,  
 What can I more but haue a wofull hart,  
 My penne in plaint, my voice in carefull cry,  
 My minde in wo, my body full of smart,  
 And I my selfe, my selfe alwaies to hate,  
 My dreadfull death do ease my dolefull state.

The louer sendeth sighes to  
 mone his suite.

Goe burning sighes vnto the frosen hart,  
 To breake the Ice which pitties painfull dart  
 Might neuer pearce, and if that mortall prayer  
 In heauen be heard, at least yet I desire,  
 That death or mercy end my wofull smart.  
 Take with the paine, whereof I haue my part,  
 And eke the flame from whiche I cannot starte:  
 And leaue me then in rest I you require.  
 Goe burning sighes fulfil that I desire.  
 I must go wooe, hee I see my craft and art,  
 For truth and faith in her is layde aparte,  
 Alas, I cannot therfore now assaile her,  
 With pitiful complaint and scalding fier,  
 That from my best disceniably doth start.

Complaint of the absence  
 of his louer.

So feble is the threde, that both the burden stay,  
 Of my poore life in heauy plight, that falleth in decay,  
 That, but it haue elswhere some ayde or soine succour,  
 The running spindle of my fate anone shal ende his course.  
 For since thunhappye howe, that did me to depart,  
 From my swete weale one onely hope hath staied mye life aparte,  
 Which doth perswade such woordes vnto my soled minde,

Main=

## Songes

Maintain thy self O wofull wight, some better luck to finde  
 For though thou be depriued from thy desired sight,  
 Who can the tell, if thy returne be for thy moze delight?  
 O who can tel thy losse, if thou mayest once recouer?  
 So pleasant houre thy wo may wrap, & thee defend, & couer.  
 Thus in this trust as yet it hath my life sustained,  
 But now (alas) I see it faint, and I, by trust am trayned.  
 The time doth flete, & I see how the houres do bende  
 So fast, that I haue scant the space to marke my comming on  
 Westward the sunne from out the Easte scant shewes his light  
 When in the west he hies him strait, within the darke of night,  
 And comes as fast, where he began his pathe awoy,  
 From East to west, from west to East so doth his iourney lye.  
 The life so short so fraile that mortal menne liue here,  
 So great a weight so heauy charge, the bodie that we bere  
 That when I think vpon the distaunce and the space,  
 that doth so farre diuide me from my dere desired face:  
 I knowe not how tattaine the swinges that I require,  
 to lift me vp, that I might flye, to follow my desire.  
 Thus of that hope, that doth my life some thinge sustaine,  
 Alas, I feare, and partly feeble, full little both remaine.  
 Eche place doth bring me grieve where I do not behold  
 those liuely eies, which of my thoughts wer wot & keis to hold  
 Those thoughts wer pleasur swete, whilst I enioyed & grace,  
 My pleasure past, my present paine, whē I might wel embrace  
 And, for because my want should moze my wo encrease:  
 In watch & slepe, both day and night, my wil doth neuer cease,  
 that thing to wishe, wherof since I did lose the sight,  
 was neuer thinge & mought in oughte mye wofull hart delight  
 A huneasy lyfe I lead doth teach me for to mete  
 the flouds, the seas, the lād, the hils & dothe them entermete  
 Twene me, and those shene lights, that wonted for to clere  
 my darked pāgs of cloudye thoughts, as bright as Iheb<sup>s</sup> spher  
 It teacheth me also what was my pleasaunt state,  
 the moze to feeble, by such record, how that my welth doth hate,  
 If such record (alas) prouoke thenflamed minde,  
 which sprong that day, that I did leue the best of me behinde,  
 If loue forgeat himselfe, by length of absence let,  
 who doth me guide (O wofull wretch) vnto his bapted net?  
 where doth encrease my care, much better were for me,  
 As dumme as stone, al thing forgot still absent for to be.  
 Alas, the clere chystall, the bright transplendant glasse,

Doth

Doth not bewraye the colours hid, which vnderneath it hase:  
 As doth thaccumbred sprite the thoughtfull thowes discouer,  
 Of teares delite, of feruent loue, that in our hartes we coner,  
 Out by these eyes, it sheweith that euermoze delight,  
 In plaint and teares to seeke redzesse, and eke bothe day & nyghte  
 Those kinds of pleasures most wherin men so reioyce,  
 To me they do redouble still of stormy sighes the voyce.  
 For I am one of them, whom plaint doth well content,  
 It fits me wel my absen: wealth me seimes for to lament,  
 And with my teares, assay to charge mine eyes twayne,  
 Like as my hart aboue the brinke is fraughted full of payne.  
 And for because thereto, that these faire eyes doe treat,  
 Do me prouoke, I wil returne, my plaint thus to repeate.  
 For there is nothing els, so toucheth me within,  
 Where they rule all, and I alone nought but the case of skyn.  
 Wherefore I shall returne to them, as well, or spring,  
 From whom descendes my mortal wo, aboue al other thing.  
 So shall myne eyes in paine accompany my hart,  
 That were the guides, that did it leade of loue to feele the smart.  
 The crisped gold, that doth surmount Appollos pride,  
 The liuely streames of pleasant starres that vnder it doth glyde,  
 Wherein the beames of loue doe still encrease their heate,  
 Which yet so farre touche me to nere, in colde to make me sweate,  
 The wise and pleasaunt talke so rare, or els alone  
 That gaue to me the curteys gift, that erst had neuer none,  
 So farre from me, alas, and euery other thing,  
 I might forbear with better wil, then this y did me bringe  
 With pleasant woord & chere, redzesse of lingred paine,  
 And wonted oft in kindled wil to vertue me to traine.  
 Thus am I forst to hear e, and harken after newes,  
 My comfort scant, my large desire in doubtful trust renewes.  
 And yet with moze delite to mone my wofull case,  
 I must complain those hands, these armes y firmelye do embrace  
 Me from my selfe, and rule the sterne of my pooze life,  
 The swete disdaines the pleasant wzaths, & eke the louely strife,  
 That wonted well to tune in temper iust and mete,  
 The rage, that oft did make me erre, by furour vndiscrete,  
 All this is hid fro me, with sharpe and raged hilles,  
 At others will my longe abode, my depe dispaire fulfilles.  
 And of my hope sometime rise vp, by some redzesse,  
 It stumbleth streite, for feable faint, my feare hath such excessse.  
 Such is the sort of hoape, the lesse for moze desire,

And



## Songes

And yet I trust ere I die, to see that I require.  
 The resting place of loue, wher vertue dwelless and growes.  
 There I desire my swery life, sometime may take repose.  
 My song, thou shalt attaine, to finde the pleasaunt place  
 wher she doth liue, by whō I liue, may chaūce to haue this grace  
 When she hath read, and sene the grieke, wherin I serue,  
 Betwene her brestes she shal the put, there shal she the referue  
 Then tell her, that I coine, she shal me shortly see,  
 And if for waight the body faile, the soule shal to her flee.

The louer blameth his loue for  
 renting of the letter he  
 sent her.

Suffised not (madame) I you did teare,  
 My woful hart, but this also to rent,  
 The weping paper that to you I sente,  
 whereof eche letter was writtē w a teare  
 Could not my present paines (alas) suffice  
 your greby hart: and I my hart dothe feele  
 Torments I prick moze sharper thē I stele  
 But new and new must to my lot arise:  
 Use then my death, so shal your crueltie,  
 Spite of your spite rid me from al my smart,  
 And I no moze such tormentes of the hart  
 feele as I doe, this shall you gaine thereby.

The louer curseth the time when  
 first he fell in loue.

When first mine eyes did biewe and marke  
 W Thy faire beauty to beholde,  
 And whē my eares listned to hark  
 the pleasant wordes I thou me tolde,  
 I would as then I had bene free,  
 From eares to heare and eyes to see.  
 And when my lipps gā first to mone,  
 whereby my hart to thee was knowne,  
 And when my tong did talke of loue,

To thee I haſt true loue down throwne,  
 I would my lippes and tongue alſo,  
 Had then ben doune, noe deale to goe,  
 And whā my hands haue handled ought  
 That they hath kept in memory,  
 And when my feete haue gone & ſought,  
 To finde and get thy company,  
 I would eche hand a foote had ben,  
 And I eche foote a hand had ſene,  
 And when in minde I did conſent,  
 To follow this my fanſies will,  
 And when my hart did firſt relent,  
 To take ſuch bayte my life to ſpill,  
 I would my hart had bene as thine,  
 Or els thy hart had bene as mine.

The louer determineth to  
 ſerue faithfully.

Since loue wil nedes, that I ſhal loue,  
 Of verpe force I muſt agree,  
 And ſince no chaunce may it remoue  
 In wealth and in aduerſitie,  
 I ſhall alway my ſelfe applie,  
 To ſerue and ſuffer patiently.  
 Though for good wil I finde but hate,  
 And cruelly my life to waſte,  
 And though that ſtil a wretched ſtate,  
 Should pine my daies vnto the laſt:  
 Yet I profeſſe it willingly  
 To ſerue and ſuffer patiently.  
 For ſince my hart is bound to ſerue,  
 And I not ruler of my owne,  
 What ſo befall, til that I ſerue,  
 By prooſe ſhall well it ſhalbe knowne  
 That I ſhal ſtil my ſelfe applie  
 To ſerue and ſuffer patiently.  
 Ea though my griefe finde no redreſſe,  
 But ſtill encrease before mine eies,  
 Though my reward be cruelneſſe,  
 With all the harme, happe can deuile,  
 yet

## Songes

Yet I professe it willingly,  
To serue and suffer patiently  
Yea though fortune her pleasat face  
Should shew to set me by a losse,  
And straight my welth for to deface  
Should wythe away, as she doth oft  
Yet would I stil my selfe applie  
To serue and suffer patiently.

There is no grief, no smart, no wo,  
That yet I feele, or after shall,  
That fro this mind may make me go  
And whatsoeuer me befall,  
I doe professe it willingly  
To serue and suffer patiently.

### The louer suspected blas- meth it tonges,

**M**istrustful mindes be moued  
To haue me in suspes,  
The trowth it shalbe proued,  
Which time shal once detect.

Though falshed go about  
Of crime me to accuse,  
At length I doe not doubt  
But truth shal me excuse.

Such sauce, as they haue serued  
To me without desert,  
Euen as they haue deserued,  
therof God send them part.

### The louer complaineth and his lady comforteth,

Louer.

Ladye.

Louer.

Ladye.

Louer.

**B**urneth yet alas my hartes desire,  
What is the thing that hath enflamde thy hart?  
A certaine point as seruent as the fyre,  
The heat shal cease, if that thou wilt conuert,  
I can not stop the seruent raging yre.

La. What may I do, if thy self cause thy smart?  
 Lo. Heare my request, and reſw my weeping chere.  
 La. With right good will ſay on, lo, I the here.  
 Lo. That thing would I, that maketh to content.  
 La. Thou ſekeſt, perchaunce of me, that I may not.  
 Lo. Would God, thou wouldeſt, as thou maiſt, wel aſſent  
 La. That I may not the grieve is mine, God wot,  
 Lo. But I it feele, what ſo thy wordes haue ment,  
 La. Suspect me not, my wordes be not forgot,  
 Lo. Then ſay, alas ſhal I haue helpe or no.  
 La. I ſee no time to aunſwer, yea, but no.  
 Lo. Say yea, dere hart, and ſtand no more in doubt.  
 La. I may not grant a thing that is ſo dere.  
 Lo. Lo, with delayes thou dzyneſt me ſtill about.  
 La. Thou wouldeſt my death it plainly doth appere,  
 Lo. Firſt, may my hart his blood, and life blede out,  
 La. Then for my ſake, alas thy will forbear.  
 Lo. From day to day, thus waſteth my life aſway,  
 La. Yet for the beſt ſuffer ſome ſmall delay,  
 Lo. How good, ſay yea, do once ſo good a dede,  
 La. If I ſaid yea, what ſhould therof enſue?  
 Lo. An heart in paine of ſuccour ſo ſhould ſpede  
 Twixt yea, and nay, my dout ſhal ſtill reneſw.  
 La. My ſwete, ſay yea, and do aſway this dreade.  
 Lo. Thou wilt nedes ſo, be it ſo, but then be treſwe,  
 La. Fought would I els, nor other treaſure none,  
 Lo. Thus, hartes be woone by loue, request and mone.

### VVhy loue is blinde.

Of purpoſe, loue choſe firſt for to be blinde,  
 For he with ſight of that, that I beholde,  
 Vanquiſht had ben, againſt all godly kind.  
 His bow pour hand, and truſſe ſhould haue vnfold.  
 And he with me to ſerue had ben aſſinde,  
 But, for he blind, and reckleſſe would him holde,  
 And ſtill, by chaunce, his dzedly ſtrokes beſtoſwe,  
 With ſuch, as ſee, I ſerue, and ſuffer wo.

### To his vnkind loue.

f. t.

what



## Songes

**W**hat rage is this: what furour: of what kinde?  
 what power: what plage both wery thus my minde  
 within my venes to rankle is assinde,  
 What poison pleasant swete:

Lo, see, myne eyes flow with continual teares  
 The body still away stepelesse it weares,  
 My foode nothing my fainting strength repaires  
 Nor doth my limmes sustaine.

In depe wide wound, & dedly stroke doth turne  
 To curelesse skarre that neuer shal returne  
 Go to, triumph, reioice the goodly turne,  
 Thy frend thou doest oppresse.

Oppresse thou doest, and hast of him no cure,  
 Nor yet my plaint no pitie can procure.  
 Fierce Tyger, fell, hard rocke without recure,  
 Cruell rebell to loue.

Once may thou loue, neuer beloued againe,  
 So loue thou still, and not thy loue obtaine,  
 So wrathfull loue, with spites of iust disdaine,  
 May threat thy cruell hart.

The louer blameth his instant  
 desire.

**D**elyre (alas) my maister, and my foe,  
 So soze altered thy selfe, how maist thou see  
 Some tyme thou seekest, and driuest me to & fro,  
 Sometime thou leadeest, that leadech thee & mee,  
 What reason is to rule thy subiectes so  
 By forced law, and mutabilitie?  
 For where by thee I doubted to haue blame,  
 Guen now by hate againe I doubt the same.

The louer complaineth his  
 estate.

**I** See, that chaunce hath chosen me,  
 Thus secretly to liue in paine,  
 And to another geuen thee free,

Of al my losse to haue the gayne.  
By chaunce assinde thus doe I serue,  
And other haue that I deserue.

Unto my selfe some tyme alone  
I doe lament my woful case,  
But what auailleth me to mone:  
Since trouth and pitie hath no place  
In them, to whom I sue and serue,  
And other haue that I deserue.

To seke by meane to change this mind  
Alas, I proue it will not be,  
For in my heart I cannot finde,  
Once to re frayne, but still agree,  
As bound by force, alway to serue:  
And other haue that I deserue.

Such is the fortune that I haue,  
To loue them most, that loue me lest,  
And to my payne to seeke and traue  
The thing, that other haue possesse.  
So thus in vayne alway I serue,  
And other haue that I deserue.

And till I may appeale the heate,  
If that my happe will happe so well,  
To wayle my wo my heart shal create  
whole pensif payne my tong can tell,  
yet thus vnhappy must I serue,  
And other haue that I deserue,

### Of his loue called Anna:

**W**hat woord is that, that chageth not  
Though yt be turnde and made in  
It is myne Anna, God it wote, (twaine  
The onely cause of my payne.  
My loue that mederh with disdayne.  
yet is it loued, what wil you more:  
It is my salue, and eke my soze.

I. ii.

That

Songes  
That pleasure is mixed  
with euery  
paine

VEnemous thornes that are so sharpe and kyne,  
Beare flowers we see, full fresh and faire of hie  
Poyson is also put in medicine,  
And vnto man his health both oft renue.  
The fier that all thinges eke consumeth cleue  
May hurt and heale, then if that this be true,  
I trust sometime my harne may be my health,  
Sins euery woe is loyned with some wealth.

A riddle of a gift geuen by  
a Ladie.

A lady gaue me a gift she had not,  
And I receiued her gift which I toke not,  
She gaue it me willingly, and yet she would not  
And I receiued it, albeit, I coude not,  
If she geue it me, I force not,  
And if she take it againe she cares not.  
Conster what this is, and tell not,  
For I am fast sworne I may not.

That speaking or profering  
bringes alway  
speding.

Speake thou & speede where will oz power ough helpeth  
where power doth want, will must be wonne by welth.  
For neede will speede, where will woozkes not his kinde,  
And gayne thy foes thy frendes shall cause thee synd.  
For sute and golde, what doe not they obtayne,  
Of good and bad the triers are these twayne.

He ruleth not though he reigne ouer  
realmes, that is subiect to  
his owne lustes.

If thou wilt mighty be, flee from the rage  
Of cruell will, and see thou keepe thee free  
From the soule yoke of sensuall bondage,  
For though thine empire stretch to Indian sea,  
And for thy feare trembleth the fardest Thilec  
If thy desyre haue ouer thee the power,  
Subiect then art thou and no gouernour,  
If to be noble and high thy mynde be moued,  
Consider well thy grounde and thy beginning,  
For he that hath eche starre in heauen fixed,  
And geues the Moone her hornes and her eclipsing  
As lyke hath made the noble in his working,  
So that wretched no way may thou be,  
Except foule lust and vice do conquer thee.

Al were it so thou had a flood of golde,  
Unto thy thirst yet should not suffice,  
And though with Indian stones a thousand folde,  
More precious then can thy selfe deuise,  
Ycharged were thy backe, thy couetise,  
And busy byting yet should neuer let,  
Thy wretched lyfe, ne do thy death profet.

whether libertie by losse of life or  
life in prison and thraldome  
be to be preferred.

Lyke as the byrde within the cage enclosed,  
The doze vnspurred, her foe the hawke without,  
Twixt death and prison piteously oppressed,  
Whether for the chole standeth in dout,  
As so do I which seke to bring about,  
Which should be best by determination,  
By losse of lyfe libertie, or lyfe by prison.  
O myschief by mischief to be redressed.  
Where payne is best, there lyeth but little pleasure.



## Songes

By short death better to be deliuered,  
Then byde in paynfull lyfe, thzal dome and dolour.  
Smal is the pleasure, where much payne we suffer  
Rather therfore to chose me thinketh wyl dome,  
By losse of lyfe libertie, then lyfe by prison.

And yet me thinkes although I lue and suffer,  
I doe but wayte a tyme and fortunes chance,  
Of many thinges doe happen in one hower,  
That which opprest me now may me aduance,  
In tyme is trust which by deatnes greuance  
Is wholly lost, Then were it not reason,  
By death to chose libertie, and not lyfe by prison.  
But death were deliuerance where life lengthens payne  
Of these two illes let see now chose the best,  
This bird to deliuer that here doth playne,  
What say ye louers; which shalbe the best:  
In cage thzal dome, or by the hauke opprest  
And which to chose make playne conclusion,  
By losse of lyfe libertie, or life by prison.

## Againe houlders of money.

For shamefast harme of, great, and hatefull hede,  
In depe dyspayre, as dyd a wretch go,  
With redy corde, out of his life to spede,  
His stumbling foote did fynde an hoozde, lo  
Of golde, I say, where he prepaire this dede,  
And in eschange, he leste the corde tho  
He that had hid the golde, and sounde it not,  
Of that he found he shapt his necke a knot.

## Description of a gonne.

Vulcane begat me, Minerva me taught  
Nature my mother, craft nourisht me yere by yere  
Three bodys ar my foode, my strength is in naught  
Anger, wrath, waste, and noyse, are my children dere,  
Gesse frende, what I am and how I am wrought,  
Monsier of sea, or of lande, or of els where,  
Know me, and vse me, and I may the defend,  
And if I be thine enemy, I may thy life end.

wiate beinge in prison, to  
Brian.

Syghes are my foode, my drinke are my teares,  
Clinking of fetters would such musike craue,  
Stinke, and close ayre, away my life it weare.  
Dooze innocence is all the hope I haue,  
Raine, wynd, or weather, iudge I by mine cares  
Malice assaults that righteousnesse should haue  
Sure am I Bryan, this would shal heale again  
But yet alas, the skarce shall styll remaine.

### Of dissembling woordes,

Throughtout the world if it wer sought.  
Fayze wordes ynough a man shall fynde,  
They bee good chepe they cost right nought,  
Their substance is but onely wynde,  
But well to say and so to meane,  
That swete accorde is seldeome sene,

### Of the meane and sure estate.

Stand who so list vpon the slipper wheele  
Of high estate, and let me here reioyce.  
And vse my life in quietnesse eche deile,  
Unknownen in court that hath the wanton ioyes  
In hidden place my time shall slowly passe,  
And when my yeres be past withouten noyse,  
Let me dye olde after the common trace,  
For grypes of death doth he too rarely passe,  
That knowne is to all, but to himselfe, alas  
He dieth vnknozne, dased with dreadfull face,

### The courtiers life.

In court to serue decked with freshe arraye,  
Of sugred meates feling the swete repast,  
The lyfe in bankets, and sundry kyndes of playe,  
F.iii. I.iiij

## Songes

Amyd the presse of woerdy lookes to waste,  
Hath with it ioyned oft times such bitter taste  
That who so ioyes such kinde of life to holde  
In prison ioyes settred with chaines of golde.

### Of disapointed purpose by negligence.

Of Carthage he that woozthy warriour  
Could ouercome, but could not vse his chance  
And I likewise of all my long endenour  
The sharpe conquest thoughe fortune did auance  
He could I vse. The holde that is geuen ouer,  
I vnpossesse, so hangeth now in balance  
Of warre, my peace, rewarde of all my payne,  
At Mountjon thus I restlesse rest in Spaine.

### Of his returne from Spaine

Agus farewell y westward & thy streames,  
Turnes by the graines of gold alr eady tried  
For I with spurre and saile, go seke y temmes,  
Waynward y sunne y sheweth her welthy pyrd  
And to y towne that Brutus sought by dreams  
Lyke bended moone that leaues her lusty syde  
My king, my countrey, I seke for whom I line  
O mighty Ioue the wyndes for this me geue.

### Of sodaine trusting.

Risen by desire I did this dede  
To daunger my selfe without cause why,  
To trust thyntrue not lyke to spede,  
To speake and promise faithfully,  
But now the prooffe doth verif,  
That who so trusteth ere he know,  
Doth hurt himselfe and please his foe.

Of the mother that eat her  
childe at the siege of  
Ierusalem,

¶ Doubtfull brest whyles motherly pittie,  
with furions famine standeth at debate,  
The mother saith, O childe vnhappy,  
Retourne thy blood wher thou hadst mylke of late  
yeld me those limmes that I made vnto thee,  
And enter there where thou were generate,  
For of one bodie against all nature,  
To an other must I make sepulture.

Of the meane and surestate  
written to Iohn Paines.

My mothers maides when they do sow & spinne  
They sing a song made of the fildish mouse,  
That for because her liuelod was but thinne,  
would needes go see her townish sisters house,  
She thought her selfe endurd to grienous payne,  
The stormy blastes her caue so sore did soule  
That when the furrows swimmied with the rayne,  
She must lye colde, and wet in soyy plight,  
And woorse then that, bare meate there did remaine  
To comfort her, when she her house had dight,  
Somtime a barley corne, somtime a beane,  
For which she laboured hard both day and night  
In haruest tyme, whyle she might go and gleane.  
And when her store was stroyed with the floode,  
Then wela way for she vndone was clene,  
Then was she faine to take in steede of foode  
Slepe if she might her hunger to begyle,  
My sister quod she, hath a liuing good,  
And hence from me she dwelleth not a myle:  
In colde and storme, she lyeth warme and drye  
In bed of downe, the durt doth not defyle  
Her tender foote, she labours not as I.

Richely



## Songes

Richely she fedes, and at the riche mannes cost,  
 And for her meate she nedes not craue nor cry,  
 By sea, by lande, of delicates the most,  
 Her cater sekes, and spareth for no perell,  
 She fedes on boylde meate, bake meate & on rost,  
 And hath therfore no whit of charge nor trauell.  
 And when she list the licoure of the grape  
 Doth glad her heart, till that her belly swell.  
 And at this iourney makes she but a iape,  
 So forth she goes, trusting of all this wealth,  
 With her sister her part so for to shape,  
 That if she might ther kepe her seife in health,  
 To liue a Lady while her life doth last.  
 And to the doze now is she come by stealth,  
 And with her foote anone she scrapes ful fast,  
 Thother for feare, durst not well scarce appeare,  
 Of euery noyse so was the wretch agast.  
 At last, she asked softly who was there,  
 And in her language as well as she could,  
 Pepe (quod the other) sister I am here.  
 Peace (quod the towe mouse) why speakest thou so loude:  
 And by the hande she tooke her faire and well,  
 Welcome, quod she my sister by the roode.  
 She felsted her, that ioy it was to tell  
 The feare they had, they dranke the wyne so clere  
 And as to purpose now and then it fell,  
 She chered her with how sister what chere:  
 Amid this ioy befell a soyy chaunce,  
 That well away, the stranger bought full dere  
 The feare she had, for as she lookte a skance:  
 Under a stole she spied two stemming eyes,  
 In a rounde heade, with sharpe eares. In frace  
 Was neuer mouse so ferde, for the vnwyse  
 Had not ysene such a beast before.  
 yet nature taught her after her gypse  
 To know her foe and dread him euermore.  
 The towe mouse fled, she knew whether to go,  
 Thy other had no shift, but wond'ers soze  
 Ferde of her life, at home she wist her tho,  
 And to the doze, alas, as she did skippe,  
 The heane it would, lo, & eke her chaunce was so  
 At the thretholde her sely foote did trippe,

And

And ere she might recover it againe,  
 The traitour cat had caught her by the hypppe,  
 And made her there against her will remayne,  
 That had sozgot her pooze suertie, and rest,  
 For seeking welth, wherin she thought to raygne,  
 Was (my Boynes) how men do seke the best,  
 And finde the wayse, by ertour as they straye,  
 And no maruell, when sight is so opprest,  
 And blindes the guide, anone out of the way  
 Goeth guide and all, in sek yng quiet life.  
 O wretched myndes, there is no golde that may  
 Graunt that ye seke, no warre, no peace, nor strife,  
 No no, althoughe thy hedd were hoopte with golde  
 Sergeāt with mace, wyth hawbart sword nor knife  
 Can not repulse the care that folow shoud,  
 Eche kynde of lyfe, hath with him his defease,  
 Live in delites, even as thy lust woulde,  
 And thou shalt finde, when lust doth most thee please  
 It yketh straight, and by if selfe doth fade.  
 A small thing is it, that may thy minde appeale  
 None of you al there is, that is so madde,  
 To seke for grapes on brambles or on byers,  
 For none I trow, that hath a witte so badde,  
 To let his hape for concis ouer riuers,  
 Nor ye set not a dragge net for an hare.  
 And yet the thing that most is your desire,  
 You doe mislyke, with moze trauel and care.  
 Make plaine thine heart, that it be not knotted  
 With hope or dreade, and see thy will be bare  
 From all affectes, whom byce hath neuer spotted,  
 Thy selfe content with that is thee allinde,  
 And vse it wel that is to the allotted,  
 Then seke no moze out of thy selfe to fynde,  
 The thinge that thou hast sought so long befoze,  
 For thou shalt feele it sticking in thy mynde  
 Made if ye list to continue your soze,  
 Let present passe, and gape on tyme to come,  
 And depe thy selfe in trauell moze and moze.  
 Hencefurth (my Boynes) this shalbe all and some,  
 These wretched fooles that haue nought els of me,  
 But, to the great God, and to his dome,  
 None other payne pray I for them to be,

But

## Songes

But when the rage doth leade them from the right  
That looking backward, Vertue they may see,  
Euen as she is, so goodly faire and bright,  
And whilst they claspe theyr lustes in armes acrosse  
Graunt them good lord, as thou mayst of thy might  
To treat inward, for losing such a lose.

### Of the Courtiers life, written to Iohn Poynes.

Myne own Iohn Poynes, sins ye delight to know  
The causes why that homeward I me draw,  
And see the please of courtes, where so they goe,  
Rather then to liue thral vnder the awe  
Of lordly lookes, swapp'd within my cloke  
To will and lust learning to set a law,  
It is not that because I knowe or mocke  
The power of them whom fortune here hath lent  
Charge ouer vs, of right to strike the stroke,  
But true it is that I haue alwayes ment  
Lesse to esteeme them, then the common sort,  
Of outward thinges, that iudge in their entent  
Without regarde, what inward doth resort,  
I graunt, some time of glozy that the fire  
Doth touch my heart, We list not to report,  
Blame by honour, and honour to desire,  
But how may I this honour now attaine,  
That cannot dye the colour blacke a lyer,  
My Poynes, I cannot frame my tune to faine,  
To cloke the truth, for praise without desert,  
Of them that list all vile for to retayne.  
I cannot honour them, that seth theyr part  
With Venus, and Bacchus, at their life long.  
Nor holde my peace of them, al though I smart,  
I cannot crutche nor knele to such a wronge,  
To worship them like God on earth alone,  
That are as wolues these sely lambes among,  
I cannot with my woordes complayne and mone,  
And suffer nought nor smart without complaint,  
Nor turne the woord that from my mouth is gone,  
I cannot speake and looke like a saint,  
Else wyles for wit, and make disceit a pleasure,

Call

Can craft counsaile, for lucre still to paine.  
 I can not wrest the law to spill the coffe,  
 with innocent blood to feede my selfe satte,  
 And doe most hurt where that most helpe I offer.  
 I am not he that can allow the state  
 Of hie Caesar, and damne Cato to dye,  
 That with his death did scape out of the gate,  
 from Caesars handes of Liuy doth not lye,  
 And would not lye, where liberty was lost,  
 So did his heart the common welth apply,  
 I am not he such eloquence to boast,  
 To make the crow in singging, as the swanne,  
 Nor call the Lyon of coward beastes the most,  
 That cannot take a mouse, as the cat can.  
 And he that dyeth for hunger of the golde,  
 Call him Alexander, and say that Pan  
 Passeth Apollo in musike many folde,  
 Praise ly Copas for a noble tale,  
 And scoone the story that the knight tolde,  
 Praise him for counsel, that is dronke of ale,  
 Grinne when he laughes, that beareth al the sway,  
 frowne when he frownes and grone whe he is pale  
 On others lust, to hang both night and day,  
 None of these pointes would euer frame in me.  
 My wit is nought, I can not learne the way.  
 And much the lesse of thinges that greater be,  
 That asken helpe of colours to deuise  
 To ioyne the meane with eche extremitie,  
 with nereest vertue ay to cloke the vyce,  
 And as to purpose like wyse it shall fall,  
 To presse the vertue that it may not ryse,  
 As dronkenesse good fellowship to call.  
 The frendly foe, with his faire double face,  
 Say he is gentle and curties therewithall,  
 Affirme that fauill hath a goodly grace  
 In eloquence: And crueltie to name  
 Seale of Justice, and change in time and place.  
 And he that suffereth offence without blame,  
 Call him pitiefull, and him true and playne,  
 That sayleth rechelesse vnto eche mans shame.  
 Say he is rude, that can not lye & sayne,  
 The lecher a louer, and tyranny



## Songes

To be right of a Princes raygne.  
 I cannot I, no no, it wil not be.  
 This is the cause that I could neuer yet  
 Hang on their sleues, that weigh (as thow maist see)  
 A chippe of chaunce, more then a pounce of wit,  
 This maketh me at home to hunt and hauke  
 And in foule weather at my booke to sit  
 In frost and snow, thou with my bowe stalke,  
 No man doth marke where so I ryde or goe,  
 In lussy leas at libertie I walke,  
 And of these newes I fele nor weale nor woe,  
 Saue that a clogge doth hang yet at my heile.  
 No force for that for it is ordred so,  
 That I may leape both hedge and dike fullwelle,  
 I am not now in fraunce, to iudge the wyne,  
 with sauery sauce those delicatcs to feele,  
 Nor yet in Spayne, where, one must him incline,  
 Rather then to be, outwardly to seme,  
 I meddle not with wittes that be so fine,  
 Nor flaundes chere lettes not my sight to deme  
 Of blacke, and whyte, nor takes my wittes away  
 With bestlines, such do those brastes esteeme,  
 Nor I am not, where truth is geuen in pray,  
 For money, pryson, and treason of some  
 A common practyse, vled night and daye.  
 But I am here in kent and christendome  
 Among the Muses, where I reade and ryme,  
 where yf thou list, myne own John Doynes to come  
 Thou shalt be iudge, how I doe spende my tyme.

How to vse the court and him  
 selfetherin, written to syr  
 Fraunces Brian,

A Spending hand that alway powzeth out,  
 Had nede to haue a bringer in as fast,  
 And on the stone that still doth turne about,  
 There groweth nomosse: These prouerbes yet do last  
R. alon

Reason hath set them in so sure a place,  
 That length of yeres their force can neuer wast,  
 When I remember this and eke the case  
 wherein thou standst, I thought fourthwith to write  
 (Bypan to thee, who knowes how great a grace,  
 In writing is to counsaile man the right.  
 To thee therefore that trottes still by and dostone,  
 And neuer restes, but running day and night,  
 From realme to realme, from citie, strete, and tostone  
 why dost thou weare thy body to the bones?  
 And mightest at whome slepe in thy bedde of dostone,  
 And drinke good ale so nappy for the nones.  
 Feede thy selfe fatte, and heape by pound by pound  
 Lykest thou not this? No why: for swines so groines,  
 In slepe, and chaw doung moulded on the ground,  
 And driuall on p'arles, with head still in the manger  
 So of the harpe the asse doth hear the sound,  
 So lackes of hurt be fulde. The neat courtier  
 So serues for lesse, then do these fatted swine.  
 Though I seme leane and dry, withouten moister  
 yet will I serue my p'ince, my lord and thine  
 And let them liue to feede the paunch that list,  
 So I may liue to feede both me and myne.  
 By God wel said. But what and if thou wilt,  
 How to bring in, as fast as thou doest spende.  
 That would I learne, and it shal not be mist  
 To tell the how. Now harke what I intende.  
 Thou knowest well first, who so can seeke to please  
 shal purchase frendes, wher trouth shal but offend.  
 flee therfore truth, it is both welth and ease:  
 for though that trouth of euery man hath praise,  
 full neare that wynde goth trouth in great miscase  
 Use vertue, as it goeth now a dayes,  
 In word alone to make thy language sweete,  
 And of thy deede, yet doe not as thou sayes,  
 E is bee thou sure, thou shalt be farre vnneete  
 To get thy bread, eche thing is now so skant.  
 Seeke still thy profit vpon thy bare feete,  
 Lend in no wise: for feare that thou do want,  
 Unless pet bee, as to a calfe a chese,  
 But if thou can be sure to winne a cant  
 O shalle at least: it is not good to leese.

Learne

## Songes

Learne at the ladde, that in a long w<sup>th</sup> hit coate  
 From vnder the stall, withouten land or fee  
 Hath lept into the shop, who knowes by rote  
 This rule that I haue told thee here before.  
 Sometime also rich age beginnes to dote,  
 Se thou when there thy gaine may be the more  
 Stay him by the arme where so he walke or goe.  
 Be nere alway, and if he cough to soze,  
 What he hath spit tread out, and please him so,  
 A diligent knaue that pykes his maisters purse  
 May please him so, that he withouten mo  
 Executour is. And what is he the woozle?  
 But if so chance, thou get nought of the man,  
 The widow may for all thy paine disburse  
 A riuiled skinne, a stinking breath, what than  
 A toothlesse mouth shal do thy lippes no harme.  
 The gold is good, and though she curse or banne,  
 Yet where thou list thou maist ly good and warne.  
 Let the olde mule bpte vpon the bydle,  
 whilst there do lye a sweter in thine arme.  
 In this also se that thou be not ydle,  
 Thy nece, thy cosin, siller or thy daughte,  
 If she be faire, if handsome be her middle,  
 If thy better hath her loue besought her,  
 Buauce his cause, and he shall help thy neede.  
 It is but loue, trane thou it to a laughter  
 But wary I say, so gold the help and spede,  
 That in this case thou be not so vnwise  
 As Pander was in such a like dede.  
 For he the foole of conscience was so nyce,  
 That he no gaine would haue for all his paine,  
 Be next thy selfe for frindship beares no price.  
 Laughest thou at me: why? do I speake in vaine?  
 No not at thee, but at thy thristy iest,  
 wouldest thou, I should for any losse or gayne,  
 Change that for golde, that I haue tane for best,  
 Next godly thinges, to haue an honest name?  
 Should I leaue that, then take me for a beast.  
 Say then farewell, and if thou care for thame  
 Content thee then with honest pouertie,  
 with free tong, what thee mislikes, to blame,  
 And for thy truth, sometime aduerlaie.

And

And therewithal this gift I shal thee giue,  
In this world now litle prosperitie,  
And quoyne to kepe, as water in a siue.

### The song of Iopas vnfinished.

When Dido feasted first the wandering Troian knight,  
Whom Amos wrath & stormes did force in Libik sides to  
That mighti Atlas taught, the supper lesting longe, (lighte  
with crisped lockes on holden harpe, Iopas sang in song:  
That same (quod he) that we the world do call and name,  
Of heauen & earth with al contentes, it is the very frame.  
Of thus, of heauenly powers by moze power kept in one  
Repugnant kinds, in middes of whom & earth hath place alone.  
Firme, rounde, of lininges the mother, place and nourse,  
without & which in egal weicht, this heauē doth hold his course.  
And it is calde by name, the first and mouing heauen,  
The firmament is placed next, containinge other seuen,  
Of heauenly powers that same is planted full and thicke  
As shining lights which we cal starres, & therin cleue & licke  
With great swift sway the first, & with his restless sours,  
Carieth it selfe, and all those eight, in euen continuall cours.  
And of this world so rounde within that rolling case,  
two pointes there be that neuer moue, but firmly kepe their place  
The tone we see alway, the tother standes obied,  
Against the same, diuiding iust the ground by line direct.  
Whiche by ymaginacion, drawne from the one to thother,  
Toucheth the centre of the earth, for way there is none other,  
And these be calde the Poles, describd by starres not bright  
Artike the one northward wee see, Antartike the other hight  
The line that we deuise from thone to thother so,  
As axel is, vpon the which the heauens about do go.  
Which of water nor earth, of aire nor fire haue kinde,  
Therefore the substance of those same were hard for man to find.  
But they been vncorrupt, simple and pure vnnixt,  
And so we say been al those starres, that in the same bee fixt.  
And eke those erring seuen, in circle as they straye,  
So calde, because against & first they haue repugnant way.  
And smaller by wayes too, scant sensible to man,  
To busy worke for my pooze harpe, let sing them he that can  
The widest saue the first, of al these nine aboue,  
One hundereth yere doth aske of space, for one degree to moue.



## Songes

Of which degrees we make in the first mouinge heauen,  
 Thre hundred and thre score in partes, iustly diuided euen.  
 And yet there is another betwene those heauens two,  
 whose mouing is so slye so slacke: I name it not for now.  
 The seuenth heauen or the shell, next to the starry skye,  
 All those degrees that gathereth vp, with aged pace so slye,  
 And doth perfourme the same, as elders count hath bene,  
 In nine and twentie yeres complete, and dayes almost sixtene.  
 Doth carpe in his bought the Starre of Saturne olde,  
 A theatner of all livinge thinges, with drought and w his colde  
 The sixt whom this containes, doth stalke with younger pace,  
 And in twelue yere doth somewhat more the thothers viage make  
 And this in it doth beare the starre of Ioue beninge,  
 twene Saturnes malice and vs men, frendly defending signe.  
 The fift beares bloudy Mars, that in thre hundred dayes  
 And twise eleuen with one ful yere, hath finisht al those wayes  
 A yere doth aske the fourth, and howers therto sixe,  
 And in the same the daies eye, the sunne therein he sickes.  
 The third & gouerned is by that, & gouernes mee,  
 And loue for loue, and for no loue prouokes, as oft wee see,  
 In like space doth perfourme & course, & did the tother:  
 So doth the next vnto the same, & seconde is in order.  
 But it doth beare the starre, & calde is Mercury,  
 That many a crafty secret styppe doth treade, as Calcars try  
 That skye is last, and sixt next vs those weies hath gone,  
 In seven and twenty common dayes, and eke the third of one.  
 And beareth with his sway, the diuers Moone about,  
 Now bright, now brown, now bēt, now full, & now her light  
 thus haue they of their own two mouings al these seue,  
 One wherein they be caried stil, eche in his seuerall heauen:  
 Another of themselves, where their bodies be layde  
 In bywaies, and in lesser roundes, as I afoze haue sayde.  
 Haue of them al the Sunne doth stray least from the streight  
 the starry skye hath but one course, & we haue calde the eighte.  
 And all these mouinges eight are ment from West to East,  
 Although they seeme to clyme aloft, I say from East to West  
 But & is but by force of their first mouing skye,  
 In twise twelue howers frō East to East & carrieth the by  
 But marke me wel also, the mouing of these seven,  
 We not about the creitree of the first mouing heauen.  
 For they haue their two Poles directly tone to the tother ec.

S. I. VVYATIE the elder.

*and sonettes*  
*Vncertain auctours.*

fo. 50

The complaint of a louer  
with sute to his loue  
for pitie.

If euer wofull man might moue your hart to ruth,  
Good ladies heare his woful plaint, whose death shal trye his  
And rightfull iudges be on this his true report, (true the  
If he deserue a louers name among the faithfull sort.  
Five hundred times the sunne hath lodgd him in the west  
Since in my hart I harbyed first of al the goodliest gest,  
whose worthinesse to shew, my wittes are al to faint,  
And I lacke cunning of the scholes, in colours her to paint.  
But this I briefly say in words of egal weight,  
So boyde of vice was neuer none, nor with such vertues freight  
And for her beauties praise, no wight & with her warres,  
for where she comes, she shewes her selfe as sūne amidg & starres  
But lord thou wast to blame, to frame such perfitenesse,  
And puttes no pitie in her hart, my sorowes to redresse.  
For if ye knew the paines, and panges & I haue past,  
A wonder would it be to you, how that my life hath last.  
when al the Gods agreed, & Cupide with his bowe,  
Should shote his arrow from hir eyes, on me his might to show  
I knew it was in vaine my force to trust vpon,  
And well I wiste it was no shame, to yelde to such a one:  
Then did I me submit with humble hart and minde,  
To be her man for euermore, as by the Gods assinde.  
And since & day, no wo, wherewith loue might torment,  
Could moue me from this faithfull band, or make me once repent  
yet haue I felt ful oft the hottest of his fire,  
The bitter teares the scalding sighes, the burning hote desire.  
And with a sodain sight the trembling of the hart,  
And how the blood doth come and go, to succour euery part.  
when & a pleasant looke hath lift me in the aire.  
I frowne hath made me fall as fast into a drepe dispaire.  
And when & I ere this, my tale could well by hart,  
And & my tong had learned it so, that no word might start)  
The sight of her & set my wittes in such a stape,  
That to be lord of al the world, one word I could not say.

G.ii.

And

## Songes

And many a sodein cramp my hart hath pinched so,  
 That for the time my senses all, felt neither swele nor woe.  
 Yet saw I neuer thing, that might my mynd content,  
 But wisht it hers, and at her will, if she could so consent.  
 For neuer hard of wo that did her wil displease,  
 But wisht the same vnto my selfe, so it might do her ease.  
 For neuer thought that faire, nor neuer liked face,  
 Unlesse it did resemble her, or some part of her grace.  
 No distance yet of place could be so farre deuyde,  
 But that my hart and my good wil did still with her abyde,  
 For yet it neuer lay in any fortune power,  
 To put that swete out of my thought, one minute of an houre.  
 No rage of drenching sea, nor woodnes of the wynde,  
 Nor cāds & their thūdring crackes could put her fro my minde.  
 For when both sea and land asunder had be set,  
 My whote delight was onely then, my selfe alone to get.  
 And thitherward to looke, as nere as I coulde gesse,  
 Where as I thought that she was then, & might my wo redress.  
 Full oft it did me good that wayes to take my winde.  
 So pleasant aire in no place els, me thought I could not fynde.  
 I saying to my self, my life is yonder way,  
 And by thy winde I haue her sent, a thousand sighes a day.  
 And said vnto the sunne, great giftes are geuen thee,  
 For thou maist see myne earthly blisse where euer that she be.  
 Thou seest in euery place, would God I had thy might,  
 And I the ruler of my self, then should she know no night.  
 And thus from wishe to wish, my wittes haue bene at strit,  
 And wanting al that I haue wisht, thus haue I lead my life.  
 But it cannot last, that in such woe remaines,  
 No force for that, for death is swete, to him & feeles such paines.  
 yet most of all me grieues, when I am in my graue.  
 That she shal purchase by my death a cruel name to haue.  
 wherefore all you that heare this plaint, or shal it see,  
 wish that it may so pearce her hart, that she may pitie me.  
 For and it were her will, for both it were the best,  
 To saue my life, to kepe her name, and set my hart at rest,

Of the death of maister Deuorox  
 the lorde Ferres  
 sonne.

**W**ho iustly may reioyce in ought vnder the skye?  
 As life of lāds, a frendes of fruits, which onely liue to dye.  
 Or who doth not wel knowe all worldly workes are vaine,  
 And geueth nought but to thee lendes, to take the same againe,  
 For though it lift some vp as we long vppward all  
 Such is the sort of slipper welth, al thinges do rise to fall.  
 Thuncertain. ie is such, experience teacheth so,  
 That what thinges men do couet most, them soonest they forgoe.  
 Lo Deuozor where he lieth, whose life men helde so deare,  
 That now his death is sorowed so, & pitie it is to heare.  
 His birth of auncient bloud, his parents of great fame,  
 And yet in vertue farre before, the foremost of the same.  
 His king, and countrey both he serued to so great gaine,  
 That with the Byzutes, record doth rest, and euer shall remaine.  
 No man in warre so metz, an enterprize to take,  
 No man in peace & pleasurde more of enemies friendes to make.  
 A Cato for his counsel, his heade was surely suche,  
 He Theseus frēdship was so great, but Deuozor was as much.  
 A grasse of so small grothe, so much good fruit to bring,  
 Is selde hearde, or neuer seene, it is so rare a thing.  
 A man sent vs from God, his life did wel declare,  
 And now sent for by God again, to teache vs what we are.  
 Death, and the graue, that shall accompany all that liue,  
 hath brought hi heuē, though somewhat sone, which life could neuer  
 God graunt wel all that shall accompanie as he profess: (gene  
 To liue so wel, to die no worse, and send his soule good rest.

They of the meane estate  
 are happiest.

If right be rad and ouerronne,  
 And power take part to open wronge,  
 If feare by force do yelde to sone,  
 The lacke as like to last to long.  
 If goodes shalbe vnplaced,  
 If right for riches looses his shape,  
 If world for wisdom be embraced,  
 The gesse is great, much hurt may hap.  
 Among good thinges I proue and finde,  
 The quiet life doth most abound,



## Songes

And sure to the contented minde,  
There is no riches may be founde.

For riches hates to be content  
Rule is enemy to quietnesse,  
Power is most part impacient,  
And seldome likes to liue in peace.

I heard a heard man once compare  
That quiet nightes he had mo slept,  
And had mo mery daies to spare,  
The he which ought y beastes, he kept.

I would not haue it thought herby  
The Dolphin swimme I meane to teach,  
Nor yet to learne y fawcon flye,  
I rowe not so farre past my reache.

But as my part aboue the rest,  
Is well to wish and wel to will,  
So til my breath shal faile my brest,  
I will not cease to wish you still.

### Comparison of life and deathe.

The life is long y lothesomelye doth last,  
The doleful daies draw slowly to their date,  
The present panges, & painful plagues forepast,  
Yeide griefe aye grene to stablish his estate,  
So y I feele in this great sorowe and strife,  
That death is swete y endeth such a life.

Yet by the stroke of this straunge ouerthrowe,  
At which confliat in thraldome I was thrust  
The lord be praised, I am well taught to knowe,  
From whence man came, & eke whereto he must,  
And by the way vpon how feble force,  
His terme doth stand til death doth end his course.  
The pleasant yerres y seme, so swift y runne,  
The mery daies to end, so fast y flete,  
The ioyful nights, of which day dawneeth so soone,  
The happy howers which mo do misse then meete,  
Dee al consume as snowe against the sunne,  
And death makes ende of all, that life begonne,

Since

Since death shal dure till all the world be swast,  
what meaueth man to dread death than so soze?

As man might make that life should alway last,  
without regard the lord hath led befoze  
the dance of death, which all must runne on rosw,  
Though howe, or when, the lord alone doth know.

If man would mind, what burdens life doth bring,  
what greuous crimes to God he doth commit,  
what plagues, what panges, what perils thereby spring,  
with no sure hower in all his daies to sit,  
he would sure think as with great caule I do,  
the day of death were betier of the two.

Death is a port, whereby we passe to ioy,  
Life is a lake, that drowneth all in paine,  
Death is so deare, it ceaseth all annoy,  
Life is so leude, that all it yeldes is vaine:  
And as by life to bondage man is brought,  
Euen so like wise by death was fredome wrought.

Wherfoze with Paule, let al men wish and pray  
To be dissolud of this foule fleshly masse,  
Or at the least be arme against the day,  
That they be found good, prest to passe  
From life to death, from death to life againe  
To such a life, as cuer shall remaine.

### The tale of Pigmalion with conclu- sion vpon the beautie of his loue.

In Greece sometime there dwelt a man of worthy fame,  
to graue in stone his cunning was, Pigmalion was his name.  
To make his fame endure, when death hath him bereft,  
he thought it good, of his owne hand some filed worke were left.

In secrete study then such worke he gan deuise,  
As might his cunning best commend, & please the lookers eyes  
A Courser faire he thought to graue, barbed for the field,  
And on his back a semely knight, wel arme & spear & shilde.

Or els some foule or fish to graue he did deuise,  
And still, & in his wandering thoughtes, new fantasies did arise.

## Songes

Thus varied he in mynde, what enterpryse to take,  
 Till fanſye mould his learned hand a ſwoman faire to make.  
 wheron he ſtaied, and thought ſuch perfect fourme to frame  
 wherby he might amaze all Grece and winne immortal name.  
 Of yuozie white he made ſo faire a woman than,  
 That nature ſcoznd her perfectneſſe ſo taught by craft of man,  
 well ſhaped were her lims, full comly was her face,  
 Eche litle linely coucht, ech part had ſemelý grace.  
 Twixt nature & Digmation, there might appere great ſtrife,  
 So ſemelý was this ymage wzought, it lackt nothing but life.  
 His curious eye beheld his own deuiled worke,  
 And gaſing oft theron, he found much venom there to lurke,  
 For all the featured ſhape ſo did his fanſy moue,  
 That with his ydoll, whome he made, Digmation fell in loue.  
 To whom he honour gaue, and decked w<sup>th</sup> garlandes ſwete,  
 And did adourne with ieſwels rich, as is for louers meete.  
 Sometimes on it he faund, ſometime in rage would cry,  
 It was a wonder to behold, howe fanſy bleard his eye.  
 Since that this ymage domme enſlamd ſo wiſe a man,  
 Wy dere alas, ſince I you loue, what woander is it then?  
 In whom hath nature ſet the glozy of her name,  
 And bzake her mould in greate deſpite, your like ſhee coulde not  
(frame.

The louer ſheweth his wofull ſtate,  
 and praieth pitie.

Like as the Larke within the Marlian foote,  
 with peteous tunes doth chirp her yelden lape:  
 So ſyng I now, ſeing none other boote,  
 My rendering ſong, and to your will obey,  
 Your vertue mountes aboue my force ſo hye,  
 And with your beauty ſealed I am ſo ſure,  
 That there auailles reſiſtance none in me,  
 But patiently your pleaſure to endure,  
 For on your will my fanſy ſhall attende.  
 My life, my death I put both in your choice,  
 And rather had my lyfe by you to ende,  
 Then live by other alwayes to reioyce,  
 And if your crueltie do thirſt my blood,  
 then let it fourth if it may do you good.

Upon

Vpon consideration of the state  
of his life he wasteth  
death.

**T**he longer life, the more offence:  
The more offence the greater paine,  
The greater paine the lesse defence,  
The lesse defence the lesser gaine.  
The losse of gaine long pil doth trye,  
Wherefore come death and let me dye.  
The shorter life, lesse count I fynde,  
The lesse account, the soner made,  
The count soone made, the merier minde.  
The merier minde doth thought euade,  
Short life in truth this thing doth trye,  
Wherefore come death, and let me dye.  
Come gentle death, the ebbe of care,  
The ebbe of care the flood of life,  
The flood of life, the ioyfull fare,  
The ioyfull fare, the ende of strife  
The ende of strife, that thing wish I:  
Wherefore come death, and let me dye.

The louer that once disdained  
loue, is now e become subiect  
being caught in his snare.

**I**n this my song gene eare who list,  
And mine entent iudge as ye wil,  
The time is come, that I haue mist,  
The thing whereon I hoped still,  
And from the toppe of all my trust,  
My shape hath thzowen me in the dust,  
The time hath bene and that of late,  
My hart and I might leape at large,  
And was not shut wpythin the gate  
Of lones desire, nor tooke no charge  
Of any thing, that did pertaine



## Songes

As touching loue in any paine.

My thought was free, my hart was light  
I marked not who lost, who laught,  
I plaide by day, I slept by night,  
I forced not, who wept, who laught,  
My thought from all such thinges was free  
And I my selfe at libertie.

I tooke no hede to tauntes nor toyes,  
As leefe to see them frowne as simple,  
Where fortune laught I scornd their ioyes  
I found their fraudes and euery wyle,  
And to my selfe oft times I smylede,  
To see how loue had them begylede.

Thus in the net of my conceit  
I masked still among the sort  
Of such as fed vpon the baite,  
that Cupide laide for his disport,  
And euer as I saw them caught,  
I them beheld, & therat laught.

Till at the length when Cupid spied  
My scornefull will and spitfull vse,  
And how I past not who was tyed,  
So that my selfe might still line lose,  
He set him self to lye in swapt,  
and in my way he threw a baite:

Such one as nature neuer made,  
I dare well say saue she alone,  
Such one she was as would invade  
a hart, more hard then marble stone,  
Such one she is, I know it right,  
Her nature made to shewe her might.

Then as a man in a mase,  
When vse of reason is a way,  
So I began to stare and gase,  
And sodeinly, without delay,  
Or euer I had the wit to looke,  
I swallowed by both bait and hooke,  
which daily grieues me more & more  
By sundry sortes of carefull wo,  
And none aliue may salue the soze,  
But only she that hurt me so.  
In whom my life doth now consist,

To saue or slay me as she list.

But seeing now  $\hat{\text{I}}$  am caught,  
And bound so fast  $\hat{\text{I}}$  cannot flye,  
Be ye by mine ensaunple taught,  
That in your fantasies fele you free,  
Despise not them  $\hat{\text{I}}$  louers are,  
Lest you be caught within his snare.

### Of fortune, and fame.

The plage is great where fortune frownes,  
One mischiese bringes a thousand woes  
where Trumpets geue their warlike sownes  
The weake sustaine sharpe ouerthrowes  
No better life they tast & feele  
That subiect are to fortunes whele.

Her happy chaunce may last no time,  
Her pleasure thretneeth pain to come,  
She is  $\hat{\text{I}}$  fall of those  $\hat{\text{I}}$  climes  
And yet her whele auaunceth some.  
No force, where  $\hat{\text{I}}$  she hates or loues,  
Her sickle minde so oft remoues.

She geues no gift, but craues as fast,  
She sone repents a thankfull bede,  
She turneth after euery blast,  
She helps them oft  $\hat{\text{I}}$  hath no nede:  
where power dwelles & riches rest,  
False fortune is a comon gest.

Yet some affirme & proue by skyll,  
Fortun is not a flying fame,  
She neither can do good nor yll,  
She hath no sourse, yet beares a name,  
Then we but strue against the streames  
To frame such toies on fantasies dreames.

If shee haue shape, or name alone,  
If she do rule or beare no sway,  
If she haue bodyc life or none,  
Be she a sprite  $\hat{\text{I}}$  cannot say:  
But wel  $\hat{\text{I}}$  wot, some cause there is,  
That causeth wo & sendeth blisse.  
The causes of things  $\hat{\text{I}}$  wil not blame,

## Songes

Lest I offend the prince of peace,  
But I may chide, & braule & fame,  
To make her crye & neuer cease.  
To blowe & trompe within her eares  
That may appeale my woful teares.

### Against wicked tonges.

O Euil tonges, which clap at euery winde,  
Ye flea the quicke, & the dead defame,  
Those that liue wel, some fault in the ye finde,  
Ye take no thought in flaundering their good name,  
Ye put iust men oft times to open shame  
Ye ring so loude, ye sound vnto the skyes,  
And yet in pzoofe, ye sowe nothing but lies,  
Ye make great warre, where peace hath ben of long,  
Ye bring riche realmes in ruine and decay,  
Ye plucke downe right, ye do enhaunce the wrong.  
Ye turne swete mirth to wo, and wel awaye,  
Of mischiefes al ye are the ground I lay.  
Happye is he, that liues on such a sort,  
That nedes not feare such tonges of false report.

Hell tormenteth not the damned  
ghostes so sore, as vnkind-  
nesse the louer.

Thd restlesse rage of deepe deuouring hell  
The blasing brandes that neuer doe consume,  
The roaring route, in Plutoes den that dwell,  
The fiery breath, & from those ympes doth fume  
The droply drieih, that Tantalus in the flood,  
Endureth aye, al hopeles of reliefe,  
He hunger steruen, where fruite is ready foode,  
So wretchedly his soule doth suffer griefe  
The liuer gnawne of guilful Prometheus,  
Which Aulturnes sell with strained talent tire,  
The labour lost of wried Silihus,

These

These hellish houndes with paines of quenchelesse fire,  
 Cannot so soze the silly soules torment  
 As her vnt ruth my hart hath al to rét

Of the mutabilitie of  
 the worlde.

**B**I fortune as I lay in bed, my fortune was to finde,  
 Such fanlies, as my careful thought had brought into my mid  
 And when eche one was gone to rest full soft in bed to lye,  
 I would haue slept, but than the watch did folloſwe ſtil mine eye  
 And ſodeinly I ſawe a ſea of woſull ſozowes preſt,  
 whoſe wicked wayes of ſharpe repulſe bred mine vnquiet reſt,  
 I ſaw this worlde, and how it went, eche ſtate in his degree  
 And that from wealth ygraunted is, both life and libertie.  
 I ſawe hoſwe enuy it did rayne, & beare the greateſt prize,  
 ye greater popſon is not found within the Cokatrice.  
 I ſaw alſo, hoſw that diſdaine oft times to ſorze my woe,  
 Gaue me the cup of bitter ſweete to pledge my moztall foe.  
 I ſaw alſo, hoſw that deſire, to reſt no place coulde finde,  
 But ſtil conſtrainde in endleſſe paine to folloſwe natureſ kinde.  
 I ſawe alſo moſt ſtraunge of all, hoſw nature did ſorlake,  
 The bloud y in her wombe was wzought, as doth y lothed ſnake  
 I ſaw how fanſie would retaine to lenger then her luſt,  
 And as the winde hoſw ſhe doth chaunge, and is not ſoz to truſte.  
 I ſaw hoſw ſtedfaſtneſ did flee with winges of often chaunge,  
 A flying bird, but ſeldoime ſee, her nature is ſo ſtraunge.  
 I ſawe how pleaſant times did paſſe, as floweſers doe in the mede  
 To day that riſeth red as roſe, to morow ſalleth ded.  
 I ſaw my time hoſw it did runne, as ſand out of the glaſſe,  
 Euen as eche hoſwze appointed is from time and tide to paſſe.  
 I ſaw the peres that I had ſpent, and loſſe of all my gaine,  
 And how the ſpot of youthfull plaies my folly did retayne.  
 I ſaw hoſw y the litle Ant in ſūmer ſtil doth runne,  
 To ſeek her ſoode, wherby to liue in winter ſoz to come.  
 I ſawe eke vertue hoſw ſhe ſate, the threde of life to ſpinne,  
 which ſhe ſweeth the end of euery worke, beſore it doth beginne.  
 And when al theſe I thus behelde with many moe pardy,  
 In me me thought, eche one had brought a perſite propertie.  
 And then I ſayd vnto my ſelfe, a leſſon this ſhalbe  
 For other, y ſhal after come, ſoz to beware by me.



## Songes

Thus at the night I did deuise, which way I might constrain  
To forme a plot, & wit mighte worke these braunches in my brain

Harpal<sup>9</sup> cōplaint of Phillidaes loue  
bestowed on Corin, who loued  
her not and denied him  
that loued her.

**P**hillida was a fayre maide,  
As fresh as any flower,  
whom Harpalaus the heard man prayde,  
To be his paramour.

Harpalaus and eke Cozin  
were herdmen bothe yfere:  
And Phillida could twiste and spinne  
And thereto sing full clere.

But Phillida was al to cope  
For Harpalus to winne,  
For Cozin was her onely ioye,  
who forst her not a pinne.

How often would she flowers twine,  
How often garlants make:  
Of Coustips and of Columbine,  
And al for Cozins sake.

But Cozin he had hawkes to lure,  
And forced moze the felde:  
Of louers lawe he tooke no cure  
For once he was beguilde.

Harpalus preuayled nought  
His labour all was lost,  
For he was farthest from her thought  
And yet he loued her most.

Therefoze wax he both pale and leane  
And dye as clod of clay,  
His fleshe it was consumed cleane  
His colour gone away.

His beard it had not long be shaued,  
His heare hong al vnkempt,  
A man most fit euen for the graue  
whom spitefull loue had spent.

His eyes were red & all forwacht  
 His face besprent with teares,  
 It seemde vnhap had him long hatchte  
 In middes of his dispaire.

His clothes were blacke and also bare  
 As one forlorne was he,  
 Upon his head alwaies he wore  
 A wreathe of willoswe tree.

His beastes he kept vpon the hill,  
 And he sate in the dale,  
 And thus with sighes & sorowes thrill,  
 He gan to tell his tale.

O Harpalus (thus would he say)  
 Unhappiest vnder sunne,  
 The cause of thine vnhappie day  
 By loue was first begunne,  
 For thou wenest first by sute to seeke  
 A Tygre to make tame,  
 That setteth not by thy leue a lecke  
 But makes thy grieve her game.

As easy it were for to conuert  
 the frost into the flame,  
 As for to turne a froward hart,  
 Whom thou so faine wouldest frame.  
 Cozin he liueth carelesse,  
 He leapes among the leaues  
 He eates the fruites of thy redressle,  
 thou reapest, he takes the sheaues.

My beastes a while your foode refraine  
 And harke your hardmans sounde,  
 whom spitefull loue alas hath slaine  
 through girt with many a wounde.

O happie be ye beastes wilde  
 that here your pasture takes,  
 I see that ye be not beguilde  
 Of these your faithful makes.

The Hart he feedeth by the Hinde  
 the Bucke harde by the Doe,  
 The Turtle doue is not vnkind  
 to him that loues her so.

The Ewe she hath by her the Ramme,  
 the yong Cowe hath the Bulle,

## Songes

The Calfe with many a lusty lambe  
Doe feede their hunger full.

But wel away & nature wrought  
Thee Phillida so faire,  
For I may say that I haue bought  
thy beauty all to deare.

What reason is that cruelty  
with beauty should haue part,  
Or els that such great tyranny  
Should dwell in womans hart.

I se therefore to shape my death  
She cruelly is prest,  
to thend that I may wat my breath  
My dayes ben at the best.

O Cupide graūt this my request  
And doe not stoppe thine eares,  
that thee may feele within her breste  
The paines of my dispatres.

Of Cozin that is carelesse  
That she may craue her fee,  
As I haue done in greate distresse  
That loud her faithfull ye.

But since that I shal die her slaue  
Her slaue and eke her thral,  
Writ you my friends by my graue  
this chaunce & is befall

Here lieth vnhappy Harpelus  
By cruell lone now slaine,  
Whom Phillida vniustly thus  
Hath murdred with disdain.

Vpon sir Iames wilfordes  
death.

**L** O here the ende of man the cruell sisters three,  
the web of wilfordes life vneth had half esponne,  
when rashe vpon misdeede theye all accorded be  
To breake vertues course ere halfe the race were runne,  
And trip him on his way that els had wonne the game,  
And holden highest place within the house of fame,  
But yet though he bee gone, though sense with him be past,

which trode the even steppes that leaden to renoume,  
 we that remaine aliue, ne suffer shall to wast,  
 The same of his desertes, so shall he lose but sowne,  
 The thing that aye remayne, aye kept as freshe in store  
 As if his eares should ring of that he wrought befoze.  
 wape not therfoze his want, sith he so left the stage  
 Of care and wretched lyfe, with ioy and clap of handes  
 who playeth longer partes, may well haue greater age,  
 But few so well may passe the gulse of fortunes landes  
 So triedly did he treade ay prest at vertues becke,  
 That fortune found no place to geue him once a checke  
 The fates haue rid him hence, who shall not after goe:  
 Though earthed be his corps, yet flourish shall his fame,  
 I glad some thing it is, that ere he slept vs fro,  
 Such mirrours he vs left our life therby to frame.  
 wherfoze his praise shall last aye fresh in Britons light  
 Till sune shall cease to shine, & lend y earth his light.

### Of the wretchednesse in this worlde.

**V**No list to liue byright, and holde himselfe content,  
 Shall see such wōders in this worlde, as neuer erst was set  
 Such groping for the swete, such tasting of the sower,  
 Such wandring here for worldly welth that lost is in one hower  
 And as the good or badde, get by in high degree,  
 So wades the worlde in right or wrong, it may none other bee.  
 And loke what lawes they make, eche man must them obey,  
 And poke himselfe with pacient hart, to drine & draw that waye  
 yet such as long ago, great rulers were asside,  
 Both liues and lawes are now forgot & woꝛne clene out of mind  
 So that by this I see, no state on earth may last  
 But as their times appointed be, to rise and fal as fast,  
 The goodes that gotten be, by good and iust desart,  
 yet vse them so that neady handes maye helpe to spend the parte.  
 for looke what hepe thou hordst, of rusty golde in store,  
 Thine enemies shall waste the same, y neuer swat therfoze.

### The repentant sinner in durance and aduersitie,



## Songes

**V**nto the liuing Lord for pardon do I pray,

From whō I grant, euen from þe well, I haue run still astray  
And other liues there none (my death shall well declare)

On whome I ought to grate for grace, as faulty folkes do faine

But the Lord alone, I haue offended so

That this small scourge is much to scāt for myne offence I know

I canne without returne, the way the worlde likte best,

And what I ought most to regarde, that I respected lest.

The throughe wherin I thrust, hath throwen me in such case

That lord my soule is sore beset without thy greater grace.

My gyltes are growen so great, my power both so appaire,

That with great force they argue oft, and mercy much dispaire.

But then with faith I flee to thy prepared store,

where there is help for euery hurt, and saue for euery sore.

My lost time to lament, my vaine wayes to bewaile,

No day, no night, no place, no howe, no moment I shall faile.

My soule shal neuer cease with an assured faith,

To knocke, to craue, to call, to crye, to the for help, with faith.

Knocked it shalbe heard, but aske, and giuen it is,

And all that like to kepe this course, of mercy shal not misse.

For when I call to mynde how the one wandring shepe

Did bring more ioy with his returne, then all the flocke did kepe

It yeldes full hope and trust, my strayed and wandering ghost

Shalbe receyued and held more dere, then those were neuer lost

O lord my hope behold, and for my helpe make haste,

To pardon the forpassed race that carelesse I haue past.

And but the day draw neare that death must pay the det,

For loue of life which thou hast lent and time of payment set.

From this sharpe showre me shilde which threatned is at hand,

whereby thou shalt great power declare, & I the storm withstand.

Not my will lord but thine, fulfilled be in eche case,

to whose gret wil & mighti power, al powers shal once giue place

My faith, my hope, my trust, my God and eke my guyde,

Stretch furth thy hand to saue the soule, what so the body byde.

Refuse not to receiue that thou so deare hast bought,

For but by the alone I know, all safety in vaine is sought,

I know and knowledg eke, albeit very late,

That thou it is I ought to loue and dread in eche estate.

And with repentant hart, do laud the lord on hye,

that hath so gently set me straight, that erst walkt so awry.

Now graunt me grace my God, to stand thine strong in sprite,

and let þe world then work such waies, as to þe world seemes mete.

The louer here telleth of his  
diuers ioies, and aduersities  
in loue, and lastly of his  
ladies death,

With singing gladdeth oft the heartes,  
Of them that fele the panges of loue  
And for the while doth ease their smartes  
My selfe I shall the same way proue.  
And though that loue hath smit that stroke  
Wherby is lost my libertie,  
Which by no meanes I may reuoke,  
Yet shall I sing, how pleasantly  
I ye twenty yeres of youth I past,  
Which all in libertie I spent,  
And so from first vnto the last,  
Ere aught I knew what louing ment:  
And after shall I sing the wo,  
The payne, the griefe, the deadly smart,  
When loue this life did ouerthrowe,  
That hidden lies within my heart:  
And then the iopes that I did fele,  
When fortune lifted after this,  
And set me hie vpon her whele,  
And changed my wo to pleasant blisse.  
And so the sodeyn fall agayne,  
From all the iopes that I was in,  
All you, that list to heare of payne,  
Geue eare, for now I doe begin.  
Loe, first of all when loue began,  
With hote desires my heart to burne,  
He thought his might awaylde not than  
From libertie my heart to turne.  
For I was free, and dyd not know,  
Howe much his might, mans heart may greue,  
I had profest to be his so,  
His law I thought not to beleue,  
I went vntyped in lusty leas,  
I had my wish at wayes at will.

12. ii.

There

## Songes

There was no wo, might me displease,  
Of pleasant ioyes I had my fill.

No painfull thought dyd passe my hart  
I spilt no teare to wet my brest:  
I knew no sorow, sigh nor smart,  
My greatest grief was quiet rest.

I brake no slepe I tossed not,  
Nor dyd delight to sitte alone  
I felt no change of colde and hotte,  
Nor nought a nightes could make me  
For all was ioy & I did fele, (mons  
And of boyde wandering I was free,  
I had no clogge tyde at my hele,  
This was my lyfe at libertie.

That yet me thynkes it is a blisse,  
to thynke vpon that pleasure past,  
But furth withall I finde the misse,  
For that it might no longer last.

Those dayes I spent at my desyre,  
without wo or aduersitie,  
Till that my hart was set a fyre  
with loue, with wrath, and ielousie,

For on a day (alas the while)  
Lo heare my harme how it began,  
The blynded Lord, the God of guile  
Had list to end my fredome than,  
And thzough myne eye into my heart  
All sodaynly I felt it glyde,  
He shot his sharped fiery dart,  
So hard that yet vnder my syde

The head (alas) doth still remayne,  
And synce could I neuer know,  
the way to wzing it out agayne,  
yet was it nye three yere agoe.

This sodayn stroke made me agast,  
And it began to vere me soze,  
But yet I thought it would haue past,  
As other such had done before.

But it did not that (wo is me)  
So depe imprinted in my thought,  
the stroke abode, that yet I see, (wzought  
He thynkes my harme how it was

kynde

Kynde taught me straight that this was loue,  
And I perceiued it perfectly.

yet thought I thus: Prought shall me moue,  
I will not thzall my lybertye.

And diuers wayes I dyd assay,  
By flyght, by force, by frend, by fo,  
This fiery thought to put away,  
I was so loth for to forgo

My libertie, that me was leuer,  
Then bondage was, where I heard say  
who once was bound, was sure neuer,  
without great paine to scape away.

But what for that, there is no choyce  
for my mishappe was shapen so,  
That those my dayes that dyd reioyce,  
Should turne my blisse to bitter wo.

For with þ stroke my blisse toke ende  
In stede whereof forth with I caught,  
Hotte burning lighes, that sins haue bænd  
My wretched heart almost to naught.

And sins that day, O Lord my lyfe,  
The misery that it hath felt.  
that nought hath had, but wo and strife  
And hotte despyres my heart to melt,

O Lord how sodayn was the change,  
From such a pleasant libertie:  
the very thzaldome seemed strange,  
But yet there was no remedy.

But I must yelde, and gyue by all,  
And make my gypde my chiefest fo,  
And in this wyse became I thzall,  
Lo, lone and hap would haue it so.

I suffred wrong and held my peace,  
I gaue my teares good leaue to runne,  
And neuer would seke for redresse,  
But hope to lyue as I begonne.

for what it was that might me ease  
Helyued not that might it kno we:  
thus drank I all myne owne diseale  
And all alone beswaylde my wo,

There was no sight that might me please'  
I fled from them that did reioyce,



## Songes

And oft alone my hart to ease,  
 I would bewayle with wofull voyce,  
 My life, my state, my misery,  
 And curse my selfe and all my dayes.  
 thus wrought I with my fantasie,  
 And sought my helpe none other wayes,  
 Saue sometime to my selfe alone,  
 when farre of was my helpe, God wot  
 Loude would I crye, My lyfe is gone  
 My dere, if that ye helpe me not.

Then wilst I straight y death might end  
 these bitter panges, and all this grief  
 for nought, me thought, might it amend.  
 thus in dispaire to haue relife,

I lingered forth, till I was brought  
 with pynnyng in so piteous case,  
 that al, that saw me sayd, me thought  
 Lo death is painted in his face

I went no where, but by the way  
 I sawe some light before myne eyes  
 That made me sigh, and oft tymes say  
 My life, alas I thee despise.

This lasted well a yere, and more,  
 which no wight knew, but onely I,  
 So that my life was nere for loze.  
 And I dispaired vtterly.

Till on a daye, as fortune would,  
 (For that, that shalbe, nedes must fall)  
 I sat me downe as though I should  
 haue ended then my lyfe, and all,

And as I sat to write my plaint  
 Meaning to shew my great vnrrest,  
 with quaking hand and hart full faint  
 Amongd my plaintes among the rest

I wrote with ynke, and bitter teares,  
 I am not myne, I am not myne,  
 Behold my life, away that weare s,  
 And if I dye the losse is thynne.

Herewith a little hope I caught,  
 That for a while my lyfe dyd stay:  
 But in effect all was for naught,  
 Thus lyued I still till on a day

As I sat staring on these eyes,  
 Those shynning eyes, that first me bound,  
 My inward thought tho cryed, Arise,  
 Lo, mercy where it may be found.

And therewithall I drew me nere,  
 with feeble heart, and at abynde,  
 (But it was softly in her care)  
 Mercy, Madaine, was all I sayde.

But wo was me, when it was tolde,  
 for therewithall faynted my breath,  
 And I sate still for to beholde,  
 And heare the iudgement of my death.

But loue nor hap would not consent  
 To end me then, but well aswape  
 there gaue me blisse, that I repent  
 To thinke I lyue to see this day:

for after this I playned still  
 So long and in so piteous wyse,  
 That I my wishe had at my will  
 Graunted, as I would it deuise.

But lord who euer heard, or knew  
 Of half the ioy that I felt than:  
 Or who can thinke it may be true,  
 That so much blisse had euer man,  
 Lo fortune thus set me aloft,  
 And more my sorowes to releue,  
 Of pleasant ioyes I tasted oft,  
 As much as loue or happy might gene.

The sorowes olde, I felt before,  
 About my heart, were driven thence,  
 And for eche grief, I felt afore,  
 I had a blisse in recompence:

Then thought I all the tyme well spent,  
 that I in plaimt had spent so lōge,  
 So was I with my life content,  
 that to my self I saide among,  
 Sins thou art ridde of all thine ill,  
 to thew thy ioyes set fourth thy voice,  
 And sins thou hast thy wish at will,  
 My happy heart, reioyce reioyce,  
 Thou felt I ioyes a great deale mo,  
 then by my long may well be tolde:

## Songes

And thinking on my passed wo,  
My bliss dyd double manifolde.  
And thus I thought with mannes blood  
Such blisse might not be bought to deare,  
In such estate my ioyes then stode,  
That of a change I had no feare,

But why sing I so longe of blisse:  
It lasteth not that will away,  
Let me therefore bewaile the misse,  
And sing the cause of my decay.

Yet all this while there liued none,  
that led her lyfe moze pleasantly,  
For vnder hap there was not one,  
We thought so well at ease, as I.

But O blynd ioy, who may the trust:  
For no estate thou canst assure,  
Thy faithfull bowes proue all vniust.  
Thy faire behest be full vnisure.

Good profe by me, that but of late  
Not fully twenty dayes ago,  
which thought my life was in such state,  
that nought might worke my heart this wo,

yet hath the enemy of myne ease,  
Cruell mishape, that wretched wight,  
Now when my life did moste me please  
Deuised me such cruel spight,

That from the hiest place of all,  
As to the pleasing of my thought,  
Downe to the depest am I fall,  
And to my helpe auayleth nought,

Lo, thus are all my ioyes quyte gone,  
And I am brought from happinesse,  
Continually to wayle, and mone,  
No such is fortunes stablenesse.

In welth I thought such suertie,  
that pleasure should haue ended neuer,  
But now alas, aduersitie,  
Doth make my singing cease for euer,

O brittle ioy O welth vnstable,  
who feelles the moste, he shall not misse,  
A lenth to be made miserable.

For al must end as doth my blisse,  
There is none other certainte,  
And at the end the worst is his,  
That most hath knowen prosperitie.

For he that neuer blisse assayed,  
May well a way with wretchednesse,  
But he shall fynde that hath it sayd,  
A pain to part from pleasantnesse.

As I do now, for ere I knew  
what pleasure was, I felt no grieve,  
Lyke vnto this, and it is tresp  
that blisse hath brought me i this mischael

But yet I haue not songen, how  
this mischief came, but I intend  
with wofull voice to sing it now,  
And therewithall I make an end.

But lord, now that it is begonne,  
I fele my spirites are vexed soze,  
Oh geue me bzeath till this be done,  
And after let me lyue no moze,

Alas the enemy of this life,  
The ender of al pleasantnesse,  
Alas he bringeth al this strife,  
And causeth al this wretchednesse.

For in the middes of all the welth,  
That brought my hart to happinesse,  
this wicked death he came by steith,  
And robde me of my ioyfulnesse.

He came when that I litle thought  
Of ought that might me bere so soze,  
And sodenly he brought to nought  
My pleasantnesse for evermoze.

He slew my ioy, alas the wretch,  
He slew my ioy, or I was ware,  
And now, alas, no might may stretch  
to let an end to my great care.

For by this curled deadly stroke,  
My blisse is lost, and I forloze,  
And no helpe may the losse reuoke,  
For lost it is for evermoze.

And closed by are those fai re eyes,  
that gaue me first the signe of grace,

My



## Songes

My fayre swete soet, myne enemies,  
And earth doth hyde her pleasant face.

The loke which dyd my lyfe byhold,  
and all my sorowes did confounde,  
with which moze blisse the may be tolde  
Alas, now lieth it vnder ground.

But cease for I will sing nomoze,  
Since that my harme hath not redresse,  
But as a wretche for euermoze

My lyfe will wast with wretchednesse.

And endyng this my wofull song,  
Now that it ended is and past,  
I would my lyfe were but as long,  
And that this word might be my last.

For lothsome is that lyfe (men say)  
That lyketh not þe lyuers mynde,  
So thus I seke mine owne decay,  
and will, till that I may it fynde.

### Of his loue named white.

All faire and white she is and white by name,  
whose white doth strue, & lilies white to stain  
who may contempne the blast of blacke defame,  
who in darke night, can bring day bright agayne.  
The ruddy roafe imptealet with clere heeue,  
In yppes and chekes, right orient to behold,  
That the neuer galer may that reue,  
And fele disperst in limmes the chilling cold,  
For white all white his bloodlesse face will be,  
The altho pale so alter will his cheare,  
But I that do possesse in full degree  
the happy loue of this my hart so deare,  
So oft to me as she presents her face,  
For toy do fele my hart spring from his place,

### Of the louters vnquiet state.

**W**hat thng is that which I both haue and lacke,  
 with good will graunted, yet it is denyed:  
 How may I be receyued and put abacke.  
 Alway doing and yet vnoccupied,  
 Most slow in that which I haue most applied  
 Still thus to seeke, and lese that I winne,  
 And that was done is newest to begin.  
 In riches finde I wilfull pouertie,  
 In great pleasure, lue I in heauinesse.  
 In much fredome I lacke my liberie,  
 Thus am I both in ioy and in distresse.  
 And in few wordes, if that I shall be plaine,  
 In Paradise I suffer al this paine.

where good will is, some prooffe  
 will appere.

**I**t is no fire that geues no heat,  
 Though it appeare neuer so hot,  
 And they that runne and cannot sweate,  
 Are very leane and dye God wot.  
 A perfect leche applieth his swittes,  
 To gather herbes of all degrees,  
 And feuers with their seruient fittes,  
 Be cured with their contraries.

**N**ew wine will serche to finde a bent,  
 Although the caske be set so strong,  
 And wit will wake when will is bent,  
 although the way be neuer so long.

**T**he Rabbets runne vnder the rockes,  
 The snayles doe cline the highest towers  
 Gunpowder cleaues the sturby blockes,  
 A seruient will all thing deuoures.

**W**hen wit with will and diligent,  
 Applie themselves and match as mates  
 There can no want of resident,  
 from force defend the castell gates.  
 Forgetfulnesse makes little haste,  
 and sloth delightes to liue full soft,  
 That telleth the deaf, his tale doth wast,  
 And is full dye that craues full oft,

Merce

Songes  
 , Verses written on the picture of sir  
 James wilford knight.

**A**las that euer death such vertues should forset,  
 As compass was within his corps, whose picture is here set,  
 O: that it euer lay in any fortunes might,  
 through depe disdaine to ende his life & was so woorthye a wight  
 for syth he first began in armour to be clad,  
 A worthier champion then he was, yet England neuer had,  
 And though recure be past, his lyfe to haue againe,  
 yet would I wish his woorthynes in wyptyng to remayne:  
 That men to minde might call, how farre he did excell,  
 At all assaies to winne the fame, which were to long to tell,  
 And eke the restless race that he full oft hath runne,  
 In painfull plight from place to place, wher seruice was to done  
 Then should men well perceue, my tale to be of trouth,  
 And he to be the worthiest wight that euer nature wrought.

The ladie praieth the returne of  
 her louer abiding on  
 the seas

Shall I thus euer long, and be no whit the nere,  
 And shall, I still complain to thee, the which me will not here  
 alas, say nay, and be no moze so dome,  
 But open thou thy manly mouth, and say that thou shalt come,  
 That thou wilt come thy word so sware, if thou a liues man be,  
 the roaryng huge swaues, they threaten my poze ghost,  
 And tesse the by and downe the seas, in daunger to be lost.  
 Shall they not make me feare that they haue swallowed thee:  
 But as thou art moste sure aliue, so wilt thou come to me:  
 whereby I shall goe see thy shipp ride on the strand,  
 And think and say lo where he comes, and sure here wil he land,  
 And then I shall lyft vp to the my litle hand,  
 And thou shalt thinke thine heart in ease, in health to se me stand.  
 And if thou come in dede (as Christ the sende to doe)  
 those armes which misse the yet, shall then embrace the two,  
 Eche vaine to euery ioint the liuely blood shall spred,

which

whiche now for want of thy glad sight, doth show ful pale & dead,  
 But if thou slip thy trouth and doe not come at all,  
 As minutes in the clock do strike so call for death I shall,  
 To please both thy false heart, and rid my selfe from wo,  
 that rather had to dye in trouth then live forsaken so.

### The meane estate is best.

The doubtfull man hath fevers strange  
 And constant hope is oft diseased,  
 Despaire cannot but breede a change,  
 For fleting hartes cannot be pleased,  
 Of all these bad, the best I thinke,  
 Is well to hope, though fortune shrink  
 Desired thinges are not ay prest,  
 For thinges denied lest all vnought,  
 For new thynges to be beloued best,  
 For all offers to be set at nought,  
 where faithfull hart hath ben refused.  
 The chosers wit was there abused.  
 The wofull ship of careful sprite,  
 fleting on seas of wayling teares.  
 with sailes of wishes broken quite,  
 hanging on waues of dolfull feares,  
 By surge of sighes at wrecke nerehand  
 May fast no anker hold on land,  
 what helpes the dyall to the blynde,  
 Or els the clocke without it sound:  
 Or who by dreames doth hope to finde  
 The hidden gold within thegrounde:  
 Shalbe as free from cares and feares,  
 As he that holdes a wolfe by the eares  
 And how much madd is he & thynkes  
 to clyme to heauen by the beames,  
 what ioy alas hath he that winkes,  
 At Titan or his golden streames,  
 His ioyes not subiect to his reasons lawes  
 that ioyeth moze then he hath cause.  
 For as the Phenix that clymeth hye,  
 The sunne lightly in ashes burneth,  
 Againe, the Faulcon so quick of eye,

Done



## Songes

Sone on the grounde the net masketh.  
Experience therfore the meane assurance  
Prefers befoze the doutfull pleasance.

The louer thinkes no paine to  
great, wherby he may ob-  
taine his ladie.

Sith that the way to wealth is swoe,  
And after payne is pleasure prest,  
Why should I than dispaire so,  
By bewayling myne vnrest,  
Or let to leade my lyfe in payne,  
So worthy a lady to obtayne.

The fisher man doth count no care,  
To cast hys nets to wracke or wast,  
And in rewarde of eche mans share,  
A gogen gift is much embzast,  
Should I then grudge in grieve or gall,  
That loke at length to whelme a whall.

The poze man plo with his ground for gayne,  
And soweth his seede increase to craue,  
And for therpence of all his pain,  
Oft holdes it hap his seede to saue:  
These patient paines my hart doth shoo,  
to long for loue ere that I know,

And take no scozne to scape from skill,  
To spend my sprites to spare my spech,  
to win for welch the want of will,  
And thus for rest to rage I reche,  
Running my race as rect byright,  
Till teare of truth appeale my plight:

And plant my plaint withen her brest,  
who doubtlesse may restore againe  
My harmes to health, my ruth to rest,  
that laced is within her chaine.

For earst ne are the griefes so great,  
As is the toy when loue is met,

For who couets so high to cline,  
As both the byrd that pittall toke:

O: who delightes so swift to swimme,  
As doth the fish that scapes the hoke.

If these had neuer entred wo,  
How mought they haue reioysed so?

But yet alas ye louers all,  
That here my toy thus lesse reioice,  
Iudge not ayns what so befall,  
In me there lyeth no power of choise,  
It is but hope that doth me moue,  
Whole standerd bearer is to loue.

On whose ensing when I behold,  
I see the shadow of her shape,  
within my faith so fast yfold,  
Through dyde I dye, throught hope I scape  
Thus ease and wo full oft I finde,  
What will poe a moze she knoweth my mynde.

Of a new married student that  
played fast or lose.

A student at his booke so placed,  
That welth he might haue wonnes  
from boke to wyfe did flete in hast,  
from welth to wo to runne.  
Now, who hath played a feater cast,  
Since iugling first begonne?  
In knitting of himseife so fast,  
himseife he hath vndoone.

The meane estate is to be  
accompted the best. *Horat. x. od. lib. 11.*

Who craftly castes to stee his boate,  
And safely scoures the flattering flood,  
He cutteth not the greatest waues,  
For whp, that way were nothing good.  
He fleteth on the crooked shoze,  
Lest harne him happe awaiting gest:  
But wines away betwene them both,  
As who would say the meane is best.

whose

## Songes

who waiteth on the golden meane,  
 He put in point of sickernes,  
 Hides not his head in sluttish cotes,  
 He shroudes himself in filthines  
 He sittes a loft in hye estate,  
 where hatefull hartes ennye his chance,  
 But wisely walkes betwixt them twaine,  
 He proudly doth him selfe auance,  
 The highest tree in all the wood  
 Is rifest rent with blustering windes,  
 The higher hall the greater fall  
 Such chaunce haue proude & lofty mindes.  
 When Iupiter from hye doth threat,  
 With mortall mace and dint of thunder  
 The hiest hilles bene battered eft,  
 when they stooode stille that stoden vnder.  
 The man whose head with wit is fraught  
 In wealth will feare a worser tyde  
 When fortune failes dispaireth nought,  
 But constantly doth still abyde.  
 For he that sendeth grisely stormes  
 With whisking windes and bitter blastes,  
 And fowlyth with haile the winters face,  
 And frotes the soile with hozy frostes,  
 Euen he adawth the force of colde,  
 The spring in sendes with somer hote,  
 the same ful oft to stormy hartes  
 Is cause of bale, of ioy the roote.  
 Not alwaies ill though so be now,  
 when cloudes be driuen, then rydes the rak  
 Phebus the freshe ne shoteth still,  
 Sometime he harpes his muse to wake.  
 Stand stife therfore, pluck vp thy hart,  
 Lose not thy port though fortune faile:  
 Againe when wind doth serue at will,  
 Take hede to hye to hope thy saille.

The louer refused, lamenteth  
 his estate.

I Lent my loue to losse, & gaged my life in baine,  
 If hate for loue and death for lyfe of louers is the gaine.

And curse I may by course, the place the time and howze,  
 That nature first in me did forme to bee aliuies creature.  
 With that I must absent my selfe so secretly,  
 In place desert, where neuer man my secretes shall espye,  
 In dolinge of my dayes amonge the beastes so brute,  
 who with their tonges may not bewray the secretes of my sute.  
 For I in lyke to them may once to moue my minde,  
 But gale on them, and they on me, as beastes are wont of kinde,  
 Thus ranginge as refusde, to reache some place of rest,  
 All russe of heare, my naules vnnocent as of such seemeth best,  
 That wander by their wittes, defourmed so to be,  
 That men may say, such one may curse the time he first gan see  
 The beauty of her face, her shape in such degre,  
 As God himselfe may not discerne one place mended to bee,  
 For place it in like place, my fanisie for to please,  
 who would become a herdmans hire, one howser to haue of ease.  
 wherby I might restore to me some stedfastnesse,  
 that haue mo thoughts heapt in my hed, the life may long disgeste  
 As oft to throswe me downe vpon the earth so colde,  
 Whereas with teares most rusfully, my sorowes do vnfolde.  
 And in beholding them, I chiefly call to minde,  
 what woman could finde in her hart, such bonding for to bynde  
 then rashly fourth I yede, to cast me from y care,  
 Like as the bird for foode doth fly, and lighteth in the snare.  
 from whence I may not meue, vntill my race be runne,  
 So trained is my truth through her y thinks my life wel wonne,  
 thus tosse I to and fro, in hoape to haue reliefe,  
 But in the fine I finde not so, it doubleth but my grieve.  
 wherefore, I will my want a warning for to bee,  
 vnto al men wishing y they, a mirrour make of mee.

The felicitie of the minde imbracinge vertue that  
 beholdeth the wretched desires of  
 the worlde. *Lucret. lib. 11.*

When dreadfull swelling seas, through boisterous windy blastes  
 So tosse y ships, y al for nought serues aker, saile, & mastes  
 who takes not pleasure then, safely on shoze to reste,  
 And see with drede & depe dispaire, how shipmen are distress.  
 Not that we pleasure take, when others scien smart,  
 Our gladnes groweth to see their harmes, & yet to fele no part.  
 A. I. Delight



## Songes

Delight we take also, well ranged in arraye,  
 When armes meete to see & sight, yet free be from this fray.  
 But yet among the rest, no ioy may match with this,  
 To aspie vnto the temple hye where wisdome throned is  
 Defended with the lawes of hozy heades expert,  
 Which clere it kepe frō errours mist, & might the truth peruert  
 From wence thou maist loke downe, and see as vnder foote,  
 Mans wādering will & doutfull life from whence they toke the  
 How some by wit cōtend by pꝛowes some to rayle, (root)  
 Riches and rule to gaine and holde, is all that men denyse,  
 O miserable mindes, O hartes in folly dꝛent,  
 Why see you not what blindness in this wꝛetched life is spent:  
 Body deuoyde of griefe, minde free from care & dꝛede,  
 Is al a some & nature craues, wherewith our life to seede,  
 So & for natures turne sc̄we thinges may well suffice,  
 Dolour and griefe cleane to expell, & some delight surpryse.  
 Yea and it falleth oft, that nature moze content,  
 Is with & lesse, then when & moze to cause delight is spent.

### All worldly pleasures vade.

**T**he winter with his grievously stormes no lenger dare abide,  
 The pleasant grasse with lusty grene, & earth hath newly dide  
 The trees haue leues, & bowes donspred, new changed is & pere,  
 the water brokes are cleene sunk down, & pleasāt bankes appere.  
 The spring is come, & goodly nimpes now daunce in euery place,  
 thus hath the pere most pleasantly of late pchaungde his face.  
 Hoape for no immortalitie, for wealth wil weare away,  
 As we may learne by euery pere, yea howers of euery day.  
 For Zephirus doth mollifie the colde and blusteringe windes,  
 The somers dꝛought, doth take away the spring out of our minds  
 And yet the somer cannot last but once must step aside,  
 then Autumne thinks to kepe his place, But Autūne cānot bide  
 for whē he hath brought forth his fruits, & stuf & barns & coꝛne  
 Then winter eates and empties all, and thus is Autumne sworne  
 then hozy hostes possesse & place, thē tēpells woork muche harme  
 Thē rage of stormes done make al cold, which somer had made so  
 wherefoze let no man put his trust in that, & wil decay (warne  
 For slipper wealth wil not continue, pleasure will weare awaye.  
 For when that we lost haue our life, and lye vnder a stone,  
 What are we then we are but earthe, then is oure pleasure gone.

No man can tell what God almight of enery wight doth cast  
 No man can say to day I liue, til mozne my life shall last.  
 For when thou shalt before thy iudge stand to receiue thy dome,  
 what sentence Minos doth pronounce & must of thee become.  
 Then shal not noble stocke and bloud redeeme thee fro his handes  
 Nor surgred talke with eloquence shal lose thee from his bandes  
 Nor yet thy life vprightly led can helpe thee out of hell,  
 For who descendeth downe so depe, must there abide and dwell,  
 Diana could not thence deliuer chaste Hippolitus,  
 Nor Theseus could not call to life his frend Perithous.

### Acomplaint of the losse of lybertie by loue.

I seeking rest vnrest I finde,  
 I find & wealth is cause of woe,  
 No worth the time that I enclynde  
 To fire in minde her beauty so.  
 That day be darkened as & nighte  
 Let furious rage it cleane deusure,  
 ne sune nor moone therin geue light,  
 but it consume & streame & shower.  
 Let no small birdes straine forth their voles,  
 with pleasant tunes, ne yet no beast,  
 finde cause wherat he may reioice  
 that day when chaficed mine vnrest.  
 wherin alas, from me was raught  
 mine owne free choice & quiet mind  
 my life my death in balace broughed  
 and reasb rasde thzough bark & rind  
 And I as yet in floure of age,  
 Both wit & wil did still aduance,  
 as to resist that burning rage,  
 but whē I dart thē did I glaunce.  
 Nothing to me did seme so hpe  
 in mind I could it strait attaine  
 fanfie perswaded me therby,  
 loue to esteeme a thing most baine.  
 But as the birde vpon the bzier,  
 both pyck & proine her bout care,  
 A.ii.

## Songes

Not knowing alas (poore foole) how nere  
She is vnto the foulers snare.

So I amid disceitful trust,  
Did not mistrust such woful happe,  
Till cruel loue ere that I wist  
Had caughte me in his carefull trappe.  
Then did I feele and partly knowe  
How litle force in me did raigne,  
So soone to yelde to ouerthwawe  
So fraile to flit frō ioy to pain.

For whē in wealth wil did me leade,  
Of libertie to hoyle my saile,  
To hale at hete, & cast my leade,  
I thought free choyse would stil preuaile.  
In whose calm streames I saild so far  
No raging storme had in respect,  
Till I raisde a goodly starre  
Whereto my course I did direct.

In whose prospect in doted full wise,  
My tackle failde my compasse brake,  
Through hote desires such stormes did ryle,  
That sterne and toppe went al to wake.

Oh cruell happe, oh fatall chaunce,  
O fortune why were thou vnkinde,  
Without regard thus in a traunce,  
To reue from me my ioyfull mynde.  
Where I was free now must I serue,  
Where I was losc now am I bound,  
In death my life I do preserue,  
As one through girt with many a wounde.

### A praise of his Ladye.

Come place you Ladyes and be gone,  
Boast not your selues at all,  
For here at hand approacheth one,  
Whose face will staine you all.

The vertue of her liuely lookes  
Excels the precious stone,  
I wishe to haue none other bookes  
To read or looke vpon.

In eche of her two christall eyes,  
smileth a naked boy,  
It would you al in hart suffice  
to see that lambe of ioy.

I thinke nature hath lost y<sup>e</sup> moulde,  
where she her shape did take,  
Or els I doubt if nature coulde  
so faire a creature make.

She may be wel comparde  
vnto the Phenix kinde,  
whose like was neuer seen or heard,  
that any man can finde.

In life she is a Diana chaste,  
in trouth Penelopey,  
in word and eke in dede stedfast,  
what wil you moze we say.

If al y<sup>e</sup> world were sought so farre  
who could finde such a wight,  
her beauty twinkleth like a starre  
within the frosty night.

Her roseal colour come and goes,  
with such a comely grace,  
moze ruddier to, then doth the rose,  
within her liuely face.

At Bacch<sup>us</sup> feast non shal her mite  
ne at no wanton playe,  
nor gasing in an open streete,  
nor gadding as a straye.

The modest mirth y<sup>e</sup> she doth vse,  
is mixt with shamesfastnesse  
all vice she doth wholly refuse,  
and hateth ydolensse.

O lord it is a world to see,  
how vertue can repaire,  
and decke in her such honestie,  
whom nature made so faire.

Cruely she doth as farre exceede,  
our women now adaies,  
as doth the Heliflower, a weede,  
a id moze a thousand waies.

How might I do to get a grasse,  
of this vnspotted tree?



## Songes

For al the rest are plaine but chaffe,  
which seeme good corne to bee.

This gift alone I shal her geue  
When death doth what he can,  
her honest fame shall liue,  
within the mouth of man.

### The poore estate to be holden for the best,

Experience now doth shewe what God vs taught before,  
Desired pompe is vaine, and seldome doth it last,  
Who climbs to raigne with kinges, may rue his fate full sore,  
Alas the wofull end that comes with care full fast,  
Reiect him doth renoane, his pompe full loswe is call,  
Deceiued is the birde by sweetnesse of the call,  
Expell that pleasant tast wherin is bitter gall.

Such as with oten cakes in pooze estate abides,  
Of care haue they no cure, the crab with mirth they rost;  
Whoe ease fecie they thea those, that frō their height down slides  
Excesse doth breede their wo, they sail in Scillaes coast,  
Remaining in the stormes til ship and all be lost.  
Serue God therfore thou pooze, for lo, thou liest in rest,  
Escheu the golden hall, thye patched house is best.

### The complaint of Thestylis amid the desert wood.

Thestylis a sely man, when loue did him forsake,  
In mourning wise, amid y woods thus ga his plaint to make  
Ah woful man (quod he) fallen in thy lot to mone,  
And pine away with carefull thoughts vnto thy loue vnknowne.  
O hy lady thee forsakes whom thou didst honour so,  
That ay to her thou were a friende, and to thy selfe a foe,

ye lse

ye louers that haue lost your hartes desired choice,  
 Lament with me my cruell happe, and helpe my trembling voice.  
 Was neuer man that stode so great in fortunes grace,  
 For with his swete alas to deare posselt so hygh a place,  
 As I whose simple hart aye thought him selfe full sure,  
 But now I see hye springing tydes they may not ay endure.  
 She knowes my guiltlesse hart, and yet she lets it pynne  
 Of her vnttrue professed loue, so feeble is the swyne,  
 What wonder is it than, if I be rent my heares,  
 And crauing death continually do bath my selfe in teares.  
 When Orelus king of Hyde was castr in cruel bandes,  
 And yeldded goods and life also into his enemies handes,  
 What tong could tell his wo, yet soas his grieve much lesse  
 the myne, for I haue lost my loue which might my wo redresse.  
 ye wooddes that shroud my lymys geue now your hellosw sound,  
 That ye may help me to beswaile the cares that me confound.  
 ye riuers rest a while and stay the streames that runne,  
 Bewe the illis most woful man that restes vnder the sunne.  
 Transport my lighes ye wyndes vnto my pleasant toe,  
 My trickling teares shal witnesse beere of this my cruel wo.  
 O happy man were I, if all the goddes agreed,  
 that now the sisters thre should cut in swaine my fatal threde.  
 Till life with loue shal ende, I here resigne all ioy,  
 thy pleasant swete I now lament, whose lack breeds mine annoy  
 fareswell my deare therfore fareswei to me well knowne,  
 If that I dye it shalbe said that thou hast slaine thine owne.

### An aunswer of comfort.

I bestilis thou sely man, why dost thou so complaine,  
 If nedes thy loue will thee forsake, thy mourning is in vaine  
 for none can force the streames against their course to runne,  
 For yet vnrilling loue with teares or swailing can be woone  
 Cease thou therfore thy plaintes, let hope thy sorowes ease,  
 The shipmen though their saile be rent, yet hope to scape y seas.  
 Though strange she seme a while, yet think she wil not change  
 Good causes driue a ladies loue, some time to seme full strange.

I. iiii.

No

## Songes

No louer that hath wit, but can forsee such happe,  
 that no wight can at wish or will sleepe in his ladies lappe.  
 Achilles for a time faire Brises did forgo,  
 Yet did they mete with ioy againe. Then thinke thou maist do so  
 though he, and louers all, in loue sharpe stozme do finde,  
 Dispaize not thou poore Thestylis, though thy loue seme vnkind  
 Ah think her grased loue cannot so sone decay  
 Hye springes may cease from swelling still, but neuer dry away.  
 Oft stormes of louers yre, do more their loue increase,  
 As thyrning sunne refreshe the frutes, when raining gins to cease  
 when springes are waxen low, then must they flow againe,  
 So shall thy hart aduanced be, to pleasure out of paine.  
 When lacke of thy delight most bitter grieve apperes,  
 Think on Etracrus worthy loue, that lasted thirty yeres,  
 which could not long atchiue, his hartes desired choice,  
 yet at the ende he found reward, that made him to reioice.  
 Since he so long in hope with patience did remaine,  
 Cannot thy feruent loue forbear thy loue a month or twaine?  
 Admit she mind to chaunge and needes will the forgo,  
 Is there no more may thee delight but shee that paine thee so?  
 Thestylis draw to the towne and loue as thou hast done,  
 In time thou knowest by faithful loue, as good as shee is wone.  
 And leue the desert woodes and wailing thus alone,  
 And seeke to salue thy soze els where, if all her loue be gone.

The louer praieth pitie shewing that  
 nature hath taught his dog as it  
 were to sue for the same  
 by kissing of his ladies  
 handes.

Nature that taught my fely Dog God wot  
 Euen for my sake to like where I do loue,  
 Inforced him wher as my lady late,  
 With humble sute before her falling flat,  
 As in his sozt he might her pray and moue  
 to rue vpon his lord and not forgeat,  
 The stedfast faith he beareth her, and loue,  
 Kissing her hand whome she could not remoue,  
Away

Way that would for frowning nor for threat  
As though he would haue said in my behoue,  
Ditp my lord your slaue that doth remaine,  
Left by his death, you guiltlesse slay vs swaine.

Of his ring sent to his  
ladye.

Since thou my ring maist goe, where I ne may,  
Since thou maist speake wher I must hold my peace  
Say vnto her that is my liues stay.  
Grauen within which I do here expresse,  
That sooner shal the sunne not shine by day,  
And with the raine the floodes shall wahren lesse,  
Soner the tree the hunter shal beswray,  
Then I for chaunge, or choice of other loue,  
Do euer seeke my fanly to remoue.

The changeable state  
of louers.

For that a restless hed must some what haue in bre  
Wher with it may acquainted be, as falcon is with lure.  
fanly doth me awake out of my drowsy slepe,  
In seing how the little mouse, at night begins to creepe,  
So the desirous man, that longes to catche his pray,  
In syping how to swatche his time, lyeth lurking still by day.  
In hoping for to haue, and fearing for to finde  
The salue that should recure his soze, & sozoweth but the minde  
Such is the guile of loue, and the vncertaine state,  
That some should haue their hoped hap, and other hard estate.  
That some should seme to ioy in that they neuer had,  
And some againe shall frown as fast, where causelesse they be sad.  
Such trades do louers vse, when they be most at large  
That guyded & steere when they them selues ly freted in y barge.  
The grenesse of my youth cannot therof expresse  
The processe, for by proofe vnknownen, all this is but by gesse.  
wherefoze I holde it best, in time to hold my peace,  
But wanton will it cannot holde, or make my penne to cease.

A pen



## Songes

A pen of no auaille, a frutlesse labour eke,  
My troubled hed with fantasies fraught, doth paine it self to seeke  
And if perhaps my woozdes of none auaille do pricke  
Such as do feele & hidden harms, I would not they should kick  
As causelesse me to blame which thinketh them no harne,  
Although I seeme by others sye, sometime my self to warne,  
which clerely I deny, as guiltlesse of the cryne,  
And though wzong decide I be therin, truth it wil trye in time.

### A praise of Audley.

When Audley had run out his race, and ended were his days  
his fame slept sozth & bad me wzit of him soe woorthy praise.  
what life he lad, what actes he did, his vertues and good name,  
whereto I calde for true report, as witnes to the same.  
wel bozne he was, wel bet by kide, whose mind did neuer swerue  
I skilful hed, a valiant hart, a redy hand to serue.  
Brought by & trained in feates of war long time beyond the seas  
Cald home again to serue his prince, who still he sought to please  
what turney was there he refusde, what seruitce did he shoon?  
where he was not nor his aduice, what great exploit was doon.  
In towne a Lamb, in filde ful fierce, a Lyon at the nede.  
In sober wit a Salomon, yet one of Hector's seide:  
Then shame it were that any tong should defame his dedes,  
that in his life a mirrour was to all that him succedes.  
No pooze estate nor high renosone his nature could peruart,  
No hard mischaunce & him befall could moue his constant hart.  
Thus long he liued, loued of all, as one mistykte of none,  
And where he went who calde him not the gentle Paragon.  
But course of kind doth cause eche frute to fall when it is rypp,  
And spitefull death will suffer none to scape his greiuous gripe.  
Yet though the ground receiued haue his corps into her wombe,  
This Epitaph ygraund in brasse, shal stand vpon his tombe.  
Lo here he lyes that hated vice, and vertuous life imbrast,  
His name in earth, his spzite aboue, deserues to be wel plaste.

### Tyme trieth truth.

Eche thing I see hath time, which time must trye my truth,  
which truth deserues a special trust, on trust gret frendship growe  
And frindship may not faile where faithfulness is found, (with  
And

And faithfullnesse is ful of fruite, and fruitfull thinges be sounde.  
 And sound is good at prooffe, and prooffe is prince of praise,  
 And precious praise is such a pearle, as seldome ner decayes:  
 Al these thinges time tries fourth, which time I must abide,  
 How should I boldly credite craue till time my truth haue tride  
 for as I found a time to fall in fancies frame,  
 So I do wish a lucky time for to declare the same.  
 If hap may aunswere hoape, and hoape may haue his hire,  
 Then shal my heart possesse in peace, the time that I desire.

The lower refused of his loue  
 embraceth vertue.

*Death*

My youthful yeres are past,  
 My ioyful daies are gone  
 my life it may not last,  
 my graue & I am one.  
 My mirth & ioyes are fled,  
 and I a man in wo,  
 desirous to be ded,  
 my mischief to forgo.  
 I burne and am a colde  
 I freeze amidst the fier,  
 I see she doth with hold  
 that is my most desire.  
 I see my helpe at hand  
 I see my life also,  
 I see where she doth stand  
 that is my deadly fo:  
 I see how shee doth see  
 and yet she wilbe be blinde,  
 I see in helping mee  
 she sekes and wil not finde.  
 I see how she doth wzpe  
 when I beginne to mone,  
 I see when I come nye,  
 how faine she woulde be gone.  
 I see what wil ye moze  
 she wil me gladly kil,  
 and you shall see therefore  
 that she shal haue her wil.

I can

## Songes

I cannot liue with stones,  
It is to hard a foode,  
I wilbe dead at ones  
To do my lady good.

### The picture of a louer.

**B**Ehold my picture here wel portrayed for the nones,  
With hart consumed & falling fleshe, beholde the very bones,  
Whose cruel chaunce alas, and destiny is such,  
Onely because I put my trust in some folke al to muche.  
For since y<sup>e</sup> time y<sup>e</sup> I did enter into this pine,  
I neuer sawe the rising sunne but with my weping eyen.  
For yet I neuer harde so swete a voyce or sounde,  
But y<sup>e</sup> to me it did encrease the doloure of myc wounde:  
For in so soft a bedde, alas I neuer lay,  
But that it semed hard to me or neuer it was daye.  
yet in this body bare, that nought but life retaines,  
The strength wherof cleane past away, the care yet stil remains.  
Like as the Cole in flame doth spende it selfe you see,  
To vaine & wretched cindre dust til it consumed bee:  
So doth this hope of mine enforce my seruient lute,  
To make me for to gape in vaine, whilst other eate the fruit.  
And shal do til that death both geue me such a grace  
To rid this sely woful sprite out of this doleful case.  
And then would God were write in stone or els in leade  
This Epitaph vpon my graue, to shew why I am ded.  
Here lieth the louer lo, who for the loue he aught,  
Aliue vnto his lady deare, his death thereby he caughte.  
And in a shielde of black, lo here his armes appeares  
With weping eyes as you may see, well poudred all with teares.  
Lo here you may beholde, aloft vpon his brest,  
A womans hand straining the hart of him that loued her best  
Wherefore al you y<sup>e</sup> see this corps for loue that starues,  
Example make vnto you all, that thanklesse louers sarnes.

### Of the death of Phillips.

**B**Ewaile with me all ye that haue profest  
Of musike tharte, by though of coarde or winde,

Lay downe your lutes and let your gitterns rest,  
 Philips is dead whose like you can not finde,  
 Of musike much exceeding all the rest,  
 Muses therefore of force now must ye wrest  
 your pleasant notes into another sounde,  
 The string is broke, the lute is disposell,  
 The hand is cold, the body in the ground  
 The lousing lute lamenteth now theretofore,  
 Philips her frende that can her touch no more.

That al thing sometime find  
 ease of their paine, saue  
 onely the louer,

¶ So there is no sorte  
 Of thinges that liue in grief,  
 which at some time may not resort  
 whereas they haue reliefe.

The stricken Dere by kinde  
 Of death that standes in awe,  
 for his recure an herb can find,  
 The arrowe to withdraue.

The chased Dere hath soyle,  
 To coole him in his heate,  
 The Hle after his wery tople,  
 In stable is vp set.

The Cony hath his cane,  
 The litle bird his nest,  
 fro heat & cold theselues to saue,  
 At all times as they list.

The owle with feble sight,  
 Lyes lurking in the leaues,  
 The sparrowe in the frosty night  
 Day shroude her in the caues.

But wo to mee alas,  
 In sunne nor yet in shade,  
 I can not finde a resting place,  
 My burden to vnlade:

But day by day still beares  
 The burden on my backe,

With the



## Songes

With weeping eye and watrys teares,  
to holde my hope abacke.

All thinges I see haue place  
wherin they bowe or bende,  
Haue this alas my wofull case,  
which no where findeth end.

Thassaute of Cupide vpon the fort where  
the louers hart laye wounded, and  
how he was taken.

**W**hen Cupide scaled first the forte  
wherin my heart lay wounded sore,  
the batry was of such a sort  
that I must yelde or die therfore.

There sawe I loue vpon the wall,  
howe hee his banner did displaye,  
alarme alarme he gan to call,  
and bade his souldiours keepe araye.

The armes the which that Cupide beare  
were pearced hartes with teares besprent,  
in siluer and sable to declare  
The stedfast loue he alwaies ment.

There might you see his hand all drest,  
in colours like to white and blacke,  
with powder & with pellets prest,  
to bring them forth to spoile and sacke.

Good will the maister of the shot,  
Roode in the rampire braue and proude  
for spence of powder he spared not,  
assault assaults to crye aloude.

There might you heare & cannons roze  
Eche piece discharged a louers looke,  
which had the power to rent and toze  
in any place where as they tooke.

And euen with the trumpets sowne  
the scaling ladders were by set,  
and beauty walked by and down,  
with bow in hand and arrowes whet.

Then first desire began to scale  
and shewded him vnder his targe,

As one the worthiest of them al,  
and aptest for to geue the charge.

The pushed souldiers & their pickes,  
and holbardes with handy strokes,  
the hargabushe in fleshe it lightes,  
and damps the aire & misty smokes.

And as it is now souldiers vse  
when shot & powder gins to want,  
I hanged by my flagge of truce,  
and pleaded for my liues graunt.

Whē lāsy thus had made her breach  
and beauty entred with her bande,  
with bagge and baggage sely wretche,  
I yeldeo into beauties hand.

Then beauty bad to blow retrete,  
and euery souldiour to retire,  
and mercy milde with speede to set  
me captiue bound as prisoner.

Madame (quod I) sith & this day  
hath serued you at al assaies,  
I yelde to you without delay  
here of the fortresse al the haies.

And sith that I haue been the marke  
at whom you shot at with your eye,  
nedes must you & your handy warre  
or salue my soze or let me dye.

### The aged louer renoun- ceth loue.

Loth that I did loue,  
In youth that I thought swete,  
as time requires for my behoue,  
me thinges they are not meete.

My lustes they doe me leaue,  
my fancies all are fled,  
and tract of time beginnes to weane  
gray heares vpon my hed.

For age with stealing steppes  
hath clawde me with his crouche,

And

## Songes

And lusty life away she leapes,  
As there had beene none suche.

My muse doth not delight  
me as she did before,  
My hand and pen are not in plight,  
as they haue been of yore.

For reason me denies  
this youthly ydle time,  
And day by day to me she cries  
Leaue of these toys in time.

The wrinkles in my browe,  
The furrowes in my face,  
Say lymping age wil lodge him nowe,  
where youth must geue him place.

The harbinger of death,  
to me I see him ride,  
The cough, the cold, the gasping breathe  
doth bid me to prouide

I picke ax and a spade,  
and eke a shrowding shete,  
A house of clay for to be made,  
for such a geast most meet.

He thinks I heare the clarke  
that knowles the careful knell,  
And biddes me leaue my wofull warke  
ere nature me compell.

My keepers knit the knot,  
that youth did laugh to skorne,  
Of me that cleane shalbe forgot  
as I had not ben bozne.

Thus must I youth geue by,  
whose badge I long did weare,  
to them I yelde the wanton cup,  
that better may it beare.

Lo here the barched skull,  
by whose balde signe I know,  
that stouping age away shal pull,  
which youthful yeres did sow.

For beauty with her hand  
these croked cares hath wrought  
and shipped me into the land,  
from whence I first was brought.

And

And ye that hyde behynde,  
 Haue ye none other trust,  
 As ye of clay were cast by kind,  
 So shall ye wax to dust.

### Of the lady wentworths death,

To line to dye, and dye to line againe,  
 With good renowne of fame wel led before  
 Here lyeth shee that learned had the loze,  
 Whom if the perfect vertues woulded dayne,  
 To be set furth with folvy of worldly grace,  
 Was noble bozne, and matcht in noble race,  
 Lord wentworthes wise, nor wanted to attaine  
 In natures gistes, her praise among the rest  
 But that that gaue her praise about the best  
 Not fame, her wedlockes chastnes durst distaine  
 Wherin with child, deliuering of her wombe  
 Thattimely birth hath brought the both in tombe  
 So left she life by death to liue againe.

### The louer accusing his loue for her vnfaitfulness purposeth to liue in libertie,

The smoky sighes the bitter teares,  
 That I in vaine haue wasted,  
 The broken sleepes, the woe and feares  
 That long in me haue lasted,  
 The loue and all I owe to thee,  
 Here I renounce and make me free.

Which fredome I haue by thy guylt,  
 And not by my deseruing,  
 Since so vnconstantly thou wilt  
 Not loue but stil be sweruing  
 To leane me of which was thine owne,  
 Without cause why as shalbee knowne.

The fruits wer faire the which did growe

R. i.

with



## Songes

Within my garden planted,  
the leaues were grene of euery bough,  
And moisture neuer wanted,  
Yet oz the blofomes gan fall,  
the catterpiller waked all.

Thy body was the garden place,  
And sugred woordes it beareth,  
the blofomes all thy faith it was,  
which as the canker sweareth  
the caterpillar is the same,  
That hath wonne the & lost thy name.

I meane the louer loued now,  
By thy pretended folp,  
which wil proue like, y shalt find how  
Vnto a tree of holly  
that barke & beary beares alwaies,  
The one, birdes feedes, the other flayes.

And right well mightest thou haue thy wish,  
Of thy loue new acquainted,  
For thou art like vnto the dishe,  
that Adrianus painted.

Wherin were grapes portrayd so faire,  
that fowles for food did there repaire.

But I am like the beaten fowle,  
That from the net escaped,  
And thou art like the rauening owle,  
that all the night hath waked,  
For none intent but to betray,  
The sleeping fowle before the day.

Thus hath thy loue ben vnto me.  
As pleasant and commodious,  
as was the fire made on the se,  
By Paulus hate so odious,  
Therewith to traine the Grekish host,  
For Croys returne wher thei wer lost.

The louer for want of his desire,  
sheweth his death at  
hande.

As Cypres tree that rent is by the roote,  
 As branche or slippe better from whence it growes,  
 As well soone seede for drought that cannot sprout  
 As gaping ground that rainlesse cannot close  
 As mowles that whar the earth to doe them bote  
 As fishe on land to whom no waters flowes,  
 As Chamelon that laches the ayre so sore,  
 As flowers, do fade when Ihebus rarest shoses,  
 As Salamandra repulsd from the fire,  
 So wanting my wish I dye for my desire.

A happy end exceedeth al pleasures  
 and riches of the  
 world.

The shyning season to some,  
 The glory in the worldes sight,  
 Renowned fame though fortune wonne  
 The glittering gold the eyes delight.  
 The sensuall lyfe that seemes so swete,  
 The heart with ioyfull dayes replets,  
 The thing wherto eche wight is thral  
 The happy end exceedeth all.

Against an vnstedfast  
 woman.

O Temerous taunters that delightes in toyes,  
 Tumbling cock boate tottring to and fro,  
 Tangling iestres, depzauers of swete ioyes  
 Ground of the grasse whence all my grief doth grow  
 Sullen serpent enuironed with despise,  
 That ill for good at all times dost requite.

A prayse of Petrarche and of Laura  
 his Ladie.

## Songes

O Petrarche head and prince of Poets all,  
Whose liuely gift of flowing eloquence  
Well may we seke, but find not how or whence.  
So rare a gift with thee did rise and fall,  
Peace to thy bones and glozy immortall  
Be to thy name, and to her excellence,  
Whose beautie lighted in thy tyme and sence,  
So to bee set furth as none oth er shall.  
Whi hath not our pēnes rymes so perfit wroughte,  
Ne why our tyme furth bzingeith beauty such:  
To trye our wittes as gold is by the touch,  
If to the stile the matter ayded ought:  
But there was neuer Laura moze then one,  
And her had Petrarche for his Paragone.

That Petrark cannot be passed but not:  
withstandinge that Laura is  
farre surpassed.

With Petrarche to cōpare there may no wight,  
Nor yet attaine vnto so high a stile,  
But yet I wol full well where is a file,  
To frame a learned man to praise a right,  
Of stature meane of semely forme and shape,  
Eche line of iust propozcion to her height,  
Her colour fresh, and mingled with such sleight,  
As though the rose sat in the lilies lay.  
In wit and tong to shew what may be sed,  
To euery dede she ioynes a perfit grace.  
If Laura liuid, she would her cleane deface.  
For I dare say, and lay my lyfe to wed  
That Homus could not, if he downe discended,  
Once iustly say, Lo this may be amended.

Against a cruel woman,

Cruel unkinde whom mercy cannot moue,  
Harbour of unhappe where rigours rage both raigne,  
Ground of my grieft where pitie cannot proue,

Tickle to trust of all vntruth the trayne,  
 Thou rigoꝛous rocke that truth cānot remoue  
 Daungerous deiph, depe dungcon of discaime,  
 Sharke of selfwill, the chest of craft and chaunge  
 What causeth thee thus causelesse for to chāge:

Thy pitielesse plaint whom plaint cānot pꝛouke  
 Den of disceit that right doth still refuse,  
 Causelesse vnkinde that carieth vnder cloke  
 Cruelty and craft me onely to abuse,  
 Stately & stubboꝛne withstādig Cupides strok  
 Thou marueilous male that maketh men mule,  
 Swollan by selfwill, most stone stiffe and strāge  
 What causeth the thus causelesse for to change:

Slipper and secret where suertie cannot sow,  
 Net of neweltie, nest of newfanglenesse,  
 Spring of al spite, frō whēce whole fluddes doe  
 Thou caue a cage of care & craftinesse, (flow,  
 wauering willow that euery blast doth blow  
 Graske without groth and cause of carefulnesse,  
 Heape of mishappe of all my griepe the grange,  
 What causeth thee thus causelesse for to chāg

Hast thou forgot & I was thyne infect  
 By force of loue, hast thou not hart at all:  
 Sawest thou not other for thy loue were left  
 Knowest thou vnkinde, & nothig mought befall  
 frō out of my heart that coulde haue thee bereft  
 What meanest thou then, at ryot thus to rage:  
 And leauest thic owne & neuer thought to chāg

The louer sheweth what he woulde haue,  
 if it were graunted him to haue  
 what he would  
 wishe,

If it were so that god would graunt me my request,  
 And that I might of earthly thinges haue that I lyked best,  
 I would not wish to clyme to princely hye estate,  
 Which slipper is and sydes so oft, and hath so fickle fate,  
 Nor yet to conquer realmes with cruel sword in hande,



## Songes

And so to shed the guiltlesse blood of such as would stand,  
 Nor I would not desire in worldly rule to raygne  
 whose fruite is al vnquietnesse, and breaking of the brayne  
 Nor richesse in excelle of vertue so abhorde,  
 I woulde not craue which bredeth care, & causeth all discorde  
 But my request should be moze worth a thousand folde,  
 That I might haue & her enioy y<sup>e</sup> hath my heart in holde.  
 Oh god what lusty lyfe should we lyue then for euer,  
 In pleasant ioy & perfect blisse to length our liues together:  
 With woordes of frendly chere, and lokes of liuely loue,  
 To vtter all our hot desires, which neuer should remoue.  
 But grosse and greedy wittes which grope but on y<sup>e</sup> ground,  
 Can gather mucke of worldly goodes which oft do the cofound  
 Cannot attayne to knowe the misteries diuine,  
 Of partit loue wherto hye wittes of knowledge do enclyne  
 A niggard of his golde such ioy can neuer haue,  
 Which geats w<sup>th</sup> toyle & kepes w<sup>th</sup> care, & is his monyes slauē,  
 As they enioy alwaies, that fast loue in his kinde,  
 For they do holde continually a heauen in their minde,  
 No worldly goodes could bring my heart so great an ease,  
 As for to finde o<sup>r</sup> do the thing that might my lady please,  
 For by her onely loue, my heart should haue all ioy,  
 And with the same put care away, and all that could annoy,  
 As if that any thing should chaunce to make me sadde,  
 The touchig of her coral lippes, would straight waies mak  
 And whe<sup>n</sup> y<sup>e</sup> in hart I fele y<sup>e</sup> did me greue, (me gladdē  
 With one embracing of her armes she might me sone relieue.  
 And as the Angels all which sit in heauen hye,  
 With presence and the sight of God, haue their felicitie:  
 So lykewise I on earth, should haue al earthly blisse,  
 With presence of that Paregon, my god in earth that is.

The ladie forsaken of her louer praieth  
 his returne, or the end of her  
 owne life.

T<sup>H</sup>o loue, alas who would not feare,  
 That seeth my wofull state,  
 For he to whom my heart I beare  
 Doth me extremely hate.

And

And why therfore I cannot tell,  
He will no lenger with me dwell.

Did you not sue and long me serue,  
Ere I you graunted grace:  
And will you thus now from me swerue  
That neuer did trespase:

Alas pooze woman then alas,  
A swery lyfe here must I passe.

And shall my faith haue such refuse  
In dede and shall it so:

Is there no choyce for me to chuse  
But must I leaue you so:

Alas pooze woman then alas,  
A swery lyfe hence must I passe,

And is there now no remedy  
But that you will forget her:  
there was time when that perdy  
you would haue harde her better.

But now that time is gon and past,  
And all your loue is but a blast,  
And can you thus breake your behest,  
In dede and can you so:

Did you not sweare you loued me best:  
And can you now say no:  
Remember me pooze swight in paine,  
And for my sake turne once againe.

Alas pooze Dido now I feele,  
Thy present painfull state,  
when false Eneas did him stele,  
from the at Carthage gate.

And lest thee sleeping in thy bed,  
Regarding not what he had sed.

was neuer woman thus betrayde,  
Nor man so false forsworne,  
His faith and trouth so strongly tyde,  
Untruth hath all to tozne.

And I haue leaue for my good will,  
To wayle and wepe alone my fil.

But since it will not better bee  
My teares shall neuer blin,  
To moist the earth in such degree,

R.iii.

That

## Songes

That I may drowne therin.  
That by my death all men may say,  
No women are as true as they  
By me all women may beware,  
That see my wofull smart,  
To seeke true loue let them not spare,  
Before they set their hart.  
Or els they may become as I  
Which for my truth am lyke to dye.

The louer yelden into his  
ladies handes, praieth  
mercye.

In fredome was my fantesie,  
Abhorring bondage of the minde,  
But now I yelde my libertie,  
And willingly my selfe I bynd,  
Cruely to serue with all my heart,  
Whiles lyfe doth last not to reuert.  
Her beutie bounde me first of all,  
And forst my will for to consent,  
And I agree to be her thrall,  
For as she list I am content.  
My wil is hers in that I may  
And where she biddes I wil obey,  
It lyeth in her my woe or welth,  
She may do that she lyketh best:  
If that she list I haue my healih,  
If she list not, in wo I rest,  
Sins I am fast within her bandes,  
My wo and welth lye in her handes.  
She can no lesse then pitie mee,  
Sith that my fitte to her is knowne  
It weare to much extremitie  
With crueltie to vse her owne,  
Alas a sinfull enterpryse,  
To slay that yeldes at her deuyse:  
But I thinke not her hart so harde,  
Nor that she hath such cruel lust.

I doubt nothing of her rewarde,  
 for my desert, but well I trust  
 As she hath beautie to aliure,  
 So hath she a hart that will recure.

That nature which worketh all thinges  
 for our behoofe, hath made wo-  
 men also for our comfort  
 and delight.

Among dame natures woorkes such perfit law is wrought,  
 That thinges be ruide by course of kynd in order as they ought  
 And serueth in their state, in such iust frame and sort,  
 That slender wits may iudge the same, and make therof report  
 Behold what secret force the wynde doth easely shewe,  
 which guydes the shippes amid the seas, if he his bellows blow  
 The waters wahren wilde where blustering blastes do ryle,  
 yet seldome do they passe their bondes, for nature that deule.  
 The fier which boyles the leade, and tryeth out the golde,  
 hath in his power both helpe and hurt, if he his force vnfold.  
 The frost which killes the fruite, doth knit the brused bones,  
 And is a medicine of kinde, prepared for the nones.  
 The earth in wole entrailes the foode of man doth liue,  
 It euery spring and fall of leafe, what pleasure doth she geue:  
 The ayre which lyfe despyres, and is to health so swete,  
 Of nature yeldes such liuely smells, that comfortes euery spete  
 The Sunne throughe natures might, doth, draw away & dew  
 And spreds & flowers where he is wont his princely face to shew  
 The moone which may be calde the lanterne of the night,  
 Is halfe a guide to traueling men, such vertue hath her light.  
 The starres not vertulesse are beauty to the eyes,  
 Iodes man to & mariner, a sygne of calmed skyes.  
 The flowers and frutfull trees, to man do tribute pay,  
 And when they haue their duetie done, by course the fade away.  
 Eche beast both fische and fowle, doth offer lyfe and all,  
 To nourish man & do him ease, yea serue him at his call.  
 The serpent benemous, whose ougly shapen we hate,  
 Are souereigne salues for sundry sores, and nedeful in their state  
 Syn nature shewes her power, in eche thing thus at large,  
 Why should not man submit himselfe to be in natures charge:  
 who



## Songes

who thinkes to flee her force, at length becomes her thral,  
 The wylfull cannot slippe her snare, for nature gonerues all  
 Lo nature gaue vs shape, lo natures sedes our lines,  
 The they are worse the mad I thinke, against her force & strues  
 Though some do vse to say, which can do nought but faine,  
 Women wer made for this entent, to put vs men to paine,  
 yet sure I thinke they are a pleasure to the mynde,  
 Bioy which man can neuer want, as nature hath assynde,

V When aduersitie is once fallen  
 it is to late to beware,

**T**O my mishappe alas I finde,  
 That happy hap is daungerous,  
 And fortune worketh but her kynde,  
 To make the ioyfull dolorous.  
 But all to late it comes to mynde,  
 To wayle the want that makes me blynde,  
 Amid my mirth and pleasantnesse,  
 Such chauncers chaunced sodainly,  
 That in dispayre without redresse,  
 I finde my chiefest remedy.  
 No new kinde of unhappinesse,  
 Shoulde thus haue left me comfortlesse.  
 Who would haue thought that my request,  
 Shoulde bring me furth such bitter fruite:  
 But now is hapt that I feard lest,  
 And all this harme comes by my suite.  
 For when I thought me happiest  
 Euen then hapt all my chiefe vnrest,  
 In better cas was neuer none,  
 And yet vnwares thus am I trapt.  
 My chiefe desyre doth cause me mone,  
 And to my harme my welth is hapt,  
 There is no man but I alone,  
 That hath suche cause to sigh and mone.  
 Thus am I taught for to be ware,  
 And trust nomore such pleasant chance,  
 My happy hap bred me this care,  
 And brought my myrth to great mischaunce.  
 There is no man whom hap will spare,  
 But when he list his welth is bare.

Of a louer that made his onely  
God of his loue.

Al you that frendshippe doe professe,  
And of a frend present the place,  
Geue eare to me that did possesse,  
Is frendly frutes as ye embrace,  
And to declare the circumstance.  
There were themselves that did aduance  
To teache me truely how take,  
A faithfull frende for vertues sake,  
But I as one of little skill,  
To know what good might grow therbi  
Unto my wealth I had no will,  
Nor to my nede I had none eye,  
But as the childe doth learne to goe,  
So I in tyme did learne to knowe,  
Of all good frutes & world brought forth  
A faithfull frende is thing most worth.  
Then with all care I sought to finde,  
One worthy to receiue suche trust,  
One onely that was riche in minde,  
One secret, sobre, wyle and iust,  
Whom riches coulde not rayse at all,  
Nor prouertie procure to fall,  
And to be short in few woordes playne,  
One such a frende I dyd attayne,  
And when I dyd enjoy this welth  
Who liued lord in such a case,  
For to my frendes it was great health,  
And to my foes a fowle deface,  
And to my self a thing so riche  
As seke the world and finde none such,  
Thus by this frende I set such store,  
As by my selfe I set no more.  
This frende so much was my delight,  
When care had clene or come my heart,  
One thought of her rid care as quite,  
As neuer care had cause my smart.  
Thus ioyed I in my frend so dere,  
Was neuer frend late man so nere.

I carde

## Songes

I carde for her so much alone,  
That other God I carde for none.

But as it doth to them befall,  
That to themselves respect haue none  
So my swete grasse is growen to gall  
Where I sowed mirth I reaped mone,  
This ydoll that I hono:re doe,  
Is now transformed to my foe.  
That me most pleased, me most paynes  
And in dispayre my heart remaynes.

And for iust scourge of such desert,  
Thre plagues I may my selfe assure,  
First of my frende to lose my part,  
And next my lyfe may not endure,  
And last of all the moze to blame,  
My soule shall suffer for the same,  
Wherfore ye frendes I warne you all,  
Sit fast for feare of such a fall.

### Vpon the death of sir An- tonie Denny.

Death and the king, dyd as it sweare contend,  
Which of them two bare Denny greatest loue:  
The king to shew his loue gan farre extende,  
Did him aduance his betters farre aboue,  
Here place, much welth, great honour, eke him gaue,  
To make it known what power great princes haue  
But when death came with his triumphant gift,  
From wordly carke he quit his sweried ghost,  
Free from the cozps, and straight to heauen it list,  
Now deme that can, who did for Denny most,  
The kinge gaue welth but fading and vnsturc,  
Death brought him blisse that euer shall endure.

### A comparison of the los- uers paines.

Lyke as the brake within the riders hande  
Doth straine the hoxle, nye woode with grieve of paine

Not bled befoze to come in such a bande,  
 Striucth for griefe, although god wot in vain,  
 To be as erst he was at libertie,  
 But force of force doth strain the contrary.  
 Euen so sins band doth cause my dedly griefe  
 That made me so my wofull chaunce lament,  
 Like thing hath brought me into paine & mischief  
 Haue willingly to it I did assent.  
 To binde the thing in fredome which was free,  
 That now full soze alas repenteth me.

Of a Rosemarie branche  
 sent.

Such grene to me as you haue sent,  
 Such grene to you I send againe,  
 A flourishing heart that will not feint  
 for drede of hope or losse of gayne,  
 A stedfast thought al wholly bent,  
 So that he may your grace obtayne,  
 As you by pzoofe haue alwaies scene,  
 To liue your owne & alwaies grene.

To his loue of his con-  
 stant heart.

As I haue been, so will I euer be  
 Unto my death, and lenger if I might  
 haue I of loue the frendly looking eye,  
 haue I of fortune fauour or despite,  
 I am of rocke by pzoofe as you may see  
 Not made of wax, nor of no metall light  
 Is leefe to die, by change as to deceiue  
 Or breake the promyse made. And so I leaue.

Of the token which his  
 loue sent him.



## Songes

The golden apple that the Troyan boy,  
Gauē to Venus the fairest of the three  
Which was the cause of al the wracke of Troi  
Was not receined with a greater ioy,  
Then was the same (my loue) thou sent to me,  
It healed my oze it made my sorowes free,  
It gaue me hope, it banisht mine annoy,  
Thy happy hande full oft of me was blist,  
That can geue such a salue when that thou list

Manhode auaieth not without  
good fortune.

The Cosword oft whom depnty byands fed,  
That boasted muche his ladies eares to please,  
By helpe of them whom vnder him he led,  
Hath reapt the palme that baliance could not crase,  
The vncerpert that shozes vnknowne nere sought,  
Whom Neptune yet appalled not with feare,  
In wandering shippe on trustles seas hath tought,  
The skil to sele that time to long doth leare,  
The sporting knight that skorneth Cupides kinde  
With sayned chere the payned cause to brede,  
In game vnhydes the leaden sparkes of mynde,  
And gaynes the goale, where glouig flames should spede  
Thus I see prose that troth and malice hart  
May not auayle, if fortune chaunce to start.

That constancy of all vertues  
is most worthie.

Thoughe in the waxe a perfect picture made,  
Doth shew as faire as in the marble stone,  
Yet do we see it is esteemed of none.  
Because that fier or force the fourme doth fade,  
Wheras the marble holden is full dere:  
Since that endures the date of lenger dayes,  
Of Dyacondes is the greatest prayse,

So long to last and alwaies one tapper.  
 Then if we do esteeme that thing for best,  
 which in perfeccion longest tyme do last,  
 And that most vaine that turnes w<sup>th</sup> euery blast:  
 What iswel then with tong can be exprest?  
 Like to that hart where loue hath framde such feth,  
 That cannot fade but by the force of deth.

The vncertaine state of  
 a louer.

L yke as the rage of raine,  
 Filleth riuers with excesse,  
 And as the drought againe,  
 Doth draw them lesse and lesse,  
 So I both fall and clyme,  
 With no and yea sometime.  
 As they swell hie and hye,  
 So doth encrease my state,  
 As they fall d<sup>y</sup> and d<sup>y</sup>e,  
 So doth my welth abate,  
 As yea is mixt with no,  
 So mirth is mixt with wo.  
 As nothing can endure,  
 That liues and lacks reliefe,  
 So nothing can stand sure,  
 Wher change doth raigne as chiefe.  
 Wherfoze I must intend,  
 To bowe when others bende.  
 And when they laugh to smyle,  
 And when they wepe to waile,  
 And when they craft, begyle,  
 And when they fight, assaile,  
 And think there is no change  
 Can make them seme to strange,  
 Oh most vnhappy slaue,  
 What man may lead this course?  
 To lacke he would fainest haue,  
 Or els to doe much worse.  
 These be rewardees for such,

As

## Songes

As liue and loue to much.

The louer in libertie smileth at  
them in thraldome, that some  
time skorned his  
bondage.

**A**t liberty I sit and see,  
The that haue erst laught me to scorne  
whipt with the whip that scourged me,  
And now they banne that thei wer bozne.

I see them sit ful soberly,  
And think their earnest lokes to hide,  
Now in themselves they cannot spee,  
that they or this in me haue spyde.

I see them sitting all alone,  
Marking the steppes eche wooorde & loke,  
And now they tread where I haue gone,  
The painfull path that I forsoke.

Now I see well I saw no whitt,  
when they sawe well that now are blind,  
But happy happe hath made me quite,  
And iust iudgement hath them asind.

I see them wander all alone,  
And tread ful fast in dreadfull dout  
The selfe same path that I haue gone,  
Blessed be hap that brought me out.

At libertye all this I see,  
And say no wooorde but erst among:  
Smiling at them that laught at me,  
Lo such is happe, mark well my song.

A comparison of his loue with  
the faithfull & painful loue  
of Troilus to  
Creside.

I Rede how Troilus serued in Troye

A Lady long and many a day,  
and how he boade so great annoy,  
for her as al the stozies say,  
that halfe the paine had neuer man,  
which had this wofull Troyan than.

His youth, his sport, his pleasant cheere,  
his courtly state and company,

In him so straungely altered were,  
with such a face of contrary,

that euery ioy became a wo,  
this popson new had turnd him so.

And what mē thought might most hī ease  
and most that for his comfort stode,

the same did most his mind displease,  
and set him most in furious mode,

for al his pleasure euer lay,  
to thinke on her & was awaye.

His chamber was his common walke,  
wherein he kept him secretly,

he made his bed the place of talke,  
to here his great extremitie,

In nothing els had he delight,  
but euen to be a martir right.

And now to call her by her name  
and straight therewith to sighe & throbbe:

and when his fancies might not frame,  
then into teares and so to sobbe,

all in extremes and thus he lies,  
making two fountaines of his eyes.

As agues haue sharpe shiftes of fits  
of colde and heat successiuelly:

So had his head like chaunge of wits  
his patience wzought so diuersly,

now vp, now downe, now here, now there,  
like one he was he wist not where.

And thus though he were Priams sone,  
and comen of the kings hye bloodc,

this care he had ere he were wonne,  
till she that was his maistres good,

and loth to see her seruant so,  
became Philicion to his wo,

L. i.

And



## Songes

And toke him to her handes and grace,  
And said she would her minde applye,  
to helpe him in his woful case  
If she might be his remedy.

And thus they say to ease his smart  
She made him owner of her hart.  
And truth it is except they lye,  
From that day forth her study wente,  
To shew to loue him faithfully,  
And his whole minde for to content.  
So happy a man at last was he,  
and eke so worthy a woman was she.

O lady then iudge you by this  
mine ease, and how my case doth fall,  
For sure betwene my life and his  
No difference there is at all,  
His care was greateso was his paine,  
And mine is not the least of twaine

For what he felt in seruice true  
For her whom y he loued to,  
the same I feele as large for you  
to whom I doe my seruice owe.  
There was y time in him no paine,  
But now the same in me doth raigne.

Which if you can compare & waye,  
And how I stand in enery plight,  
then this for you I dare wel say,  
Your hart must nedes remorle of righte,  
to graunt me grace and so to do,  
As Cresid then did Croylus to.

For wel I wot you are as good  
And euen as faire as euer was she,  
And comen of as worthy blood  
And haue in you as large pitie  
to tender me your owne true man,  
As she did him his seruant than:  
Which gift I pray god for my sake,  
Full sone & shortly you me send,  
So shall you make mye sorowes slake,  
So shall you bring my wo to ende.  
And let me in as happy case,  
As Croylus with his lady was.

To

To leade a vertuous and  
honest life.

Mr. Joh. Wyse out  
of Charact.

Flee from the pzease & dwel with soothfastnes;  
Suffise to thee thy good though it be smal,  
for horde hath hate, and climming sicklenes,  
Praise hath enuy, & weale is blinde in all,  
fauour no moze then thee behoue shall  
Rede wel thy selfe & others wel canst rede,  
and trouth shall thee deliuer, it is no drede.  
Paine the not eche croked to redresse,  
In hoape of her that turneth as a ball,  
Great rest standeth in litle businesse,  
Beware also to spurne against a nall,  
Striue not as doth a croke against a wall,  
Deme first thy selfe that demest others dede,  
and truth shall thee deliuer, it is no drede.  
That thee is sente, receiue it in buxomnesse,  
The wrestling of this world asketh a fall,  
Here is no home, here is but wildernesse,  
forth pilgrim forth beaust out of thy stall,  
looke vp on hye, geue thanks to God of all,  
meane well thy lust, and honest life aye leade,  
so trouth shall thee deliuer, it is no drede.

The wounded louer determinethe  
to make sute to his lady  
for his recure.

Since Mars first moued warre, or stirred men to strife,  
was neuer seen so fierce a fight, I scarce could scape with life,  
Relist so long I did, till deathe approchd so nye,  
to save my selfe I thought it best with speede away to flye,  
In daunger still, I fled, by flight I thought to scape  
from my deare foe, it bailed not, alas it was to late.  
for Venus from her campe brought Cupide with his bande,  
who said now yelde or els desire shall chafe thee in euery lande.  
It would I not straight yelde, till fanie fiercely stroke,  
who from my wil did cut the raines & chargd mee with this poke

## Songes

Then all the dayes and nights mine eare might heare the sound  
 What careful sighes my hart would steale, to feele it selfe so bound  
 For though within my brest, thy care I worke (he said)  
 why for good will dost thou beholde her percing eye displaid?  
 Alas the fische is caught through baite y<sup>e</sup> hides the hooke  
 Euen so her eye me trayned hath, & tangled with her looke.  
 But oz that it be long, my hart thou shalt be faine  
 to stay my life, pray her forth throw swete lokes whē I cōplain.  
 when that she shall deny, to do me that good turne,  
 Then shal she see to ashes gray, by flames my body burne.  
 Desert of blame to her, no whight may yet impute,  
 For feare of nay I neuer sought, the way to frame my sute.  
 yet hap y<sup>e</sup> what hap shall, delay I may to long,  
 I say I shall for I heare say, the still man oft hath wrong.

The louer shewing of continuall paines  
 that abide within his brest, determineth  
 to dye because he cannot  
 haue redresse.

**T**he doleful bell that still doth ring  
 the wofull knell of al my ioyes,  
 The wretched hart doth perce & wringe,  
 and filles mine eare with deadly noyes.

The hungry Uiper, in my brest,  
 that on my hart doth lye and knasw,  
 Doth daily brede my newe vnrest,  
 and deeper sighes doth cause me drasme.

And though I force both hand and eye,  
 On pleasant matter to attende,  
 my sorowes to deceyue therby  
 and wretched life for to amende:

yet goeth the mill within my hart  
 which greindeth nought but pain and wo  
 and turned all my ioy to smart,  
 the euil corn it yeldeth so.

Though Venus smile with yelding eyes  
 and swete musike doth play and sing  
 yet doth my spirits feele none of these  
 the clacke doth at myne eare so ring.

As smallest parkes vncared for  
to greatest games do sonest grow,  
euen so did this mine inward soze,  
begin in game and ende in too.

And now by vse so swift it goeth,  
that nothing can mine eares so fill,  
but & the clacke it ouer goeth  
and plucketh me backe into the mill.

But since the mill will nedes aboute,  
the pinne whereon the wheele doth goe,  
I will assay to strike it out,  
and so the mill to ouerthrow.

The power of loue ouer gods  
themselues.

For loue Appollo (his godhed set aside)  
was seruau't to the king of Thessaly,  
whose daughter was so pleasaunt in his eye,  
that both his harp and his sawtry he deade:  
and bagpipe solace of the rurall bride,  
did paffe and blowe, and od the holtes hie,  
his catell kept with that rude melody.  
and oft eke him that doth the heaucens gide,  
hath loue transformed to shapen for him to base  
transmuted thus sometime a swan is he,  
Leda taccoy, and est Europe to please,  
a mild white bull, vnswinkled front and face  
suffreth his play till on his backe lept she,  
whom in great care he serieth through the seas.

The promise of a constant louer.

As Laurel leaues that cease not to be grene  
from parching sun, nor yet from winters threte  
wharthened oke that feareth no sworde so hene  
shint for toole in twaine & will not fret.  
As fast as rocke, or pillar surely set:  
So fast am I to you, and ay haue bene,  
surely whom I cannot forget.



## Songes

For ioy, for paine, for tozment noz for tene,  
 For losse, for gaine, for frowning noz for thzet  
 But euer one, yea bothe in caline and blast,  
 Your faithful frind, and wil be to my last.

Against him that had slaundered  
 a gentle woman with  
 himselfe.

**F**alse may be, and by the powers above  
 Neuer haue he good speede or lucke in loue  
 That so can lie or spot the worthye fame,  
 Of her for whom thou art to blame,  
 For chaste Diane y huntethe still the chace,  
 And all her maides, y sue her in the race,  
 with faires bowes bent and arrowes by their side  
 Can say y thou in this haste falsely lyde.  
 For neuer hong the bowe vpon the wall,  
 Of Dians temple, no noz neuer shall,  
 Of broken chaste the sacred howe to spot  
 Of her whom thou dost charge so large I wot,  
 But if ought be wheresof her blame might rise,  
 It is in y she did not well aduise  
 to marke thee right, as now she doth thee knowe  
 False of thy dede, false of thy talke also.  
 Lurker of kinde like serpent laid to hite,  
 As popson hid vnder the suger white.  
 What daunger such: so was the house defilde  
 Of Collatine, so was the wife begilde,  
 So smarted she, and by a traiterous force  
 The Carthage queene, so she fordid her corse  
 So strangled was the Rodopein maide,  
 Fye traitour fye, to thy shame be it saide,  
 Thou dunghill Crow y crokst against the rain,  
 Home to thy hole, brag not with Shebe againe,  
 Carrion for thee, and lothsome be thy voice,  
 Thy song is foule I weary of thy noyce.  
 Thy black fethers, whiche are thy wearig sweede  
 Wet the w teares, & sorow for thy dede: (crye  
 And in darke caues where ykelome worms do  
 Lurke thou al day, & slyp whē thou shouldst slepe,

And neuer light where liuing thing hath life,  
 But eate and drink where stinch & filth is rife  
 for she that is a fowle of fethers bright,  
 Admit she tooke some pleasure in thy light,  
 As fowle of state sometimes delight to take  
 fowle of meane sort their flight & them to make  
 for play of wing, or solace of their kind,  
 But not in sort as thou dost breake thy minde:  
 Not for to trade with such soule fowle as thou,  
 No no I sweare, & dare it here auow,  
 Thou neuer settest thy foote within her nest,  
 Boast not so broad then to thine owne vnrest,  
 But blush for shame, for in thy face it standes,  
 And thou canst not vnspot it with thy handes.  
 for all the heaucns against the record beare,  
 And all in earth against the eke will sweare,  
 That thou in this art euen none other man,  
 But as the Iudges were to Susan than.  
 forgers of that wherto their lust them prickt,  
 Bashe, blaser then, the truth hath thee conuict:  
 And she a woman of her woorthy fame  
 Unspotted standes, & thou hast caught & shame,  
 And there I pray to God that it may rest,  
 false as thou art, as false as is the best,  
 That so canst wrong the noble kinde of man,  
 In whom al trouth first flourish and began:  
 And so hath stand til now thy wretched part  
 hath spotted vs, of whose kind one thou art,  
 That all the shame that euer rose or may,  
 Of shamefull dede on the may light I lay.  
 And on thy kynd, & thus I wish the rather,  
 That all thy seede may like be to their father,  
 Vntrue as thou and forgers as thou art,  
 So as al be blamelesse of thy part,  
 And of thy dede and thus I do thee leaue,  
 Still to be false, and falsly to deceiue.

### A praise of maistresse R.

I heard when fame with thundring voice did somon to appere,  
 The chiefe of natures childezen all, that kind hath placed her,  
 L.iii. To

## Songes

To biew what brute by vertue got their liues could iustly crane  
 And bad the shew what praise by truth they woorthy wer to haue  
 Wherewith I saw how Venus came and put her selfe in place,  
 And gaue her ladies leaue at large to stand & plead their case.  
 Eche one was cald by name a rosw, in that assembly there  
 that hence are gone or here remaines in court or other where.  
 A solemne silence was proclaimde, the iudges fate and herde,  
 What truth could tell, or craft could faine, & who should be preferd.  
 Then bewtie slept befoze the barre, whose brest & neck was bare  
 With heare trust vp, & on her hed a caule of golde she ware.  
 Thus Cupides thrales began to flock whose hungry eies did say  
 that she had stained all the dames, that present were that day,  
 For er she spake, & whilspzīg words, & pzease was fild through-  
 And fantsy forced cōmon voice, therat to giue a shout. (out  
 which cried to fame take forth thy trūp, & sound her praise on hy  
 That glads the hart of euery wight that her beholds with eye.  
 What stirre and rule (quod order than) do these rude people make  
 we hold her best that shal deserue a praise for vertues sake.  
 This sentence was no sooner sayd, but beauty therewith blusht,  
 the noyse did cease, the hall was still and euery thing was wush.  
 Then finenesse thought by training talke to win that beauty lost  
 And whet her tong with ioly wordes, and spared for no cost.  
 yet wantonne she could not abyde, but brake her tale in hast,  
 And peuisly pride for Decocks plumes would nedes be hiest platt  
 And therewithall came curiosnes and carped out of frame,  
 the audience laught to heare the strife as they beheld the same.  
 Yet reason sone appeased the brute her reuerence made & done,  
 She purchased fauour for to speake, and thus her tale begon.  
 Sins bounty shall the garland were, and crowned be by fame,  
 O happy iudges call for her, for she deserues the same.  
 wher tēperance gouernes beauties floswers & glozy is not sought  
 And shācfast mekenesse mastreth pride, & vertue dwels i thought  
 Bid her come forth and shew her face, or els assent eche one,  
 that true report shal graue her name in golde or marble stone.  
 For all the world to reade at will, what woorthynesse doth rest  
 In perfect pure vnspotted life, which he hath here posselt.  
 Then skill rose by and sought the pzease to finde if that he might  
 A person of such honest name, that men should praise of right.  
 This one I saw ful sadly sit, and shrink her self aside,  
 whose sober lokes did shew what giftes her wiucly grace did hide  
 To here (quod skill, good people all) is Lucretes left aliue,  
 And she shall most accepted be, that least for praise did strue,

No longer fame could hold her peace, but blewe a blast so hye,  
 That made an eccho in the ayre and swoning thzough the skye.  
 The voice was loude, & thus it said, come I. with happye dayes,  
 thy honest life hath wonne the same, and crowned the with praise  
 And when I heard my maistres name, I thrust amids & thzong,  
 And clapt my hands & wisht of god that she might prosper long.

Of one vniusly  
 defamed.

I can close in short and cunning verse,  
 the woorthy praise of bountye by desert,  
 The hatefull spite and sclaunder to reherse,  
 Of them that see but know not what thou art.  
 For kynde by craft hath wzought the so to eye,  
 that no wight may thy wit and vertue spee,  
 But he hath other fele then outward sight,  
 The lacke wherof doth hate and spite to trye,  
 thus kinde by craft is let of vertues light,  
 Se how the outwarde shewe the wittes may dull.  
 Not of the wise but as the moste entend,  
 Minerva yet might neuer perce their scull  
 that Circes cup & Cupides bzand hath blend,  
 whose sonde affectes now stirred haue the braine,  
 So doth thy hap thy hue with colour staine.  
 Beauty thy foe thy shape doubleth thy soze,  
 To hede thy wit and shew thy vertue bayne,  
 fell were thy fate, if wisdom were not moze:  
 I meane by thee euen G. by name,  
 whome for my windes of enuy and disdaine  
 Do tolle with boisterous blastes of wicked fame,  
 where stedfastnesse as chiefe in thee doth raigne.  
 Pacience thy suttle mynd doth guide and stere,  
 Silence and shame with many resteth there.  
 Till tyme thy mother list them forth to call.  
 happy is he that may enioy them all.

Of the death of the late countesse  
 of Penbroke,

yet



## Songes

**Y**et once againe my muse I pardon pray  
 Thine intermitted song if I repeat  
 Not in such wise as when loue was my pray,  
 My ioly wo with ioyful verse to treat.  
 But now (vnthank to our desert be geuen,  
 Which merite not a heauens gift to kepe)  
 Thou must with me bewaile & fate hath reuen  
 From earth a iewel laide in earth to sleepe.  
 A iewel, yea a gemme of womanhed,  
 whose perfect vertues linked as in chaine,  
 So did adorne that humble wiuely hed,  
 As is not rife to find the like againe.  
 For wit and learning framed to obey,  
 Her husbandes wil that willed here to vse  
 The loue he bare her chiefly as a stay,  
 For al her frendes & would her further aë chose.  
 Well said therfore a heauens gift she was,  
 Because the best are sonest hence bereft,  
 And though her selfe to heauen hence did passe,  
 Her spoile to earth frō whence it came she left.  
 And to vs teares her absence to lament,  
 And eke his chaunce that was her make by lasw  
 Whose losse to lose so great an ornament,  
 Let thē esteeme which true loues knot can draw.

That eche thing is hurt  
 of it selfe.

**W**hy fearest thou thy outward so,  
 when thou thy selfe thy harine dost fede.  
 Of grief, or hurt, of paine or wo,  
 Within eche thing is sowne the sede,  
 So fine was neuer yet the cloth,  
 No smith so hard his prou did beate,  
 But thone consumed was with mothe,  
 Choother with canker all to freate.  
 The knotty oke and waynscot old,  
 within doth eat the selly worme  
 Euen so a minde in enuy rolde,  
 Awaies within it selfe doth burne.

Thus

Thus enery thing that nature wrought  
within it selfe his hurt doth beare,  
As outward harme nede to be sought,  
where enemies be within so neare.

### Of the choyse of a wife.

The flickering fame that flicth .frō eare to eare  
And aye her strength encreaseth her flight,  
Gives first the cause why mē to heare delight  
Of those whome she doth note for beauty bright  
And with this fame that flieth on so fast,  
fantie doth hie when reason makes no hast.  
And yet not so content they wishe to see,  
and therby know if fame haue saide aright,  
more trusting to the triall of their eye,  
then to þ brute þ goes of any wight,  
wise in þ point that lightly wil not leue,  
unwise to seeke þ may them after greue.  
who knoweth not how sight may loue allure  
and kindle in the hart a hote desire,  
The eye to worke þ fame could not procure,  
Of greater cause there comineth hotter fire.  
for ere he wete him himself he feleth warm  
the fame & eye the causers of his harme.  
Let fame not make her knownen whō I shal  
for yet mine eye therin to be my gide, (knowe  
suffiseth me þ vertue in her growe,  
wile simple life her fathers walles do hide,  
Content with this I leaue the rest to go,  
And in such choise shall stande in wealth & woe.

### Description of an vngodly worlde.

Who loues to liue in peace, and marketh enery change,  
that here such newes frō time to time, as seme right wōdrō  
Such fraude in frēdly lokes, such frēdship al for gain, (straunge  
Such clokēd wrath in hatefull harts, which worldeye mē retaine  
Such fained flattrring faith amonges both hie and lowe,  
Suche

## Songes

Such great disceit, suche subtilt wittes, the pooze to ouerthrowe,  
 Such spite in sugred tonges, such malice full of pride,  
 Suche open wrong, such great vntruth, which can not go vnspide  
 Such restlesse suite for rowmes, which bringeth men to care,  
 Such sliding downe from slipperie seates, yet can we not beware  
 Such barking at the good, such boltring of the pill,  
 Such threatning of the wrath of god, such vice embraced still.  
 Such strining for the beast, such cluning to estate,  
 Such great dissembling euery where, such loue al mixt with hate  
 Such traines to trap the iust, such prolling fautes to pick,  
 Such cruel words for speaking trouth, who euer harde the lyke?  
 Such strife for sturring strawes, such discord daily wroughte,  
 Such forged tales dull wits do blind, such matters made of nought  
 Such risles tolde for trouth, such crediting of yces,  
 Such seilence kept whē fooles do speake, such laughing at y wise  
 Such plenty made so scarce, such cryng for redzelle,  
 Such feared signes of our decay, which tong dares not expresse,  
 Such chaunges lightly markt, such troubles still appeares,  
 Whiche neuer were before this time, no not this thousand yeares.  
 Such bybing for the purse, which euer gapes for more,  
 Such hoarding vp of wordly wealth, such keeping much in store,  
 Such folly found in age, suche will in tender youth,  
 Such sondry sorts amōg great clearks, & few y speakes y truth  
 Such falshed vnder crafte, and such vniuersall waies,  
 Was neuer scene within mens harts, as is founde nowe a dayes  
 The cause and ground of this, is our vnquiet minde,  
 Which thinks to take those goods away, whiche we muste leue be  
 why doe men seke to geat which they cannot possesse? (hinde.  
 Or break their sleepes & careful thoughtes & al for wretchednesse  
 Though one amongst a scoze, hath welth and ease a while,  
 A thousand want which toyleth soze and trauaile many a myle.  
 And some although they slepe, yet wealth falls in their lap,  
 Thus some be riche, and some be pooze, as fortune geues the hap.  
 wherefore I holde him wise which thinks himselfe at ease,  
 And is content in simple state, both god & man to please.  
 For those that liue like gods, and honoured are to day,  
 Within short time their glozy falles, as flowers doth fade awaye.  
 Uncertain is their liues on whom this world wil froyme,  
 For though they sit aboue y starre, a storme wil caste thē downe.  
 In welth who feares no fall, may slide from ioy ful soone,  
 There is nothing so sure on earth, but chaungeth as the mone.  
 What pleasure hath the riche, or ease more then the pooze?

Although he haue a pleasant house, his trouble is the more,  
 They bowe and speake him faire, which seke to sucke his blood:  
 And some doe wishe his soule in hell, & all to haue his good,  
 The coueting of the gooddes, doth nought but dull the sprite,  
 and some men chaunce to tast the sower, that gropeth for y<sup>e</sup> swete.  
 The riche is stil enuied by those which eate his bread,  
 with fawning speche & flattrng tales his eares are dayly fead.  
 I finde I see and proue the riche haue many foes,  
 He slepeth best, & careth least, y<sup>e</sup> little hath to lose.  
 As time requireth now, who would auoide much strife,  
 were better liue in pooze estate, then leade a princes life.  
 To passe those troublefom times I see but little choise,  
 But helpe to waile with those y<sup>e</sup> wepe, & laugh whē they reioyce.  
 For as we see to day, our brother brought in care,  
 to morow may we haue such chaunce to fall with him in snare.  
 Of this soe may be sure, who thinkes to sit most fast,  
 shal sonest fall like withered leaues y<sup>e</sup> can not bide a blast,  
 Though y<sup>e</sup> the flood be great, the ebbe as lowe doth runne:  
 When euery man hath plated his part our pagent wilbe done.  
 who trusts this wretched world, I hold him worse then madde  
 Here is not one that feareth God, the best is al to badde,  
 For those y<sup>e</sup> seme as saintes, are deuels in their dedes,  
 though that y<sup>e</sup> earth brings forth the some flowers it beareth many  
 I see no present help from mischiefe to preuaile, (weedes  
 But sice the seas of wordly care oz beare a quiet saile,  
 For who y<sup>e</sup> medleth least, shall saue him selfe from smart,  
 who stirres an oare in euery boate shall play a foolish part.

The despairing louer lamenteth.

Walking the path of pensue thought.  
 I askt my hart how came this wo:  
 Thine eye (qued he) this care me thought  
 Thy minde, thy witte, thy Will also,  
 Enforceth me to loue her euer,  
 This is the cause ioy shall I neuer.  
 And as I walke as one dilaide,  
 thinking that wrong this wo me let:  
 right set me word by wrath which saide,  
 this iust iudgement to thee is sent:



## Songes

Neuer to die, but dying euer,  
Till bzeath thee fail ioy shalt thou neuer.

Sith right both iudge this two tendure,  
of health, of wealth, of remedy,  
as I haue done so be she sure,  
of faith and truth vntill I die,  
and as this paine cloke shall I euer,  
So inwardly ioy shal I neuer.

Gripping of gripes griene not so soze,  
Nor serpents sting causeth such smart,  
Nothing on earth may paine me moze,  
Then sight y perst my woful hart,  
Drownded with cares stil to perseuer,  
come death betimes ioy shal I neuer.

O libertie why doest thou swarue,  
and steale away thus al at ones,  
and I in prison like to starue  
For lacke of foode do gnaw on bones,  
my hoape and trust in thee was euer,  
Now thou art gone ioye shal I neuer.

But still as one all desperate,  
To leade my life in misery,  
Sith feare from hope hathe lockt the gate,  
where pitie should graunt remedie,  
Dispaire this lot assigned me euer,  
To liue in paine, ioy shall I neuer.

The louer praieth his seruice to  
be accepted, and his defaults  
pardoned,

P Rocrin that sometime serued Cephalus,  
with hart as true as any louer might,  
yet her betide in louing his vnright,  
That as in hart with loue surpris'd thus,  
She on a day to see this Cephalus,  
where he was wont to shrowde him in the shade,  
when of his huntinge he an ende had made  
within the woods he dyedfull foote forth stalketh,

So busily loue in her head it walketh:  
 that shee so see him may her not restrain.  
 this Cephalus & heard one shake the leaues,  
 Christ al eager thursting after pray,  
 with dart in hand him list to further dayne  
 to see his loue but slew her in the greues,  
 that ment to him but perfect loue alwaye.  
 So curious been alas the rightes all  
 Of mighty loue, that vnnethes may I thinke  
 In his high seruice how to looke or wink.  
 thus I complain & wretchedst am of al,  
 to you my loue, & soueraigne lady dere,  
 that may my hart with deathe or life sterc,  
 As ye best list, that ye vouchesafe in all,  
 mine humble seruaice, and if me misfall,  
 By negligence or els for lack of wit,  
 and thinke & loue made Procrin shake the leaues  
 when with vnright she slaine was in the greues.

### Descrption and praise of his loue.

Like the Phenix a bird most rare in sight,  
 that nature hath with golde & purple drest  
 such she me seemes in whom I most delighte,  
 If I might speake for enuy at the least,  
 Nature I thinke first wrought her in despite,  
 Of rose and lilly & sommer bringeth first,  
 In beauty sure exceeding al the rest.  
 Under the bent of her bowes iustly pight,  
 As Diamonds or Saphers at the least,  
 Her glisring light the darkenes of the night  
 whose litle mouth and chinne like al the rest  
 Her ruddy lips excede the Corall quite,  
 Her puerp teeth where none exceeds the rest  
 faultlesse she is from fote vnto the wast,  
 Her body small, and straight as mast byright,  
 Her armes long in full propozcion cast,  
 Her handes depaint with vaines al blew & white.

what

## Songes

What shall I saye for  $\hat{\text{y}}$  is not in sight,  
the hidden partes I iudge them by the rest,  
And if I were the forzman of the quest,  
To geue a verdict of her beauty brighte,  
forgeue me  $\text{Phebe}$ , thou shouldst be dispossesse  
which dost vsurpe my ladies place of right,  
here wil I cease lest enuy cause despight.  
but nature whē she wrought so faire a wight,  
In this her worke she surely did intend,  
to frame a thing  $\hat{\text{y}}$  god could not amende.

The louer declareth his paines to  
exceede farre the paines  
of hell.

**T**he soules  $\hat{\text{y}}$  lacked grace,  
which lie in bitter paine  
are not in such a place  
as foolish folke doe faine.

Tormented all with fire,  
and boile in leade againe  
with serpents ful of pye  
stong oft with deadly pain.

Then cast in frosen pittes  
to frese there certein howers,  
and for their painfull fittes  
appointed tormētours.

No no it is not so,  
their sorow is not such  
and yet they haue of wo,  
I dare say twise as much.

Which comes because they lack  
the sight of the Godhed,  
and be from that kept back  
wherewith are angels fed.

This thing know I by loue  
thzough absence crueltye,  
which makes me for to proue  
Hell paine befoze I die.

Cheere

There is no tong can tell,  
 My thousand part of care;  
 there may no fire in hell  
 with my desire compare.  
 No boiling lead can passe  
 My scalding sighes in hete,  
 Nor snake that euer was,  
 with stinging can so frete  
 a true and tender hart,  
 As my thoughtes dayly doe,  
 So that I know but imart,  
 And that which longes therto.  
 O Cupid venus sonne,  
 Is thou hast shewed thy might,  
 And hast this conquest wonne  
 Now end the same aright.  
 And as I am thy slaue,  
 Contented with all this,  
 So help me soone to haue  
 My perfit earthly blisse.

Of the death of sir Thomas  
 wiate the elder.

L O dead he liues, that whylome liued here  
 Among the dead, that quicke goes on y grounde.  
 Though he be dead, yet doth he quick appere,  
 By liuely name that death cannot confound,  
 His life for ay of fame the trump shall sound.  
 Though he be dead, yet liues he heare a lue,  
 Thus can no death from wiat life depriue.  
 That length of time consumeth  
 all things.

W hat harder is then stone, what moze then water soft?  
 yet with soft water drops, hard stones bee perced oft,  
 what giues so strong impulse,  
 That stone ne may withstand  
 what giues moze weake repulse,  
 Then water prest with hand,



## Songes

Yet weeke though water bee,  
It holoweth hardest flint,  
By prose therof wee see,  
Time giues the greatest dint.

The beginning of the epistle of Penelope to Vlisses, made into  
verse.

O Lingerling Make Vlisses dere, thy wife lo sendes to thee  
Her dary plaint, wite not againe, but come thy selfe to mee,  
Our hatefull scourge & womans foe, proud Troy now is sezd on  
We bye it dere, though Priam slaine, and all his kingdome won  
That the raging surges great that lechers band had wrought,  
When first with ship the sorowed seas, and Lacedemon sought  
In desert bed my shivering carse the should not haue sought rest  
Nor take in grieve the cherefull sunne so slowly fall to west.  
And whiles I cast long rüning nightes how best I might begile  
No distaste should my widowish hand haue weary made & while  
When died I not moze daungers great then are befall in dede,  
Loue is a careful thing God wot & passing full of drede.

The louer asketh pardon of his passed  
follie in loue.

You that in play peruse my plaint, and read in rime the smart,  
Which in my youth & sighes ful cold I harbourd in my heart  
Know ye that loue in that fraile age, draue me to that distresse,  
When I was halfe another man, that I am now to gesse.  
The for this woozke of wauering wordes wher I now rage now  
Cost in the toys of troublous loue, as care or cōfort grew (rew  
I trust with you that loues affaires by prose haue put in bye,  
Not only pardon in my plaint, but pitie to procure,  
For now I wot that in the world a wonder haue I bee,  
And wher to long loue made me blind, to late shame makes me le  
Thus of my fault shame is the fruit, & for my youth thus past,  
Repentance is my recompence and thus I learne at last.  
Loke what the world hath most in price, as sure it is to kepe,  
As is the dreame which sãlie driues, whiles sence & reason slepe.

The louer sheweth that he was stricken by  
loue on good friday.

It was the day on which the sunne depriued of his light  
To rewe Christes death & his course gaue place vnto the night,  
when I amid mine ease did fall to such distemperate fits,  
That for the face that hath my heart I was bereft my wits,  
I had the haite, the hooke and all, & swift not loues pretence  
But farde as one that fearde none ill, nor forst for no defence,  
Thus dwelling in most quiet state, I fell into this plight,  
And that day gan my secret sighes, when all folk wept in sight.  
for loue that bewed me voide of care, approcht to take his pray,  
And kept by stealth from eye to heart, so open lay the way.  
And straight at eyes braste out in teares, so salt that did declare,  
By token of their bitter taste that they were forge of care.  
Now vaunt thee loue which sleest a maid defense & vertues rare  
And wounded hast a wight vnwise, vnswaponed and vnware.

The louer describeth his whole state vnto his loue  
and promising her his faithfull good  
will assureth him self of hers  
again.

The Sonne when he hath spred his rates,  
And shewde his face ten thousand waies,  
Ten thousand thinges do then begin,  
To shew the life that they are in.  
The heauen shewes liuely art and hue,  
Of sundry shapes and colours new,  
And laughs vpon the earth anone,  
The earth as cold as any stone  
Set in the teares of her own kinde,  
Gins then to take a ioyfull minde.  
for well she feles that out and out,  
The sunne doth warme her round about,  
And dries her children tenderly,  
And shewes them forth ful orderly:  
The mountaines hye and how they stand,  
The ballicies and the great maine land,  
The trees, the herbes, the towres strong,  
The castels and the riuers long.

## Songes

And euen for thy thus of this heate  
 She sheweth forth her pleasures great.  
 And sleepes no more but sendeth forth  
 Her clergious her owne dere sworthe  
 To mount and flye vp to the ayre,  
 Where then they sing in ordre faire,  
 And tell in song full merely,  
 How they haue slept full quietly,  
 That night about their mother sides  
 And when they haue song more besides,  
 Then fall they to their mothers brestes,  
 Where eis they fede or take their restes,  
 The hunter then soundes out his horne,  
 And rangeth strait through wood and corne,  
 On hilles then shew theewe and Lambe,  
 And euery yong one with his damme,  
 Then louers walke and tell their tale,  
 Both of their blisse and of theyr bale  
 And how they serue, and how they doe,  
 And how theyr lady loues them so.  
 Then tune the birdes their armonie,  
 Then flocke the foule in companie,  
 Then euery thing doth pleasure finde,  
 In that comforts al their kinde.  
 No dreames do drench them oft the night,  
 Of foes that would then slea or bite,  
 As houndes to hunt them at the tayle,  
 Or men force them through hill and dale.  
 The shepe then dreames not of the woulf.  
 The shipman forces not the goulfe,  
 The Lambe thinkes not the butchers knife  
 Should then bereue him of his lyfe.  
 For when the Sunne doth once runne in,  
 then al their gladnes doth begin,  
 And the their skips, and their play  
 So falles their sadnes then away.  
 And thus all thinges haue comforting  
 In that that doth them comfort bring,  
 Haue I alas, whome neither sunne,  
 Nor ought that god hath wrought and done  
 May comfort ought, as though I were  
 A thing not made for comfort here.

for

for being absent from your sight,  
 which are my ioy and whole delight,  
 My comfort and my pleasure to  
 how can I ioy, how should I do:  
 May sick me laughe that roze with pae  
 Joy they in song that doe complaine:  
 Are martiers in their toziments glad:  
 Do pleasures please them that are mad:  
 Then how may I in comfort be,  
 That lack & thing should comfort me:  
 The blinde man oft that lackes his sight  
 Complaines not most the lack of light  
 But those that knew their perfectnes,  
 And then doe misse their blissefulnesse,  
 In martirs tunes they sing and waile  
 The want of the which both them faile  
 And herof comes that in my braines,  
 So many fancies worke my paynes.  
 For when I waight your worthines,  
 Your wisdom and your gentlenes,  
 Your vertues and your sundry grace,  
 And mynde the countenance of your face  
 And how that you are she alone,  
 To whom I must both plaine and moe  
 Whom I doe loue and must doe still,  
 Whom I embrace and ay so will.  
 To serue and please you as I can,  
 As may a wofull faithfull man  
 And finde my self so far you fro,  
 God knowes what tozmet & what wo  
 My rusul heart doth then embrace.  
 The blood then changeth in my face.  
 My sinewes dull in dompes I stand,  
 No life I fele in foote nor hande,  
 As pale as any clout and ded,  
 So sodenly the blood orespred  
 And gone againe it nill so bide.  
 And thus from life to death I slide,  
 As colde sometimes as any stone,  
 And then againe as hote anone.  
 Thus comes and goes my sundry fits,  
 To geue me sundry sorts of wits.



## Songes

Till that a sigh<sup>r</sup> becomes my frende,  
 And than to al this wo doth ende,  
 And sure I think the sigh doth ronne,  
 From me to you where as you wonne  
 For well I finde it easeeth me,  
 And certes much it pleaseeth me,  
 To think that it doth come to you,  
 As would to god it could so doe,  
 For then I know you would lone finde  
 By sent and saueur of the winde,  
 That euen a martirs sigh it is,  
 Whose ioy you are and his blisse,  
 His comfort and his pleasure eke,  
 And euen the same that he doth seke,  
 The same that he doth wish and craue,  
 The same that he doth trust to haue,  
 To tender you in all he may,  
 And all your likinges to obay.  
 As farr as in his powze shal lye,  
 Till death shall dart him for to die.  
 But wel away mine own most best,  
 My ioy, my comfort and my rest,  
 The causer of my wo and smart,  
 And yet the pleaser of my heart,  
 And she that on the earth aboue,  
 Is euen the worthiest for to loue,  
 Heare now my plaint, heare now my wo  
 Here now his paine that loues you so.  
 And if your hart doe pitie beare,  
 Pittie the cause that you shall heare.  
 I doe full sore in al this dout,  
 Who leaues me not but seke me out,  
 Of wretched forme and lothsome face,  
 While I stand in this woful case,  
 Comes forth and takes me by the hand,  
 And saies friend hark and vnderstande,  
 I see well by thy port and chere,  
 And by thy lockes and thy maners  
 And by thy sadnes as thou goest  
 And by the sighes that thou outhrowest,  
 That thou art stuffed full of wo,  
 The cause I think I do well know,

A fanta=

A fantasie thou art of some,  
 By whom thy wits are overcome  
 But hast thou red old pamphlets oft:  
 Or hast thou knowen how booke haue taught  
 That loue doth vse to such as thou,  
 When thy do think them safe enow,  
 And certain of their ladies grace,  
 Hast thou not seene oft times the case  
 That sodenly their hap hath turnde  
 As thinges in flame consume and burnde  
 Some by disceit forsaken right,  
 Some likewise changed of fanelight,  
 And some by absence sone forgot,  
 The lottes in one, why knowest thou not:  
 And tho that she bee now thy owne,  
 And knowesthee well as may bee knowne,  
 And thinkes thee to be suche a one,  
 As she likes best to be her owne,  
 Thinkes thou that others haue not grace,  
 To show and plaine their wofull case:  
 And chose her selfe their lady now,  
 And swere her trouth as well as thou,  
 And what if she doe alter minde:  
 Where is the loue that thou wouldest finde  
 Absence my frenie workes wonders oft  
 How bringes full low that lay full lost,  
 How turnes the minde now to now fro,  
 And where art thou if it were so:  
 If absence quod I bee marueilous  
 Find her not so dangerous:  
 For she may not renoue me fro,  
 The poore good will that I do owe  
 To her, whom vnnich I loue and shall  
 And chosen haue aboue them all,  
 Serue and bee her sone as far,  
 As any man may offer her.  
 And will her serue, and will her loue,  
 And lowly as it shal behoue,  
 And die her owne if fate bee so,  
 As shall my hart nax part her fro,  
 And witness shall my good will be,  
 That absence takes her not from me.

## Songes

But that my loue doth still encrease,  
to minde her still and neuer cease,  
And what I feele to bee in mee,  
the same good will I think ha th she.  
As firme and fast to biden ay,  
till death depart vs both away.  
And as I haue my tale thus told  
Steps vnto me with countenance bold  
A stedfast frende a counsellour,  
And named is hope my comfortour,  
And stoutly then he speakes and saies,  
thou hast said trouth withouten naies:  
For I assure the euen by othe,  
And thereon take my hand and troth,  
that she is one the worthiest,  
The truest and the faithfulest,  
the gentlest and the meekest of minde,  
What here on earth a man may finde.  
And if that loue and trouth were gone,  
In her it might bee founde alone.  
For in her minde no thought there is,  
But how she may betrewe iwis,  
And tenders thee and all thy heale,  
And wisheth both thy health and weale,  
And loues thee euen as farforth than,  
As any woman may a man.  
And is thyn owne and so she saies  
And cares for thee ten thousand waies,  
On thee she speakes on the she thinks,  
With the she eates with the she drinks,  
With the she talkes, with the she mones  
With the she sighes, with the she grones  
With the she sayes farewell mine owne,  
Why thou God knowest full farre art gon  
And euen to tell the all aright,  
to thee shee saies ful oft good night,  
And names thee oft, her owne most dere,  
Her comfort weale and all chere.  
And telles her pilloswe al the tale,  
How thou hast don her wo and bale,  
And how she longes and plaines for the.  
And saies why art thou so from me:

Am

Am I not she that loues the best,  
Do I not wish thyn ease and rest:  
Seke I not how I may thee please:  
Why art thou then so from thine ease:  
If I bee she for whom thou carest,  
For whom in tormentes so thou farest  
Alas thou knowest to finde me here,  
where I remaine thine own most dere,  
thin own most true, thin own most iust  
Thine own & loue the still and must,  
thine own that cares alone for thee,  
As thou I thinke dost care for me.  
And euen the woman, she alone,  
that is ful bent to bee thine owne,  
what wilt þ more what cāst thou craue  
Since she is as þ wouldest her haue:  
Then set this driuel out of the doze,  
that in thy braies such tales doth poure  
Of absence and of changes straunge,  
Send him to those that vse to change,  
for she is none I thee auow,  
And well thou maist beleue mee now,  
whē hope hath thus his reason saide,  
Lord how I fele me well apaide.  
A new blood then ozspredes my bones  
that all in ioy I stande at ones.  
My hand I throw to heauen aboue,  
And humbly thanke the God of loue,  
That of his grace I should bestow,  
My loue so well as I it owe,  
And all the planets as they stande  
I thank them to with hart and hand,  
That theire aspectes so frendly were  
that I should so my good will bere  
to you that are the wortheiest,  
the fairest and the gentillest.  
And best can say, and best can do,  
that longes me thinkes a woman to.  
And therfore are most worthy far,  
to bee beloued as you ar.  
And sates hope in all this tale,  
wherby he easeth all my bale,



## Songes

For I beleue and think it true,  
That he doth speake or say of you,  
And thus contented lo I stand,  
With that that hope beares me in hand,  
That I am yours and shall so bee,  
Which hope I kepe full sure in me  
As he that all my comfort is  
On you alone which are my blis,  
My pleasure chiefe which most I finde,  
And euen the whole ioy of my minde,  
And shall so bee vntill that death,  
Shall make me yelde by life and breath.  
Thus good my owne, lo here my trust,  
Lo here my truth and seruice iust,  
Lo in what case for you I stand,  
Lo how you haue me in your hande  
And if you can requite a man,  
Requite me as you finde me than.

Of the tronbled comen welth restored  
to quiet by the mighty power  
of God.

The secret flame that made all Troy so hot,  
Long did it lurke within the wooden horse,  
The machine huge Troians suspected nor,  
The guiles of Grekes, nor of their hidden force,  
Till in their beddes their armed foes them met  
And slew them there, and Troy on fire set.

Then rose the roze of treason round about,  
And childzen could of treason call and cry.  
Wyles wrong their handes, the whole tyred to woe throughout  
When that they saw their husbandes slain thereby,  
And to the gods and to the skies they shryght,  
Vengeance to take for treason of that night.

Then was the name of Sinon spred and blowne  
And wherunto his filed tale did tende  
The secret states and metinges then were known,  
Of Troyan traytours tending to this ende,  
And euery man could say as in that case,  
Treason in Antenor and Eneas,

But

But al to long such wisdome was in store,  
To late come out the name of traytour than  
When that their kinge the altar lay besore,  
Slaine ther alas, that woꝛthy noble man,  
Iliam on flame, the matrons cryeng out,  
And all the stretes and streemes of blood about.

But suche was fate, oꝛ suche was simple trust,  
That king and all should thus to ruine runne,  
For if our stozies certain be and iust,  
There were that sawe such mischief should be donne,  
And warning gaue which compted were in sozt,  
As said diuines in matter but of sport.

Suche was the time and so in state it stode,  
Troy trembled not, carelesse were the men  
They bzake the walles they toke this hoꝛse for good  
They demed Grekes gon, they thought all surctie then  
When treason starte, and set the towne on fire,  
And stroyed Troians and gaue Grekes their desire,  
Like to our time, wherin hath broken out,  
The hidden harme that we suspected least,  
Bombard within our walles and realme about  
As Grekes in Troy wer in the Grekish beast,  
Whose tempest great of harnes and of armes,  
We thought not on till it did noise our harmes.

Then felt we wel the pillar of our welth,  
How soze it shoke then sawe we euen at hande,  
Ruine how she rusht to confounde oure helth,  
Our realme and vs with force of mighty hande:  
And then we heard how treason loude did rage,  
Mine is the rule and raigne I will therefore.

Of treason marke the nature and the kind,  
A face it beres of all humilitie,  
Truth is the cloake and frendship of the minde,  
And depe it goes, and woꝛketh secretly,  
Like to a mine that cꝛepes so ny the wall,  
Till out bꝛeakes sulphure, and oꝛtturneth all.

But he on hie that secretly behouldes  
The state of thinges, and times hath in his hande,  
And pluckes in plages, and them again vnfoldes,  
And hath appointed realmes to fall and stande,  
He in the midst of al this sturre and route,  
Can bende his browe, and moue himseife about,

## Songes

As who should say and are ye minded so:  
And thus to chose, and whom you knowe I loue,  
Am I such one as none of you do knowe:  
Or know ye not that I sit here aboue,  
And my handes doe hold your welth and wo,  
To raise you now to ouerth:ow.

Then think that I as I haue set you all,  
In places where your honours lay and fame,  
So now my selfe shall geue you eche your fall,  
Where eche of you shall haue your woorthye shame,  
And in their handes I will your fall shall be,  
Whose fall in yours you sought so soze to see.

Whose wisdom he as he the same foresaw,  
So is it wrought, such loe his iustice is,  
He is the Lord of men and of his law,  
Praise therfore now his mighty name in this,  
And make accompt that this our case doth strãde,  
As Israel free from wicked Pharaos hand.

The louer to his loue hauing fors'  
saken him and betaken her  
selte to an other.

The birde that sometime built within my brest  
And there as then chief succour did receiue,  
Hath now els where built her another nest,  
And of the old hath taken quite her leaue.  
To you my oste that harbour mine olde guest,  
Of such a one, as I can now conceiue,  
Sith that in change her choise doth chief consist,  
The hawk may check, that now cōes faire to list.

The louer sheweth that in dissembling  
his loue openlie he kepeth secret  
his secret good will.

Not like a God came Iupiter to woo,  
When he the faire Europa sought vnto,

An

In other forme his godly wisdome toke  
 Such in effect as writeth Ouides boke.  
 As on the earth no livinge wight can tel,  
 That mighty Ioue did loue the quene so well.  
 For had he come in golden garmentes bright,  
 Or so as men mought haue stard on the sight,  
 Spied had it bene both through earth and aire,  
 That Ioue had loued the Lady Europa faire.  
 And then had some bene angry at the heart  
 And some againe as iewels for their part.  
 Both which to stop, this gentie god tooke minde  
 To shapc him selfe into a brutish kinde,  
 To such a kinde as hid what state he was,  
 And yet did bring him what he sought to passe,  
 To both their ioyes, to both their comfort lone.  
 Though knowen to none till at the thig was doe  
 In which att empt if I the like assay,  
 To you to whom I do my self bewray.  
 Let it suffice that I do seke to be,  
 Not coarted yours, and yet for to be he.

The louer deceiued by his loue  
 repenteth him of true  
 loue he bare her.

That Uisses yeres haue spent,  
 To finde Penelope,  
 finde wel that folly I haue ment,  
 To seke that was not so,  
 Since Troylus case hath caused me,  
 from Cressed for to go,  
 And to bewaile Uisses truth,  
 In seas and stormy skies,  
 Of wanton will and raging youth,  
 which me haue tossed soze.  
 from Scilla to Caribdis cliues  
 Upon the drowning shore.  
 where I sought haue there found I hap,  
 from danger vnto death:  
 Much like the Mouse that treades the trap,  
 In hope to finde her foode,

And



## Songes

And bites the bread that stopes her breath,  
So in like case I stode,  
Till now repentance hastened him  
To further me so fast,  
That wheare I sauke there now I swimme,  
And haue both streame and winde,  
And luck as good if it may last,  
As any man may finde.  
That where I perished, safe I passe,  
And finde no perill there,  
But stedy stone, no ground of glasse,  
Now am I sure to saue,  
And not to flete from feare to feare,  
Such anker holde I haue.

The louer hauing enjoyed his loue humbly  
thanketh the god of loue, and auowing  
his heart onely to her faithfullie  
promiseth vterlie to forsake  
all other.

**T**hou Cupide god of loue, whom Venus thralles do serue,  
I yelde the thanks vpon my knees, as thou dost wel deserue  
By the my wished eyes haue shaken of dispaire,  
and al my storming daies be past, and wether wexeth faire.  
By the I haue receiued a thousand times more ioy,  
Then euer Paris did possesse, when Helen was in Troy,  
By the haue I that hope, for which I longd so sore,  
And when I think vpon the same, my heart doth leape therfore,  
By the my heappy doubtles and trembling feares are fled,  
and now my wits & troubled woe with pleasant thoughts are fed  
For dreade is banisht cleane, wherein I stode full oft,  
And doubt to speake that lay ful low, is lifted now aloft  
With armes bespzed abroad, with opened handes and heart,  
I haue enioyd the fruite of hope, reward for all my smart,  
The seale and signe of loue, the key of trouth and trust,  
The pledge of pure good wil haue I, which makes & ioners lust  
Such grace sins I haue sounde, to one I me betake,  
The rest of Venus darlinges all, I biterly forsake:

And

And to perforce this vow, I bid my eyes beware,  
 That they no strangers doe salute, nor on their beauties stare,  
 My wits I warne ye all from this time forth take hede,  
 That ye no wanton toys deuise my fancies new to fede,  
 My eares be ye shut vp, and here no womans voice,  
 That may procure me once to smile, or make my hart reioyce.  
 My feete full slow bee ye and lame when ye should moue,  
 To bring my body any where to seke an other loue,  
 Let all the Gods about, and wicked sprites below,  
 And euery wight in earth accuse and curse me where I go:  
 If I do false my faith in any point or case,  
 I lodeine vengeance fall on me I aske no better grace.  
 I way then sly ryme present myne earnest faith,  
 Vnto my lady where she is, and marke thou what she saith.  
 And if she welcome thee, and lay thee in her lap,  
 Spying thou for ioy, thy maister hath his most desired hap.

Totus mundus in maligno  
 positus.

Complaine we may, much is amisse,  
 Hope is nye gone to haue redresse:  
 These dayes ben ill, nothing sure is,  
 Kind hart is wraapt in heauines.  
 The sterne is broke, the saile is rent,  
 The ship is giuen to wind and waue,  
 All helpe is gone, the rocke present,  
 That will be lost, what man can saue?  
 Chinges hard, therfore are nowe refused  
 Labour in youth is thought but vaine,  
 Duty by (will not) is excused,  
 Amonge the stop the way is plaine,  
 Learning is lewde, & held a foole,  
 Wisedome is shent, counted to raile.  
 Reason is banisht out of schole,  
 The blind is bolde and woordes preuaile.  
 Power without care slepeth at ease,  
 Will without lawe runneth where he list,  
 Might without mercy cannot please,  
 Wise man saith not, had I wist.

When

## Songes

When power lackes care and forceth not,  
When care is feble and may not,  
When night is slothfull and will not,  
Wedes may grow wher good herbes cannot,

Take wrong away, law nedeth not,  
For law to wrong is bridle and paine.  
Take feare away law booteth not.  
To strue against stream, it is but vaine.

Will is witty, brainsicke is wise,  
trouth is folly, and might is right,  
wordes is reason and reason is lyes,  
the bad is good and darknesse is light.

Wrong to redresse, wil dome dare not,  
Hardy is happy, and ruleth most,  
wilful is witlesse and careth not,  
which end go first till all be lost.

Few right do loue and wrong refuse,  
Pleasure is sought in euery state.  
Liking is lust, there is no chuse,  
the losse geue to the hygh check mate,

Order is broke in thinges of weicht,  
Measure and meane who doth not flee,  
Two thinges preuaile, money and sleight,  
To seeme is better then to bee.

The boule is round, and doth do wne slide  
Eche one thrusteth none doth vphold,  
A fall failes not, wher blind is guide,  
The stay is gone, who can him holde?

Folly and falshed praieth a pace,  
Trouth vnder bushel is faine to crepe  
Flattery is treble, pride singes the base,  
the meane the best part scant doth pepe.

This fiery plage the world infectes  
to vertue and truth it geues no rest.  
Mens hartes are burnde with sundry sectes  
And to eche man his way is best.

With flodes and stozmes thus be we tost,  
Awake good lord, to the we crie,  
Our ship is almost sonk and lost.  
Thy mercy help our misery,

Mans strength is weake, mans wit is dull  
Mans reason is blinde, these things tamend,  
The

Thy hand (O lord) of might is full  
 awake betime, and helpe vs sende,  
 In thee we trust, and in no wight  
 haue vs as chickens vnder the hen,  
 Our crokednesse thou canst make right  
 Glozy to thee for aye. Amen.

### The wise trade of lyfe.

D All your dedes by good aduise  
 Cast in your minde,  
 Wit bought is of to deare a price,  
 The tried trust, and take as friends,  
 For friends I finde there bee but two  
 Of countenaunce, and of effect,  
 Of thone sort there are ynowe,  
 But fewe beene of the tother sort.  
 Beware also the venome swete  
 Of crafty woordes and flattery,  
 For to deceiue they be most meete,  
 That best can play hypocritie.  
 Let wisdom rule your dede and thoughte  
 So shall your woorkes be wisely wrought.

That fewe wordes shew wisdom  
 and woorkemuche quiet.

Who list to leade a quiet life,  
 who list to rid himselfe fro strife,  
 Geue eare to me marke what I say,  
 Remember well, beare it away,  
 Hold back thy tong at meate and meale,  
 Speake but few woordes, bestow the wel  
 By woordes the wise thou shalt espye  
 By woordes a foole sone shalt thou try,  
 A wise man can his tong make cease,  
 A foole can neuer holde his peace.  
 Who loueth rest of woordes beware,  
 Who loueth woordes is sure of care,



## Songes

Foꝛ woordes oft many haue bene spent,  
Foꝛ silence kept none hath repent.  
Two eares one tong onelye thou hast,  
Who things to heare then woordes to waste.  
A foole in no wise can foꝛbeare,  
He hath two tonges and but one eare.  
Be sure thou kepe a stedfast braine,  
Lest that thy woordes put thee to paine,  
Woordes wisely set are woꝛthe muche golde,  
The price of rashnes is sone tolde.  
If time require woordes to be had,  
So holde thy peace I count the mad,  
take onely of nedefull verities,  
firme not foꝛ tryfling fantasies,  
With sobernesse the truthe boult out,  
Affirme nothing wherin is doubt.  
Who to this loze wil take good heede,  
and spend no moze woordes then he neede:  
Though he be a foole and haue no braine,  
Yet shal he a name of wisdom gain.  
Speake while time is oꝛ holde thee still,  
woordes out of time do oft thinges spill,  
Say wel and doe wel are thinges twaine  
Twile blis is he in whome both raygne.

The complaint of a whot woer  
delaied with doubtfull  
colde aunsweres.

A kinde of coale is as men say,  
which haue assayde the same,  
That in the fire will waste a waye,  
And outwarde cast no flame.  
Unto my selfe may I compare,  
Those coales that so consume,  
where nought is scene though men do stare,  
In stede of flame, but fume.  
They say also to make them burne,  
Colde water must be cast,  
Oꝛ els to ashes wil they turne.

And

And halfe to cinder wast.  
 As this is wonder for to see,  
 Cold water warine the fire,  
 So hath your coldnesse caused me,  
 To burne in my desire.  
 And as this water cold of kinde  
 Can cause both heate and colde,  
 And can these coales both breake & binde  
 To burne as I haue tolde:  
 So can your tong of frosen yse,  
 From whence could answeres come;  
 Both coole the fire, and fire entice  
 To burne me all and some.  
 Lyke to y cozne y standes on stack,  
 which mowen in winter sunne,  
 ful faire without, within is blacke;  
 Such heate therein doth runne,  
 By force of fire this water colde,  
 Hath bred to burne within,  
 Euen so am I, that heate doth holde  
 which colde did first begin:  
 which heate is stint when I do strue,  
 To haue some ease sometime,  
 But flame a freshe I doe reuiue,  
 wherby I cause to cline.  
 In stede of smoke a sighing breath,  
 with sparkes of sprinkled teares,  
 That I shoulde liue this liuing deathe,  
 which wailes and neuer weares.

### The aunswere.

Your bozowed meane to moue your mone, of fume bout flame  
 Being set from smithy smoking coales, ye seme so by the same  
 To shew what such coale vse is taught by such as haue assayde,  
 As I, that most do wish you well, and so right wet appayde,  
 That you haue such a lesson learnde, how either to maintaine,  
 Your freedome of unkindeled coale, unheaped al in vaine.  
 O: how most fruitfully to frame, with worthy workmans arte,  
 That cunning piece may passe therefore, by helpe of heated harte  
 Out of the forge wherein the fume of sighes doth mount alofte,

R.ii.

A hat

## Songes

That argues presente force of fire to make the mettall soft.  
 To yelde vnto the hammer hed, as best the workeman lyketh  
 That thyron glowing after blast in time and temper strikes,  
 wherin the vse of water is, as you do seeme to say,  
 To quenche no flame ne hinder heate, ne yet to waste away  
 But y<sup>e</sup> which better is for you and moze delighteth me,  
 To saue you from the sodain waste, vaine cinderlike to be.  
 Which lasting better likes in loue, as you your semble pleye,  
 Then doth the haue n blase, y<sup>e</sup> flames and flitteth by & bye,  
 Sith then you know eche vse, wherin our cole may be applyde,  
 Either to lie and last on horde, in open ayre to bide,  
 Withouten vse to gather fat by falling of the raines,  
 That makes the pitchy iuyce to growe, by soking in his baines,  
 Or iye on furnace in the forge, as is his vse of right,  
 wherin the water trough may serue, & enterpelde her might  
 By worke of smithes both hand & head, a cunning kay to make  
 Or other piece as cause shall craue and bid him vndertake,  
 Do as you deme most fit to do, and whereupon may grow  
 Such ioy to you, as I may ioy your ioyfull case to knowe.

An Epitaph made by W. G. lying on  
 his death bed, to be set vpon  
 his owne tombe.

L O here lyeth G. vnder the grounde,  
 Among the greedy wormes,  
 Which in his life time neuer founde  
 But strife and sturdy stormes:  
 And namely thorough a wicked wife,  
 As to the world apperes,  
 She was the shortning of his life,  
 By many daies and yeres.  
 He might haue liued long, god wot,  
 His peares they were but pong,  
 Of wicked wines this is the lot,  
 To kill with spitefull tong.  
 whose memozy shal still remaine  
 In writing here with me,  
 That men may know whome she hath slaine,  
 And say this same is she.

## An aunſwere,

If þy wicked wife had ſponne the thꝛead,  
 And were the weauer of thy wo,  
 Then art thou double happie to be deade,  
 As happely diſpatched ſo.  
 If rage did cauſeleſſe cauſe thee to complain,  
 And mad mode mouer of thy mone,  
 If frenſy forced on thy teſty braine,  
 Then bliſt is ſhe to liue alone.  
 So whether were the ground of others griefe,  
 Becauſe ſo doubtfull was the doine,  
 Now death hath brought your paine a right reliefe  
 And bleſſed be ye both become:  
 She, & ſhe liues no longer bound to beare  
 The rule of ſuch a froward hed,  
 Thou, & thou liueſt no longer ſaine to feare,  
 The reſtleſſe rampe & thou hadſt wed.  
 Be thou as glad therefoze that thou art gone  
 As ſhe is glad ſhe doth abide,  
 For ſo ye be a ſunder, al is one,  
 A badder match cannot betide

An epitaph of maiſter Henry  
williams.

From worldly wo the ende of miſbeliefe,  
 From cauſe of care that leadeth to lament,  
 From vaine delight, the ground of greater griefe  
 From feare for friends, from matter to repent,  
 From painfull panges laſt ſorowe & is ſent,  
 From dread of death, ſith death doth ſet vs free,  
 With it the better pleaſed ſhould we bee.

This lothſome life where liking we do finde  
 Thence reſer of our crimes, doth vs bereeue,  
 Our bliſſe & alwaies ought to be in minde,  
 This wily world, whiles here we breath aliue  
 And fleſh our ſained to, do ſiſly ſtrive,  
 To flatter vs, aſſuring here the ioy  
 where we, alas, do finde but great annoye,



## Songes

Untold heaps though we haue of worldly wealth,  
 Though we possesse the sea and fruitfull ground,  
 Strength, beauty, knowledge, and warmed helth,  
 Though at a wish al pleasure doe abound,  
 It were but vaine, no frendship can be founde,  
 When death assauteth with his dzedefull darte  
 No raunsome can stay the home halting hart.

And sith thou cut the liues line in twaine  
 Of hery, sonne to sir John williams knight,  
 Whose manly hart and prowes none could staine,  
 Whose goodly life to vertue was our light  
 Whose worthy fame shall flourish long by righte,  
 Though in his life so cruel mightest thou bee,  
 His spite in heauen shal triumph ouer thee.

### Another of the same.

Say gentle frend that passest by,  
 And learne the loze that leadeth al  
 From whence we come with hast to hie  
 To liue to die, and stand to fall.

And learne y strength and lustye age,  
 That wealth and want of worldly woe  
 Cannot withstand the mighty rage  
 Of death, our best vnwelcome to.

Foz hopefull youth had hight me helth,  
 My lust to last till time to die,  
 and fortune found my vertue wealthe,  
 But yet foz al y here I lye.

Learne also this, to ease thy minde,  
 when death on corpes hath wrought his spighte,  
 A time of triumphe shalt thou finde,  
 with mee to scoyne him in delight.

Foz one day shall we mete againe  
 Hauger deathes darte, in life to dwell,  
 Then will I thanke thee foz thy paine,  
 Now marke my woordes and fare thou well.

Against women cyther good  
 or bad.

A Man may liue thise Nestors life,  
 Thise wander out Ulysses race,  
 yet neuer find Ulysses wife,  
 Such change hath chaunced in this case.  
 Lesse age wil serue then Paris had,  
 Small peyne (if none be small ynough)  
 To finde good stoze of Helens trade,  
 Such lappe the roote doth yeld the bough.  
 For one good wife Ulysses flew  
 A worthy knot of gentle blood,  
 For one ill wife Greece ouerthrew  
 The towne of Troy: Sith bad and good  
 bring mischiese, Lord let be thy will  
 To kepe me free from eyther ill.

### Anaunswer.

The vertue of Ulysses wife  
 Doth liue, though she hath cest her race  
 And farre surmounts old Nestors life,  
 But new in mo than then it was,  
 Such chaunce is chaunced in this case.  
 Ladies now liue in other trade,  
 farre other Helens now we see,  
 Chan she whom Troyan Paris had,  
 As vertue fedes the roote, so bee  
 the sap and roote of bough and tree.  
 Ulysses rage, not his good wife  
 Spilt gentle blood. Not Helens face  
 But Paris eye did raise the knife,  
 That did the Troyan buylding race.  
 Thus sith ne good, ne bad do yll,  
 Them all, O lord maintaine my wyll,  
 to serue with all my force and skill.

Against a gentle woman by whom  
 he was refused.

To false report and flying fame,  
 Whylest my mind gaue credit light,  
 N.iii.

Be-

## Songes

Believing that her bolstred name  
Had stufte to shew that praise did hight,  
I find wel now I did mistake  
Upon report my ground to make.

I hard it said such one was she,  
as rare to finde as paragone,  
Of loswly chere of hart so free,  
as her for bountie could passe none.  
Such one wer faire though fourm & face  
were meane to passe in second place.

I sought it neare, & thinking to fynd  
Report & deede both to agree,  
But change had tried her suttile minde:  
Of force I was enforced to see  
That shee in dede was nothing so,  
which made my wil my hart forgo.

For she is such as geason none,  
And what she most may boast to be,  
I finde her matches mo then one,  
What nede thee so to deale with me?  
Ha flyering face with scornfull hart,  
So ill reward for good desart.

I wil repent that I haue done,  
To ende so well the losse is small,  
I lost her loue that lesse hath wonne  
To want she had me as her thzail,  
What though a gylot sent that note,  
By cock and pye I meane it not.

### The answer.

**W**hom fansy forceth first to loue  
Now frensy forceth for to hate,  
whose mynd erst madnesse gan to moue  
Inconstance causeth to abate  
No mynde of meane, but heat of braine,  
Wed light loue like hate againe.

What hurld your hart in so great heat?  
Fansy forced by fained fame  
Belike that she was light to geat:  
For if that vertue and good name

Moued

Moued your mind, why changed your will  
Sith vertue the cause abideth still:

Such fame reported her to bee  
as rare it were to find her peere,  
for vertue and for honesty,  
for her free hart and lowly cheere  
his land had lyed if you had sped,  
and fame bene false that hath ben spred.

Sith she hath so kept her good name,  
Such praise of life and giftes of grace,  
as brute selfe blussheth for to blame,  
Such fame as fame feares to deface,  
you sclander not but make it plaine,  
That you blame brute of brutish traine.

If you haue found it looking neere,  
Not as you take the brute to be,  
By like you ment by lowly cheere,  
Bounty and hart that you call free.  
but leswe lightnesse easy to frame,  
To winne your will against her name.

May she may deme your deming so,  
A marke of madness in his kind,  
Such causeth not good name to goe,  
as your fond folly sought to finde,  
for brut of kind bent il to blase,  
away saith ill, but forced by cause.

The mo ther be, such as is she,  
More should be gods thank for his grace,  
The more is her ioy it to see.

Good should by geason earne no place,  
For number make nought that is good,  
Your strange lusting hed wants a hood.

Her dealing greueth you (say ye)  
Besides your labour lost in vaine,  
Her dealing was not as we see,  
To claunder the end of your great paine  
A lewde lying lips, and hatefull hart,  
What canst thou desire in such desert.

Ye will repent, and right for done,  
Ye haue a dede deseruing shame,  
from reasons race farre haue ye runne.  
Hold your rayling kepe your tong tame.



## Songes

Her loue, ye lye, ye lost it not,  
 Ye neuer lost that ye neuer got.  
 She rest ye not your libertie,  
 She vaunteth she had you thzale.  
 If oft haue done it, let it lye,  
 On rage that rest you wit and all,  
 What though a verlets tale you tell  
 By cocke and ppe, you do it well.

The louer dreading to moue his sute  
 for doubt of deniall, accuseth  
 all women of disdain  
 and fickle-  
 nesse.

**T**O walke on doubtful ground, wher daunger is vnseene,  
 Doth double men that carelesse be in depe dispaire I wene,  
 For as the blynd doth feare what foating he shal fynde,  
 So doth the wise before he speak, mistrust the strangers mynde.  
 For he that bluntly runnes, may light among the breezes,  
 And so be put vnto his plunge where daunger least apperes,  
 The birde that sellis foole, doth warne vs to beware,  
 Who lighteth not on euery bush, he dreads to the snare,  
 The Housle that shons the trap, doth shew what harm doth lye,  
 Within the swete betraieing bait, that oft deceiues the eye,  
 The fish auoides the hooke though hunger bids him bite,  
 And houereth still about the worme, wheron is hid delite.  
 If birdes and beastes can see, where their vndoyng lyes,  
 How should a mischife scape our heads, that haue both wit & eyes  
 What madnes may be moze then plosw the barrein fieldes,  
 Or any fruitfull wordes to soe, to eares that are vnswilde,  
 They heare & than mislike, they like and then they loth  
 They hate, they loue, they scorn, they praise, yea sure they can doe  
 We see what falles they haue y climb on trees vnkowne, (both  
 As they that trust to rotten bowes, must nedes be ouerthrowne.  
 A smart in silence kept, doth ease the hart much moze,  
 Then for to plaine where is no salue, for to recure the soze.  
 Wherefore my grieve I hyde, within a holow hart,  
 Untill the smoke therof be spred, by flaming of the smart.

## An aunswere.

To trust the fained face, to rue on forced teares,  
 To credite finely forged tales wherein ther is appeares,  
 And breates as from the best a smoke of kindled smart,  
 Where onely lurkes a diepe deceit within the holloſo hart,  
 Betraies the simple soule, whom plaine deceit lesse minde  
 taughte not to feare & in it selfe, it selfe did neuer finde.  
 Not euery trickling teare doth argue inward paine,  
 Not euery sigh doth surely shewe the sigher not to sayne  
 Not euery smoke doth proue a pience of the fire,  
 Not euery glistring geues the golde, that greedy folke desire.  
 Not euery wailing word is drawen out of the deepe,  
 Not griefe for want of graunted grace enforceth al to weepe.  
 Oft malice makes the mind to shed the boyled bzyne,  
 And enuies humoz oft vnblades by conduites of the epen.  
 Oft craft can cause the man to make a seming shewe,  
 Of heart with dolour all dist rainde, where griefe did neuer groſs  
 As cursed Crocodile most cruelly can tole,  
 With truthlesse teares vnto his death the sely pityng soule.  
 Blame neuer those therefore, & wisely can beware  
 The guileful man, & sutely saietly hymselfe to dread the snare.  
 Blame not the stopped eares against the Syrens song,  
 Blame not & minde not moud & mone of falsheds flowing tonge.  
 If guile do guide your wit by silence so to speake,  
 By craft to craue & faine by fraude & cause & you would breake,  
 Great harne your suttile soule shal suffer for the same,  
 And mighty loue wil wzake & wzong, so clothed & his name,  
 But we whom you haue swarnde, this lesson learne by you,  
 To know the tree befoze we clime, to trust to rotten boswe.  
 To biewe the limed bushe, to looke afoze we light,  
 To shunne the perillous hayted hooke, and vse a further sight  
 As do the mousle, the bird, the fishe, by sample sitly show,  
 That wily wittes & ginnes of men do worke the simples woe,  
 So simple sith we are, and you so suttile bee,  
 God helpe the mousle, the birde the fishe, & vs your sleights to flee.

The louer complaineth his faulte, that  
 with vngentle writing had dis-  
 pleased his lady.

## Songes

**A** lone how waifward is his wit, what pangs do perce his brest  
 Whom thou to waite vpon thy wil hast reued of his rest  
 The light, the darke, the sunne, the moone, the day & eke y nighte,  
 His daily dying like himselfe, he hateth in despight.  
 With first he light to looke on her that holdeth him in thrall  
 His mouing epen his mouing wit he curleth hart and al.  
 From hungry hoape to pinninge feare eche hap doth hurle his hart  
 From panges of plaint to fits of fume, from aking into smart.  
 Eche moment so doth chaunge his chere, not with recourse of case,  
 But with sere sortes of sorowes still, he worketh as the seas.  
 Not turning windees not calme returned rule in vnruely wise  
 As if their holdes of hilles vphurle they basteen out to rise.  
 And pufte away the power y is vnto their king assigade,  
 To pay y sith their prisonment they deime to be behinde,  
 So doth the passions long repress within the woful wight,  
 Breake downe the bankes of al his wits & out they gushen quite  
 To reare vprozes now they be free from reasons rule and stape,  
 And hedlong hailes thunruled race, his quiet quite awayne.  
 No measure hath he of his ruth, no reason in his rage, (age.  
 No bottom ground wher staies his grieve, thus weares away his  
 In wishing wants, in wailing woes, death doth he dayly call,  
 To bring release, when of reliefe he seeth no hoape at all.  
 Thence comes that of in diepe dispaire to rise to better state,  
 On heauen and heauenly lampes he laieth the faute of al his fate,  
 On god & gods decreed dome crieth out with curling breath,  
 Eche thing that gaue and saues him life he dammeth of his death:  
 The wo be him bare, y brests he suckt, ech starre y & their might  
 Their secret succour brought to bring y wretch to worldly light.  
 Yea y to his soules peril is most haynous harme of all,  
 And craues the cruellest reuenge that may to man befall.  
 Her he blasphemes in whom it lyeth in present as she please  
 To damne him downe to depth of hell, oz plant in heauens ease.  
 Such rage constrainde my strained hart to guide thūhappy hand  
 That sent vnfitting blots to his on whom my life doth stand.  
 But graunt O god that he for them may beare the worthy blame  
 Whom I doe in my diepe distresse finde gilty of the same.  
 Euen y blinde boy that blindly guides y faulters to their fall,  
 That laughs when they lament y he hath throwen into thrall.  
 O lord saue lowzing lokes of her what penance els thou please,  
 So her contented wil be wonne, I count it al mine ease.  
 And thou on whō doth hang my wil, with hart, with soule & care  
 with life and al y life may haue of wel oz euil fare:

Graunte

Graunt grace to him & grates therefore with sea of saltish brine,  
 By extreme heate of boyling brest distilled thorough his eien.  
 And with thy fanſie render thou my ſelfe to me againe,  
 That daily then we duely may employ a painleſſe paine,  
 To yeelde and take & ioyful fruites & hartie loue doth lende,  
 To them that meane by honeſt meanes to come to happie ende

The louer wounded of Cupide  
 wiſheth he had rather bene  
 ſtriken by death.

The blinded boy that bendes the bowe,  
 to make & dint of double wound  
 the ſtoutest ſtate to ſcoupe and know  
 the cruell craft & I haue founde,  
 with death I would had chopt a chāge  
 to borrow as by bargaine made,  
 Eche other ſhaft when he did range  
 with reſtles roaring to inuade  
 Chūthzalled minds of ſimple wightes:  
 whoſe gileſſe ghaſtes deſerued not  
 to feele ſuch fal of their delights,  
 ſuch panges as I haue paſt god ſwot:  
 Then both in newe vnſwonted wiſe  
 ſhould death deſcrue a better name,  
 Not (as toſoze hath been his guiſe)  
 Of crueltie to beare the blame.

But contrary he counted kinde  
 In lending life and ſparinge ſpace,  
 for ſicke to riſe and ſeke to finde  
 ſway to wiſh their ſwery race.  
 To drawe to ſome deſired ende  
 their long and lothed time to rid,  
 And ſo to feele howe like a frēd,  
 Before the bargaine made he did.  
 And loue ſhould either bring againe  
 the wounded wightes their owne deſire,  
 A welcome ende of pining paine,  
 Or doth their cauſe of ruth require,



## Songes

Or when he meanes the quiet man,  
a harme to hasten him to grieve,  
a better dede he shoulde do than,  
with borrowd dart to geue reliefe.

That both the sicke wel denied maye,  
he brought me rightlly my request,  
and eke the other lost may say,  
he wrought me truely for the best.

So had not fanisie forced me,  
to beare a bzunt of greater wo,  
then leauing such a life may be,  
the ground where onely griefes do grow.

Unlucky liking linkt my hart,  
In forged hoape and forced feare,  
that oft I wisht the other dart,  
had rather pearced me as neare.

A fained trust constrained care  
most loth to lacke, most harde to finde,  
In sunder so my iudgement toze  
that quite was quiet out of minde.

Absent in absence of mine ease,  
present in pience of my paine,  
the woes of want did much displease  
the sighen I soughte did grieue againe.

Of griefe that boyled in my brest,  
hath fraught my face with saltish teares,  
pronouncing proues of mine vnrest,  
whereby my passed paine appeares.

My sighes full often haue supplied  
than saine w wordes I would haue sayd  
My voice was stopt, my tong was tyed,  
my wittes with wo were ouerwaild.

With trembling soule and humble chere  
Oft grated I for graunt of grace,  
On hoape & bounty might be there  
wher beauty had so pight her place.

At length I founde, that I did feare,  
How I had labourde al to losse,  
my selfe had bene the carpentere,  
That framed me the cruell crosse.

Of this to come if dout alone,  
though blent with trust of better speede,  
20

So oft hath moued my minde to mone,  
 So oft hath made my hart to blede.  
 What shal I say of it in dede,  
 Now hope is gone mine olde reliefe  
 And I enforced all to feede  
 Upon the fruites of bitter grief.

Of womans chaungeable  
 will.

would I found not as I feele,  
 Such chaūging chere of womans will,  
 By fickle flight of Fortunes whele,  
 By kinde or custome neuer still.  
 So should I finde no fault to laye  
 On Fortune for their mouing minde,  
 So should I know no cause to say  
 This chaūge to chaūce by course of kinde  
 So should not loue so worke my wo,  
 To make death surgeon for my soze,  
 So should their wittes not wander so,  
 So should I reck the lesse therfore.

The louer complaineth the losse  
 of his ladye.

Noy haue I but liue in heuynesse,  
 My dame of price-bereft by Fortunes cruelnesse  
 My hepe is turned to unhappinesse,  
 Unhappie I am vnlesse I finde releffe.  
 My pastime past, my youth like pere are gone,  
 My monthes of mirth, my glistering daies of gladsonnesse,  
 My time of triumphe turned into mone,  
 Unhappie I am vnlesse I finde releffe.  
 My wonted winde to chaunt my cheerefull chaunce,  
 Doth sigh, & long sometime the baleades of my lesse,  
 My sobbes my soze and sorow do aduance,  
 Unhappie I am vnlesse I finde releffe.  
 I mourne my mirth for griefe that it is gone,  
 I mourne my mirth whereof my musing mindesfullnesse,

## Songes

As ground of greater grieve & growes thereon,  
 Unhappie I am vnlesse I finde releffe.

No ioy haue I, for fortune frowardly,  
 hath bet her browes, hath put her hād to cruel-  
 hath rest my dame, constrained me to cry, (nes  
 Unhappie I am vnlesse I finde releffe.

### Of the golden meane,

*I see Grimoald  
 out of Horat*

**T**he wisest way, thy boate in swaue & wind to gye,  
 Is neither stil the trade of middle streame to trye,  
 Ne (warely shunning wrecke by weather) aye to nye  
 To presse vpon perillous shoze.

Both clenely flies he filth, ne swōnes a wretched wighte  
 In calishe coate, & carefull court aye thrall to spite,  
 With port of proude estate he liues, who doth delight  
 Of goldē mean to hold the loze.

Stormes riefest rende the sturdy stout pine apple tree,  
 Of lofty ruing towers the falles the feller bee,  
 Most fierce doth lightnig light, wher furthest we do see

The hilles the balley to forsake  
 well furnisht best to bide ech chaunces chaunginge cheate,  
 In woe hath cherefull hope, in weale hath wareful feare,  
 One selue Ioue winter makes with lothfull lookes appeare,

That can by course the same aslake.  
 what if into mishap thy case now casten bee?

It forceth not such fourme of lucke to last to thee,  
 Not alway bent is Phebus bowe, his harpe and hee,

Ceast siluer sound sometime doth raise

In hardest happe vñe helpe of hardy hoapfull hart,  
 Seme bolde to beare the brunt of fortune ouerthwart,  
 Eke wisely when foreswinde too ful breathes on thy part,  
 Swage swelling saile & doubt decayes.

### The praise of a true friende.

*Grimoald*

**V**Who so & wisely waies the profite and the price  
 Of thinges wherin delight by worth is wont to rise,  
 Shall

Shall find no iſwell is ſo rich ne yet ſo rare,  
That with the frindly hart in vaine may compare.

What other ſwelth to man by fortune may befall,  
But fortunes changed there may reue a man of all,  
A frend no ſwacke of ſwelth, no cruell cauſe of ſwo,  
Can force his frindly faith vnfrindly to forgoe.

If fortune frindly faſone, and lende the ſwelthy ſtoze,  
Thy frendes contoured ioy doth make thy ioy the more.  
If fro wardly ſhe fro wne and draine the to diſtreſſe  
His aide relpues thy ruth, and makes thy ſorow leſſe.

Thus fortunes pleaſant fruites by frendes increaſed bee,  
The bitter sharpe and ſower by fryndes alayd to thee,  
That when thou doeſt reioyce, then doubled is thy ioy,  
And eke in cauſe of care, the leſſe is thy anoy.

Moſt if thou do liue, as one appointed here,  
A ſtately part on ſtage of woꝛldly ſtate to here,  
Thy frend as only free from fraud will the aduiſe,  
To reſt within the rule of mean as do the wiſe.

He ſeketh to foreſee the perill of thy fall,  
He findeth out thy faultes, and warnes the of them all,  
Thee, not thy lucke he loues, what euer bee thy caſe,  
He is thy faithfull frend, and thee he doth embrace.

If churliſh chere of chance haue thrown thee into thꝛall,  
And that thy neede aſke ayde for to releue thy fall,  
In him thou ſecret truſt aſſured art to haue,  
And ſuccour not to ſecke, befoze that thou can craue.

Thus is thy frende to thee the comfort of thy payne,  
The ſtater of thy ſtate, the doubler of thy gaine,  
In ſwelth and wo thy frende another ſelfe to thee,  
Such man to man a God, the pꝛouerbe ſaith to bee.

As ſwelth will bring thee frendes in louing ſwo to pꝛoue,  
So ſwo ſhal yeld thee frendes in laughing ſwelth to loue.  
With wiſedome choſe thy frinde with vertue him retaine,  
Let vertue be the ground, ſo ſhall it not be vaine.

The louer lamenteth other to haue  
the fruites of his ſeruiſe.

Some men would think of right to haue,  
For their true meaning ſome rewarde,

D.i.

But



## Songes

But while that I do cry and craue,  
 I see that other be preferred,  
 I gape for that I am debarred.  
 I fare as doth the hound at hatch,  
 The worse I speede, the longer I watch.

My wastful will is trie by trust,  
 My fond fanly is myne abase,  
 For that I would refraine my lust,  
 For mine auaile I cannot chuse.  
 I will, and yet no power to vse,  
 I will no will by reason iust,  
 Sins my will is at others lust.

They eat the hony, I hold the hyne,  
 I sow the seede, they reape the corne,  
 I waite, they winne, I draw they driue,  
 Theirs is the thank, mine is the scozne  
 I seke, thei speede, I waite my wind is sworn,  
 I gape they get, and greedily I snatche  
 Till worse I speede, the longer I watch.

I fast, they fede, they drink, I thirst,  
 They laugh, I waile, they ioy, I mourne,  
 they gaine, I lose, I haue the wurst,  
 They whole, I sicke, they cold, I burne,  
 they leape, I lye, they siepe, I tosse and turne.  
 I would, they may, I craue, they haue at will  
 that helpeth them, lo cruelty doth me kill.

### Of the subtletie of craftie louers.

SUCH wayward wates haue soe when folly stirres their brains  
 to faine & plain full oft of loue, when lest they fele his paines.  
 And for to shew a grieve such craft haue they in store,  
 That they can halt and lay a salve whereas they feele no sore  
 As hound vnto the foote, or dog vnto the bow,  
 So are they made to vent her out, & hom bent to loue they know,  
 that if I should describe one hundred of their distres,  
 Two hundred swits beside mine own I should put to their shifts  
 No woodman better knowes how for to lodge his dere,  
 Nor shipman on the sea that more hath skill to guide the stee,  
 Nor beaten dogge to heard can water chole his gaine,

For scholeman to his fantasie can a scholler better frame,  
 Then one of these which haue old Quids art in vze,  
 Can seke the waies vnto their minde a woman to allure.  
 As round about a hie the Bees do swarme alway,  
 So round about y<sup>e</sup> house they pzele wherein they seke their pray,  
 And whom they so belege, it is a wonderous thing,  
 What crafty engins to assault these wily swarriers bring.  
 The eye as scout and watch to stirre both to and fro,  
 Doth serue to state her here & there where she doth coe & goe,  
 The tonge doth pleade for right as herauld of the hart,  
 And both the handes as oratours do serue to point their part.  
 As she shewes the countenance then with these fowze to agre,  
 As though in witnes with the rest, it would hers sworne bee,  
 But if she then mistrust it would turne blacke to white,  
 For y<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup> woozier lokes most smoth when he would saynest bite,  
 Then wit as counsellour a helpe for this to finde,  
 Straight makes the hand as secretair forth to write his inde,  
 And so the letters straight embassadours are made,  
 To treat in hast for to procure her to a better trade.  
 wherein if she do thinke all this is but a shewe,  
 Or but a subtil masking cloke to hide a crafty shewe,  
 Then come they to the larme, then shewe they in the fieelde,  
 Then muster they in colours strang, y<sup>e</sup> waies to make her yelde,  
 Then shote they battry of them compasse they her in,  
 Assault and turney oft they stryue this selly soule to winne.  
 Then sounde they on their lutes, then strain they forth their song  
 Then rumble they with instrumentes to lay her quite a long.  
 Then bozde they her with giftes, then do they wee and watch,  
 Then night and day they labour hard this simple holde to catch,  
 As pathes within a wood, or turnes within a male,  
 So the they shewe of wiles & craftes they can a thousand waies

### Of the vanitie of mans life.

Time is the fleting welth,  
 wheron the world staies,  
 With stralking time by priuy stelly,  
 Enrocheth on our dayes.  
 And elde which crepeth fast,  
 taint vs with her wounde,

D. it.

will

## Songes

will true turne eche blisse vnto a blast  
whiche lasteth but a staunde.

Of youth the lusty floure,  
which whilome stode in price,  
shall vanish quite within an houre  
As fire consumes the ice.

where is become that swight,  
for whose sake Troy to wne,  
withstode the grekes till ten yeres fight,  
Had rasde their walles adowne :

Did not the swormes consume,  
Her carian to the dust:  
Did dreadfull death forbear his fume,  
For beauty, pride, or lust:

The louer not regarded in ear,  
next sute being becom wiser  
refuseth her proffred  
loue.

**D**oe way your phisike I faint no more,  
The salue you sent it comes to late  
you wist well al my grieve before,  
And what I suffred for your sake.  
Hole is my hart I playne no more,  
I new the cure did undertake,  
Wherfore doe way you come to late.

For whyles yow knew I was your  
So long i baie you made me gape, (owne,  
And though my faith it were wel knowe  
yet small regarde thou toke therat,  
But now the blast is ouerblovene.  
Of vaine phisike a salue you shape,  
Wherfore doe way you come to late.

How long or this haue I bene faine,  
To gape for mercy at your gate,  
Untill the time I spide it plaine,  
That pitie and you fell at debate.  
For my redzesse then was I faine  
Your seruice cleane for to forsake.

wher-

wherefore doe way you come to late,  
 for when I bzent in endlesse fire,  
 who ruled then but cruell hate:  
 so that vniuech I durst desire  
 One looke my feruent heate to slacke,  
 Therfore another doth me hyze,  
 And all the profer that you make  
 Is made in vaine, and comes to late.  
 for when I asked recompence,  
 which cost you nought to graunt god wot  
 Then said disdaine to great expence  
 It wer for you to graunt me that.  
 Therfore doe way your rere pretence  
 That you would binde that erst you bzake  
 for loe your salue comes all to late.

The complaint of a woman rauiz-  
 shed and also mortallye  
 wounded,

Cruell Tiger al with teeth beebled,  
 A bloody tirantes had in eche degree,  
 Blecher that by wretched lust was led,  
 (alas) defloured my virginite.  
 And not contented with this villaynie,  
 For with thoutragious terrour of the dede  
 With bloody thirst of greater crueltie, (ied  
 fearig his heynous gilt should be be wra  
 By crieng death and vengeance openly,  
 His violent hand forth with alas he layed  
 Upon my guiltles sely childe and me,  
 And like þ wretche whom no horroure dis-  
 Brownde in þ sink of depe iniquitie, (made  
 Dislasing me the mother for a time,  
 Hath slaine vs both for cloking of his crime  
 The louer being made thrall by  
 loue perceiueth how great a  
 losse is libertie.



## Songes

**A** libertie haue I learned to know,  
By lacking thee what I swell I possess,  
When I receiued first from Cupids bow  
the deadly wound that seareth in my brest.

So farre (alas) forth strated were myne eyes  
that I ne might refraine them back, for lo,  
they in a moment all earthly thinges despise  
In heauenly sight now are they fixed so.

What then for me but still with mazed sight  
to wonder at that excellence diuine,  
Where loue (my freedom hauing in despight)  
Hath made me thrall through errour of myne eyes,  
For other guerdon hope I not to haue,  
My soltring tong so basheth ought to craue.

### The diuers and contrary passions of the louer.

**H**olding my peace alas how loud I crie,  
PRESSED with hope & dread euen both at ones,  
Strayned with death, and yet I cannot die,  
Burning in flame, quaking for cold that groines  
Vnto my hope withouten winges I flie.  
PRESSED with dispaire, that breaketh all my bones  
Walking as if I were, and yet am not.  
Fainting with mirth most inwardly with mones,  
Hard by my help, vnto my heli h not nie,  
Whos of the calme my ship on rock it rones,  
I serue vnbound, fast fettered yet I lye,  
In stede of milke that fede on marble stones,  
My most will is that I doe espie,  
that workes my toyces and sorowes both at ones.  
In contraries standeth all my ioste and gaine,  
and loe the guiltlesse causeth all my paine.

### The testament of the haw thorne.

**I** Sely Haw whose hope is past,  
In faithfull true and fixed minde,

To her whom that I serued last,  
 haue all my ioyfulness resignde,  
 Because I know assuredly,  
 My dying day approacheth nie.  
 Dispaired hart the carefull nest  
 Of all the sighes that kept in store,  
 Conuey my carefull corpes to rest,  
 that leaues his ioy for euermore,  
 and when the day of hope is past  
 Geue by thy sprite and sigh the last.  
 But oz that we depart in twaine,  
 tell her I loued with all my might,  
 that though the corpes in clay remayne,  
 Consumed to ashes pale and white,  
 and though the vitall powers do cease,  
 the spirit shall loue her nathelisse.  
 And pray my liues ladie dere,  
 During this little tyme and space,  
 that I haue to abiden here  
 Not to withdraue her wonted grace  
 In recompensing of the paine,  
 that I shal haue to part in twaine.  
 And that at least she will wilsaue,  
 to graunt my iust and last request,  
 when that she shall beholde his graue,  
 that lieth of life here dispoessed,  
 In record that I once was hers,  
 to bathe the frozen stone with teares.  
 The seruice tree here do I make,  
 for my executour and my frend,  
 that liuing did not me forsake,  
 for will I trust vnto my ende,  
 to see my body well conueide  
 In ground where that it should bee laide  
 Combed vnderneath a goodly Oke,  
 with my grene that fast is bound,  
 where this my graue I haue bespoke,  
 for theyre my ladies name do sounde,  
 as let euen as my testament tels  
 with oken leaues and noting els.  
 Grauen wheron shalbe exprest,  
 here lyeth the body in this place,  
 D.iii.

## Songes

Of him that lying neuer cest  
to serue the fairest that euer was.  
The corps is here, the hart he gaue  
to her for whome he lieth in graue.

And also set about my herse  
two lamps to burne and not to queint  
which shalbe token, and reherse  
That my good will was neuer spent.  
When that my corps was layd alow,  
My spirite did sweare to serue no mo

And if you want of ringging bels,  
when that my corps goeth into graue  
Repete her name and nothing els,  
to whom that I was bounden slaue,  
when that my life it shall vnframe,  
My spirite shall ioy to heare her name  
with dolefull note & piteous sound,  
wherewith my hart did cleaue i tswaie  
with such a song lay me in ground,  
My spirit let it with her remaine,  
that had the body to commed,  
Till death therof did make an ende.

And euen with my last bequest,  
when I shall from this lyfe depart,  
I geue to her I loued best,  
My iust my true and faithfull hart,  
Signed with the hand as cold as stoe  
Of him that liuing was her owne.

And if hee might liue againe,  
As Phenix made by death anew,  
Of this she may assure her plaine,  
that he will still be iust and true.  
Thus farewell she on liue my owne,  
And send her ioy when I am gone.

The louer in dispaire lamen-  
teth his case,

Adieu desert, how art thou spent:  
Thy droppig teares how do ye wast:  
Thy scalding sighes, how be ye spent:

To

To pricke them forth that will not hast,  
 Th pained hart thou gapst for grace  
 Euen there where pitie hath no place,

As easy it is the stony rocke  
 From place to place for to remoue,  
 as by thy plaint for to prouoke  
 a frozen hart from hate to loue,  
 what should I say: such is thy lot,  
 to fawne on them that force thee not.

Thus mayst thou safely say and sweare,  
 that rigour raigneth and ruth doth faile.  
 In thanklesse thoughts thy thoughts do sweare  
 thy truth, thy faith may nought auaille,  
 For thy good will why should thou so,  
 Still graft wher grace it wil not grow

Alas pooze hart thus hast thou spent  
 thy flosyng time, thy pleasant yeres,  
 with sighing voice wepe and lament,  
 for of thy hope no frute apperes,  
 thy true meaning is paide with scozne,  
 that euer soweth and reapeth no corne

And where thou sekest a quiet port,  
 thou dost but weighe against the wide  
 for where y gladliest wouldest resort,  
 there is no place for the assinde,  
 Thy destiny hath set it so  
 that thy true hart should cause thy wo

### Of his maistresse M, B.

In Bayes I boast whose bzañch I  
 Such ioy threin I finde, (beare,  
 That to the death I shall it sweare,  
 To ease my carelesse minde.  
 In heat, in cold, both night and day,  
 Her vertue may bee sene,  
 when other fruites and floswers decay.  
 The bay yet growes full greene,  
 Her beries fede the birdes full oft,  
 Her leues swete water make,

Her



## Songes

Her bowes beset in euery loft,  
For their swete sauours sake.  
the birdes do shrowd them from the cold  
In her we dayly see,  
and men make arbers as they would,  
Under the pleasant tree.  
It doth me good when I repaire,  
there as these haies do grow.  
Where oft I walke to take the ayre,  
It doth delight me so.  
But loe I stande as I were domme  
The beauty for to blase,  
Wherewith my sprites bee ouercome,  
So long theron I gale.  
at last I turne vnto my walke,  
In passing to and fro,  
and to my selfe I smile and talke  
And then away I go.  
Why simplest thou say lokers on,  
what pleasure hast thou found:  
With that I am as cold as stone  
And ready for to sound,  
Fie fie for shame sayth fantsy than,  
Pluck vp thy fainted hart,  
and speake thou boldly like a man,  
Shrink not for litle smart.  
Wherat I blush and change my chere,  
My senses ware so weake,  
O god think I what make I here,  
That neuer a woorde may speake,  
I dare not sigh lest I bee heard,  
My lokers I slyly cast,  
and still I stand as one were scard,  
Untill my stormes be past  
then happy hap doth me reuiue,  
The blood comes to my face  
a merier man is not aliue,  
Then I am in that case.  
Thus after sorow seke I rest,  
When fled is fancies fit,  
and though I bee a homely gest,  
Before the bayes I sit,

where

where I doe wathe till leaues do fall  
 when winde the tree doth shake,  
 then though my branche be very small  
 My leafe away I take.  
 And then I go and clap my handes,  
 My hart doth leape for ioy,  
 these bayes do ease me from my handes,  
 That long did me annoy.  
 For when I doe beholde the same,  
 which makes so faire a show,  
 I finde therein my maistresse name,  
 And see her vertues grow.

The louer complaineth his  
 hartie loue not requited.

**W**hen Phebus had the serpent slaine  
 He claimed Cupides boe  
 which stryfe did turne him to great paine  
 the story wel doth proue.  
 For Cupide made him selfe much woe  
 In seeking Daphnis loue.  
 This Cupide hath a shaft of kinde,  
 which wounded many a wight,  
 whose golden hed had power to binde  
 Eche heart in Venus bandes,  
 this arrow did on Phebus light,  
 which cam from Cupides handes.  
 An other shaft was wrought in spight  
 which headed was with lead,  
 whose nature quenched swete delight  
 that louers most embrace  
 In Daphnis brest this cruell hed  
 Had founde a dwelling place.  
 But Phebus fond of his desire  
 sought after Daphnis so,  
 He burnt with heat he felt no fire,  
 Full fast he fled him fro,  
 He gate but hate for his good will,  
 the gods assigned so.

My

## Songes

My case with Phebus may compare,  
His hay and mine are one,  
I cry to her that knowes no care,  
Yet leke I to her most  
When I approach then is she gone,  
Thus is my labour lost.

How blame not me but blame the shaft,  
That hath the golden heade,  
And blame those gods that with their craft  
Such arrowes forge by kinde  
And blame the colde and heauy leade,  
That doth my ladies minde.

### Apraife of M.M.

In Court as I behelde, the beautie of eche dame,  
It right me thought from al the rest should M. steale the same,  
But, er I ment to iudge, I beſwed with ſuch aduiſe,  
As retcheleſſe doine ſhould not inuade the boundes of my deuylſe,  
And whiles I gaſed long, ſuch heate did brede within,  
As Priamus toſſe felt not moze flame, when dyd y bale begin,  
By reaſons rule, ne yet by wit perceiue I could,  
That M. face of earth yfounde, enioy ſuch beautie ſhoulde.  
And fanſie doubted that from heauen had Venus come,  
to noziſh rage in Britaines heartes, whyle corage yet doth blome  
Her natie hue ſo ſtroue, with colour of the roſe,  
That Paris would haue Helene left, and M. beauty choſe,  
A wight farre paſſing al, and is moze faire to ſeme,  
Then luſty may be lodge of loue, that clothes the earth in grene,  
So angell like ſhe ſhines, ſhe ſeemeth no mortall wight,  
But one whom nature in her forge, did frame her ſelfe to ſpight.  
Of beauty princeſſe chiefe, ſo makeleſſe doth ſhe reſt,  
Whole eye would glad an heauy wight, and priſon paine in beſt,  
I waſe aſtonied to ſee the ſature of her ſhappe  
And wōdred y a mortall heart, ſuch heauēly beames could ſcape  
Her limmes ſo aunſwering were, the mould of her faire face,  
Of Venus ſtocke ſhe ſemde to ſpring the roote of beauties grace  
Her preſence doth pretend, ſuch honour and eſtate,  
That ſimple men might geſſe her birth if ſolly bred debate,  
Her lookes in hartes of flint would ſuch effectes impreſſe,  
As rage of flame not Nilus ſtreames Neſtors yeres encreaſe,  
Within

within the subtile seat of her bright euen doth dwell  
 Blinde Cupide with the pricke of paine, that princes freedom seil  
 A paradise it is her beauty to behold,  
 where natures luste so full is found, that natures ware is solde

And old louer to a yong  
 gentle woman.

Ye are to yong to bring me in,  
 And I to old to gape for flies,  
 I haue to long a louer been,  
 If such yong babes should bleare mine eyes.  
 But trill the ball before my face,  
 I am content to make you play,  
 I will not see, I hide my face,  
 and turne my backe and runne away.

But if you follow on so fast,  
 And crosse the waies where I should go,  
 ye maye ware wery at the last,  
 and then at lenght your selfe othrow,  
 I meane where you and all your flocke,  
 Deuise to pen men in the pound,  
 I know a key can picke your lock,  
 and make you runne your selves on ground.

Some birdes can eate the strawie corne,  
 and flee the lyme that fowlers set,  
 and some are ferde of euery thorne,  
 and so therby the scape the net.  
 But some do light and neuer loke,  
 and seeth not who doth stand in waite,  
 as fish that swallow by the hoke,  
 and is begiled through the baite.

But men can loke before they leape,  
 and be at price for euery ware,  
 and peniworthes cast to by good cheape,  
 and in eche thing hath eye and care.  
 But he that blantly runnes on hed,  
 and seeth not what the race shalbe,  
 Is lyke to bring a foole to bed,  
 and thus ye get no more of me.



# Songes

## The louer forsaketh his vnkinde loue.

**F**arewell thou frosen hart and eares of hardened Steele,  
 Thou lackest peres to vnderstand the grief that I didfeele,  
 the gods reuenge my wzong, with equall plague on thee,  
 whē pleasure shal prick forth thy youth, to learn what lone shalbe  
 Perchance thou prouest now to scale blind Cupids hold,  
 and matchest where thou maist repēt, whē al thy cardes are told  
 But blush not thou therfore, thy betters haue done so,  
 who thought they had retaide a doue, whē they bu t caut a cro  
 And some do linger time with lofty lockes we see,  
 that lightes at length as low or worse, then doth the betell Wee,  
 yet let thy hope be good, such hap may fall from hie,  
 that thou maist be if fortune serue, a princeesse ere thou die.  
 If chaunce preferre the so, alas poze sely man,  
 where shall I scape thy cruell handes, or seke for succour than:  
 God shild such greddy wolues should lap in gittlesse blood,  
 and sed short hoznes to hurtfull hedcs, that rage lik lions wood.  
 I seldome see the day, but malice wanteth might,  
 and hatefull hartes haue neuer hap, to wzেকে their wzath aright  
 the mad man is vnmete, a naked sword to gide,  
 and moze vnfit are they to clime, that are ozeome with pride,  
 I touch not thee herein, thou art a sawcon sure,  
 that can both soer and stoup sometime, as men cast by the lure,  
 the Decock hath no place in thee when thou shall list,  
 for some no soner make in signe, but thou perceiuest the fist.  
 they haue that I doe want, and that hath the begilde,  
 the lacke & thou doest see in mee doth make thy looke so wilde,  
 My luring is not good: it liketh not thine eare  
 My call it is not halfe so swete, as would to God it were,  
 well wanton yet beware, thou do no tiring take,  
 at euery hand that would the fede, or to the frendship make,  
 this counsell take of him that ought thee once his loue,  
 who hopes to mete the after this, among the saintes aboue.  
 But here within this worlde, if he may honne the place,  
 He rather asketh present death, then to beholde thy face.

The louer preferreth his lady  
 aboute al other.

Resigne

Resigne you dames who tikeling brute delight,  
 The golden prize the flatterers troy doth found  
 And vassals be to her that claimes by right  
 the title iust that first dame beauty found,  
 whose dainty eyes such sugred baits do hide,  
 As poyson hartes wher giues of loue doe glide.

Come eke & see how heauen & nature wrought,  
 within her face where framed is such ioy,  
 As Pyrams sonnes in vaine the seas had sought,  
 If half such light had abode in Troy.  
 For as the golden sunne doth darke ech starre,  
 So doth her hue the fairest dame as farre.

Eche heauenly gift, ech grace that nature coude  
 By art or wit my lady lo retaines,  
 A sacred hed, so heapt with hartes of golde,  
 As Phabus beames for beauty farre it stains,  
 A sugred tong, wher eke such swetenesse shewes  
 that well it semes a fountaine where it flowes.

Two laughing eyes so linked with plesing lookes  
 As would entice a Tigers hart to serue,  
 the baite is swete but eager be the hookes,  
 for Diane seeks her honour to preserue,  
 Thus Brundel sits, throned still with fame,  
 whom enimies troy can not attaint with shame,

Whys dased head so daunted is with heapes  
 Of giftes diuine the harbor in her brest,  
 her heauenly shape, that lo my verses leapes,  
 And touch but that wherin she cloudes the rest,  
 for if I should her graces all recite,  
 Both time should want & I should wonders wit.

Her chere so swete, so christall is her eyes,  
 her mouth so small, her lips so linely red,  
 her hand so fine, her woordes so swete and wise,  
 that Wallas semes to sojourne in her hed  
 her vertues great, her forme as farre exceeds,  
 As sunne the shade that moztall creatures leades.

Would god that wretched age would spare to race  
 her linely hew that as her graces rare  
 Be goddesse like, euen so her goddesse face  
 Might neuer change but still continue faire,  
 that eke in after time ech wight may see,  
 how vertue can with beauty beate degrec.

The

Songes

The louer lamenteth that he  
would forgeat loue,  
and cannot.

Alas when shall I ioy,  
when shall my wolful heart  
Cast forth the folish ioy  
that bredeth all my smart  
A thousand times and mo,  
I haue attempted soze,  
To rid this restlesse wo,  
which reigneth moze and moze.

But when reuembrance past  
Hath layd dead coales together,  
Olde loue renews his blast,  
that cause my iopes to wither.  
Then sodenly a sparke,  
Startes out of my desire,  
And lepes into my heart,  
Setting the coales a fire.

Then reason runnes about  
To seke forgetful water,  
to quench and cleane put out,  
The cause of all this matter.  
And saith dead flesh must needes  
Be cut out of the coze,  
For rotten withered wedes  
Can heale no greuous soze.

But then euen sodeinly  
the feruent heat doth slacke,  
And cold then straineth me,  
that makes my body shake.  
Alas who can endure,  
to suffer all this paine,  
Sins her that should me cure,  
Most cruel death hath slaine.

well well, I say no moze,  
Let dead care for the dead,  
yet wo is me therfore,  
I must attempt to lead

One other kynde of life,  
Then hitherto I haue,  
Or els this pain & strife  
wil bzig to me my graue

Songes written by N.G.

*rich. ymcoal*

Of the ix. Muses,

Mys of king Ioue, & Queene remembraunce lo,  
The sisters nine, the poetes pleasant feres,  
Callioppe doth stately stile bestowe,  
And woorthy praises paintes of princely peres.  
Clion in solemne songes reneweth al day,  
With present peres conioyning age by past,  
Delightful talke lones Comicall Chaley,  
In freshe grene youth, who doth like lawzell last.  
With voices Tragical foundes Myelpomen,  
And as with cheines thallured eares she bindes.  
Her stringes when Terpescoz doth touch, euen the  
She toucheth harts and raigneth in mens mindes,  
fine Erato, whose looke a liuely cheere  
Presents in dauncing kepes a comely grace.  
with semely gesture doth Polymine stere,  
whose words whole routs of raks do rule in place.  
Uranus her globes to view al bent  
the ninefolde heauen obsarues with fixed face.  
The blastes Entrepe tunes of instrument,  
with solace swete hence my heauy dumps to chase.  
Lord Phebus in the middes (whose heauenly sprite  
these ladies doth enspire) embraceth all,  
The graces in the Muses weede, delite  
To leade them fourth, that men in maze they fall.

Mufonius the Philosophers  
sayinges.



## Songes

**I**n working wel, if trauel you sustaine,  
 Into the winde shall lightly passe the paine,  
 But of the dede the glozy shall remaine,  
 And cause your name to worthy wights to raigne,  
 In working wrong, if pleasure you attaine,  
 The pleasure sone shal vade, and voide as vaine,  
 But of the dede, thzoughout the life the shame,  
 Endures, defacing you with soule defame,  
 And stil torments the minde both night & day,  
 Scant length of time the spot can washe away,  
 Flee then ill suading pleasures baites vntrue,  
 And noble vertues faire renowne pursue.

### Description of vertue.

**W**hat one art thou, thus in tozne wede yclad?  
 Vertue in price whom auncient sages had,  
 Why poorly rapde? For fading goodes past care,  
 Why double faced? I marke eche fortunes fare  
 This bzidle, what? Windes rages to restraine  
 Cools why beare you? I loue to take great paine  
 Why winges? I teache aboue the starres to flye,  
 Why treade you death? I onely cannot dye.

### Praise of measure keeping.

**T**he auncient time commended not for nonghe  
 The meane, what better thing cā ther be soughte  
 In meane is vertue placed on eyther side,  
 Both right and left amisse a man shal slide,  
 Near with fire hadst thou the midway flowne  
 Icarian beck by name had no man knowne.  
 If middle path kept had proude Phaeton,  
 No burning bzand this earth had salne vpon,  
 No cruel power, ne none so soft can raigne,  
 That kepes a meane the same shall still remaine,  
 Thee Iuly once did to much mercy spill,  
 Thee Nero sterne, rigor extreme did kil,

Howe

How coulde August so many yeres wel passe?  
 Nor ouermeke, nor ouer fierce he was  
 Worshipp nor Ioue with curious fancies baine,  
 Nor him despise holde righte a twene these twaine,  
 No wastful wight, no greedy gut is prazed,  
 Stand largesse iust is egall ballance payzed,  
 So Catoes meal surmountes Antonius chere,  
 And better fame his sober fare hath here.  
 To slender building bad, as bad to grosse,  
 One an eye soze, the tother fallcs to losse.  
 As medicines helpe, in measure, so (God wot)  
 By ouermuch the sicke their bane haue got,  
 Inmete me semes to vtter this mo waies,  
 Measure forbiddes vnnearurable praise.

### Mans life after Possidonius or Crates.

**VV**hat path list you to trade? what trade wil you assay?  
 The courts of plea by bzaule, & hate, driue gentle peace away  
 In house for wife, and childe, there is but carke and care,  
 with trauel, & toile ynough in fieldes wee vse to fare.  
 Upon the seas lieth dread, the riche in forein lande  
 Do feare the losse, & there the poore, like misers poorely stand  
 Strife with a wife, without your thrift ful hard to see,  
 yong brats, a trouble, none at all, a meane it semes to bee,  
 youth sonde, age hath no hart, and pincheth al to nye  
 Choose then the liefest of these two, no life or soone to dye.

### Metrodotus minde to the contrarye.

**VV**hat race of life ronnet you? what trade wil you assay?  
 In courts is glozy got, & wit encreaseth day by day.  
 At home we take our ease and beake our selues in rest,  
 The fieldes our nature do refreshe with pleasures of the best,  
 On seas is gaine to geat, the stranger he shalbe  
 Esteined, hauing much, if not none knoweth his lacke, but he,  
 A wife wil trimme thy house, no wife then art thou free,  
 Blood is a louely thing, without, thy life is loose to thee  
 Yong bloodes be strong, olde fires in double honour dwell.

## Songes

Do way & choise, no life, or soone to die, for al is well.

### Of friendshippe.

Of al the heuenly giftes, that mortall men commend,  
 What trusty treasure in the worlde can counteruaille a friende?  
 Our healt is soone decayed, goods, casuall, light, and vaine  
 Broke haue we sene the force of power, and honour suffer staine.  
 In bodie's lust man doth resemble but base brute,  
 True vertue geats, & keepes a frinde, good guide of oure pursute  
 Whose hearty zeale with ours accordes, in euery case,  
 No terme of time, no space of place, no storme can it deface.  
 When sickle fortune failes, this knot endureth still,  
 The kin out of their kind may sweerue, when frendes ow & good  
 What sweter solace shall befall, than one to finde (will  
 Upon whose brest thou maist repose the secretes of thy mynde?  
 He wailleth at thy wo, his teares with thine be shed,  
 With thee doth he al ioies enioye, so lefe a life is led.  
 Beholde thy friende, and of thy selfe the paterne see,  
 One soule a wonder shall it seeme in bodie's twaine to bee.  
 In absence, presēt: rich in want, in sickness sounde,  
 Ye after death aliue, maist thou by thy sure friende be founde,  
 Eche house, eche towne, eche realme by stedfast loue doth stande:  
 Where soule debate breeds bitter bale in eche diuided lande  
 A friendship, flower of floswers, A liuely spyt of life,  
 A sacred bond of blisseful peace, the stalworth stanche of stricke  
 Scipio with Lelius didst thou conioyne in care  
 At home, in warres for weale and wo, with egall faith to fare.  
 Gilippus eke with Cite Damon with Pythias,  
 And with Menethus sonne Achil, by thee combined was,  
 Curialus & Nisus gaue virgil cause to sing,  
 Of Pilades doo many rimes, and of Orestes ring.  
 Downe Theseus went to hell Pirith his friende to finde,  
 A that the wiuers in these our daies were to their mates so kind  
 Cicero the frendly man, to Atticus his friende  
 Of frendship wrote, such couples lo doth but seldome lende,  
 Recount thy race, now ronne, how few shalt thou there see,  
 Of whom to say, this same is he, that neuer failed mee.  
 So rare a icwel then must nedes be holden dere:  
 And as thou wilt esteeme thy selfe, so take thy chosen fere,  
 The tyaunt in dispare no lacke of golde, bewailes,

But out I am vndone (saith he) for al my friendshippes failes,  
wherefore since nothing is moze kindly for our kinde,  
Next wisdom thus y teacheth vs loue we the frendly mind.

The death of Zoroas, an Egip-  
tian Astronomer, in the firste  
fight, that Alex-  
ander had with  
the Persi-  
ans.

**N**OW clatering Armes, now raging broyles of warre,  
Can passe the noys of dyedfull trumpets clang,  
Shrowded with shaft, y heauen, & cloude of dartes,  
Covered the aire, against ful fatted bulles,  
As forceth kindled yre the Lions keen,  
whose greby guts the gnawing hunger pricks,  
So Macedons against the Persians fare.  
Now corpes bide the purpurde soyle with bloode,  
Large slaughter on eche side, but Perses moze  
Moist fieldes be bled, theire heartes, and numbers bate,  
Fainted while they gaue backe, and fall to flight,  
The listening Macedon by swoordes by glaues  
By hands and troupes of footemen with his garde  
Spedes to Dary, but him his nereest kyn  
Orate preserues, with horsemen on a plumpe  
Befoze his carre y none the charge should geue,  
Here grunts here grones, ech wher strong youth is spēt  
Shaking her bloudy hardes Wellone among,  
The Perses soweth al kind of cruel death,  
with throte ycut, he rozes, he lieth along,  
His entrailes with a launce thorough girded quite,  
him smites y club, him woundes the farre striking bow  
And him the sling, and him the shining swoord,  
he dyeth he is al dead, he pantes, he restes,  
Right ouer stode in snowe white armour braue  
P.iii.

The



## Songes

The Memphisite Foras, a cunning clarke  
To whom the heauen lay open as his booke,  
And in celestiall bodie he could tell  
The mouing, meting, light, aspect, eclips,  
And influence, and constellationd all,  
What earthly chaunces would betide, what pere  
Of plenty storde, what signe forwarned death,  
How winter gedreih snow, what temperature  
In the primetide doth season well the soyle,  
Why summer burns, why autumn hath ripe grapes,  
Whither the circle quadrate may become,  
Whether our tunes heauens armony can yelde,  
Of foure begins, among themselves how great  
Proportion is what sway the erring lightes,  
Doth lend in course gaine & firste mouinge heauen,  
What greeke one from another distant be.  
What starre doth let the hurtfull fire to rage,  
Or him more milde what apposition makes,  
What fire doth qualifie Manozses fire,  
What house ech one doth seke: what planet raignes  
Within hys heauensphere, or that small thinges  
I speake, whole heauen he closeth in his brest.  
This sage then in the starres hath spied, the fates  
Threatned him death without delay, and sith  
He saw he could not fatall order chaunge,  
Forewarde prest, in battaile that he might  
Dete with the ruler of the Macedons,  
Of his right hand desirous to be slaine,  
The boldest beurne, and worthiest in the fields  
And as a wight now wery of his life,  
And seking death in first front of his rage,  
Comes desperately to Alexanders face,  
At him with dartes one after other throwes,  
With reckles woordes, & clamour him prouokes  
And saith, Nectanabs bastard shamefull staine  
Of me thou beo, why lokest thou thy strokes,  
Cowardes among: Turne the to me, in case,  
Whod there be so much left in thy hart,  
Come fight with me that on my helmet weare  
Appollox laurell, both for learninges laude,  
and eke for marttall praise that in my shield  
The seven folde Sophie of Minerue containe

A match

A mathe moze mete fir king then any here,  
 the noble pꝛince amoued, takes ruth vpon--  
 The wilful wight, and with soft wooꝝdes open  
 A monstrous man (quod he) what so thou art,  
 I pray thee liue, ne do not with thy death  
 This lodge of loze, The Hules mansion marre,  
 that treasure house this hand shall neuer spoile,  
 My sworde shal neuer bꝛuse that skilful braine,  
 Long gathered heapes of science sone to spill.  
 How faire frutes may you to mortal men  
 From wisdomes garden geue? how many may  
 by you the wiser and the better proue?  
 what erroꝝ, what mad moode, what frensy thee  
 Perswades to be doꝝne sent to kepe Auerne,  
 where no artes flourish, noꝝ no knowledge bailes?  
 For all these sawes whan thus the soueraigne said  
 Alighted Jozan with sword vnsheathed,  
 The carelesse king there smote aboue the greue,  
 at thopening of his quiches wounded him  
 so that the blood doꝝne trailed on the ground,  
 The Macedon perceiuing hurt, gan gashe,  
 But yet his mynde he bent in any wise  
 him to forbeare, let spurres vnto his steede,  
 and turnde away, lest anger of his smart  
 should cause reuenger hand deale balifull blowes,  
 But of the Macedonians chieftaines knightes,  
 One Meleager could not beare this sight,  
 But ran vpon the said Egyprian reuk,  
 And cut him in both knees, he fell to ground,  
 wherewith a whole rout came of souldiours sterue,  
 And all in pieces hewed the self seg,  
 But happely the soule fied to the starres,  
 where vnder him he hath full sight of all,  
 wherat he gazed heere with reaching looke,  
 The Persians wilde such sapience to forgo,  
 the very sone, the Macedonians witht  
 he would haue liued, king Alexander selfe  
 Deinde him a man vnmete to dye at all,  
 who wonne like praise for conquest of his yre,  
 As for stout men in filde that day subdued,  
 who pꝛinces taught how to discerne a man.

## Songes

That in his head so rare a iewel beares,  
But ouer all, those same Camenes, those same  
Diuine Camenes, whose honour he procurde  
As tender parent doth his daughters weale,  
Lamented, and for thanks all that they can  
Do cherish him deceast, and set him free  
From darke obliuion of deuouring death.

### Marcus Tullius Ciceros death.

Therefore when restlesse rage of wynd & waue  
He saw by fates, alas calde for (quod he)  
As haplesse Cicero, saile on, shape course  
To the next shore, and bzing me to my death.  
Perdy these thanks rescued from euill sword  
Wilt thou my countrey pay? I see myne end,  
So powers diuine, so bid the Gods aboue,  
In citie saued that Consul Marcus shend,  
Speaking no more, but drawing from diepe hart  
Great grones, euen at the name of Roome rehearst,  
His eyes & cheekes, & shewres of teares he washt,  
And though a route in dayly daungers woꝛne)  
With forced face the shipmen held their teares,  
And struiug long the seas cought flood to passe,  
In angry windes and stormy showres made way,  
And at the last safe ancred in the rode  
Came heauy Cicero a land with pain  
His fainted lymmes the aged syze doth draw,  
And round about their maister stood his band,  
Nor greatly with their owne hard happe dismaid,  
Nor plighted faith, proue in sharp time to breake  
Some swordes prepare, some their dere lord assist  
In littour laide, they lead him vnkouth wayes  
If so deceaue Antonius cruel gleances  
They might and threates of folowing routs escape,  
Thus lo, that Tullie, went that Tullius,  
Of royal robe, and sacred senate prince,  
When he a farre the men approach espyeth

And

And of his sonne the ensignes both acknow  
 And by drawne sword, Popilius threating death,  
 whose life and whole estate, in hazard once  
 he had prefernde, when Rome as yet to free  
 heard him, and at his thundering voice amazde,  
 Herennius eke, moze tyger then the rest  
 Present enflamde with fury, him pursues,  
 what might he do? Should he vse in defence  
 Disarmed handes, or pardon aske for mede?  
 Should he with wordes to turne the wrath  
 Of charmed knight, whose safegarde he had wrought?  
 No age forbids, and firt within depe brest  
 His countreys loue, and falling Romes ymage.  
 The charret turne saith he, let lose the raines  
 Runne to the vnderferued death, mee, lo,  
 Hath Phobus foule, as messenger forwarnde,  
 And Ioue desires a new heauensman to make  
 Brutus, and Cassius soules, liue you in blisse  
 In case yet all the fates gainstrieue vs not,  
 Neither shal wee perchaunce dye vnreuenged.  
 Now haue I liued, O Rome, ynough for me:  
 My passed life nought suffreth me to doute  
 Noysome obliuion of the lothsome death,  
 Sleaze me, yet all the offsprig to come shal know  
 And this decess shal bring eternal life,  
 yea, and (onlesse I fail, and all in vaine,  
 Rome, I sometime thy Augur chosen was)  
 Not euermoze shal frendly fortune thee  
 fauour, Antonius, once the day shal come,  
 when her deare wights, by cruel spight thus slaine,  
 Victorious Rome shal at thy handes require,  
 He likes therwhile, go see the hoaped heauen  
 Speche had he left, and therwith he good man  
 His throat preperde, and helde his head vn moued,  
 His hasting to thole fates the very knightes  
 He loth to see, and rage rebated, when  
 They his bare neck beheld, and his hoare heares,  
 Scant could they hold the teares, that furth gan burst,  
 And almost fell from bloudy handes the swordes,  
 Only the sterne Herennius, with grim looke,  
 Dastardes, why stand you still? he saith, and straight  
 Swaps of the head, with his presumptuous prou.



## Songes

He with that slaughter yet is he not filde,  
Foule shame on shame to heape is his delight,  
Wherefoze the handes also doth he of smyte,  
Which durst Antonius life so liuely paint,  
Him yelding stramed ghost from welkin hye,  
With lothy chere, lord Phobus gan behold,  
And in black cloude, they say, long hid his head.  
The latine Muses, and the Graces they wepe  
And for his fall eternally shal wepe,  
And lo, here percing Pitho (strange to tell)  
Who had to him suffulde both sence and woozdes  
When so he spake, and drest with nectar foode  
That flowing tong, when his wind pipe disclosde,  
Fled with her fleeing friend, and (out alas)  
Hath left the earth, ne will no moze returne,  
Popilius flieth therwhyle, and leauing there  
The senslesse stocke, a grizely sight doth beare  
Unto Antonius boozd with mischiefe fed.

### Of M. T. Cicero.

For Tullie late, a tombe I gan prepare,  
When Cynthia, thus, bad me my labour spare,  
Such maner thinges become the dead (quod he)  
But Tully liues, and still aliue shall be.

N.G.

# The table

## A

A Las so althinges now  
 Al though I had a checke  
 As oft as I beholde  
 Auising the bright  
 Alas madame for steling  
 Accused though I be  
 All in thy looke my life  
 A face that should content  
 A lady gaue me a giste  
 A spending hand  
 Alas that euer death  
 A student at his booke  
 As Cypresse tree  
 Among dame natures  
 Al ye that frendship  
 As I haue been so wil  
 At libertie I sit and see  
 As last wel leaue  
 A kinde of coale is  
 A man may haue thys  
 Ah loue how wayward  
 A cruel Tyger  
 Ah libertie now haue I  
 Adieu desert how art  
 Alas when shal I ioy

## B

B Rittle beauty that  
 Because I still kept  
 Behold loue thy power  
 By fortune as I lay  
 Behold my picture  
 Bewaile with me

## C

C E sar whē that the  
 Cruel vnkinde  
 Complaine we may

## D

D Iuers by death  
 Disdain me not

Desire alas my maister 41  
 Driven by desire I did 44  
 Death and the king 78  
 Do al your dedes by 97  
 Do way pour phisike 106

## E

E Che beast can chose 14  
 E che man me telth 21  
 Euer my happe is slake 36  
 Expence now doth 66  
 E che thing I see haty 69

## F

F Rom Tuscan came 5  
 Fare well the hart of 14  
 From these hye hills 25  
 For want of will in wo 31  
 Fare wel loue 37  
 For shamefast harme 43  
 Ful faire and white she is 61  
 For that a restless hed 69  
 Flee from the prease 82  
 For loue Appollo 83  
 False may he be 83  
 From worldly wo 99  
 Fare well thou frosen hart 111  
 For Tullie late 117

## G

G Dd ladies ye that 9  
 Geue place ye louers 10  
 Girt in my gittlesse gowne 13  
 Go burning lighes 32  
 Geue place ye ladies 67

## H

H E is not dead that 29  
 How oft haue I 36  
 Holding my peace 107

## I

I N Cypresse springes 5  
 I neuer saw my lady 6  
 In 31

# The table

In winters lust returne	8	Like vnto these vnmesu.	36
If care do cause men crie	15	Like as the bird e with	43
In the rude age	17	Like as the Larke	52
If waker care	20	Lo here the end of man	56
I finde no peace	21	Like as the brake	78
It may be good	23	Like as the rage of raine	80
In faith I wote not	24	Like the Phenix a bird	88
I euer man might him	32	Lo dead he lies	89
If amorous faith	36	Lo here lieth G.	98
It burneth yet alas	40	M	
I see that chaunce hath	41	MArtiall the thinges	16
If thou wilt mighty be	43	My Raiclif, when	18
In court to serue	44	My galley charged	22
In doubtful brest	45	Madame withouten	23
If euer woful man	50	My old dere enemy	25
If right be rackt	51	Maruel no more altho	27
In Grece sometime	52	My loue to scozne	29
It is no fire	62	My lute awake	33
I lent my loue to losse	64	My hart I gaue the,	37
In seeking rest	66	My trustfull minde	40
I see there is not sort	71	My mothers maide	45
I lothe that I did loue	72	Myne owne I. Paine	45
If it were so that God	75	My youthfull yeres	70
In fredome was my fatalie.	76	N	
I rede how Troilus		84	
I heard when fame		85	NAture that gaue the Bee 34
I ne can close in short		90	Nature that taught 65
It was the day on which		95	Not like a God came 95
I that Alisses yeres		99	No ioy haue I 104
If that thy wicked wife		104	Now clattring armes 115
I would I found not		107	O
I silly Haw		109	O Happy dames that may 8
I bayes I boist		110	Of lothsome place where 11
In court as I behelde		113	Of thy life, Thomas 16
Imps of king Ioue		113	Once as me thought 33
In working well			Of purpose loue chose 41
L			Of Carthage he 44
L Que that liueth		4	Of euill tonges 54
Layd in my quiet bed		18	Of temerous taunters 74
Lux my faire falcon		35	Of Petrarche hed 74
Loue fortune, and my mind		36	

# The table

Olingring make.

Of al the heauenly gistes

P

Passe south my wonted

Perdy I saide it not

Phillida was a faire maide

Procrine that sometime

R

Right true it is

Resound my voice

Resigne ye dames

S

Such wayward waies

So cruell prison

Set me wheras the sunne

Sins fortunes wrath

Such vain thought as

Some fooles there bee

She sat and sowed

Sometime I fled the fire

Such is the course

So feble is the thred

Sufficed not madame

Sins loue wil needes

Seake you and spede

Highes are my foode

Stand who so list

With singing gladdeth

What I thus ever long

With that the way to

Sins thou my ring

Such grene to me

Sins mars first moued

Stay gentle frend

Some men would thinke

Such waiward waies

T

The sunne hath twise

The soote season that

89 The golden gift

114 To derely had I bought

Though I regarded not

The great Macedon

30 Chasirian king

35 The fantsy which that I

55 The stormes are past

87 The liuely sparkes

They flee from me

The wandering gadling

23 The restfull place, renewer

24 The furious gonne

112 The aunswere that ye made

The enmy of life

The flaming sighes that

The piller perisht is

Throughtout the worlde

Tagus farewell

The life is long

The longer life the more

To this my song geue care

The plage is great

The restless rage of

The doubtfull man hath

The winter with his

The still is a sely man

The still is thou sely man

To line to die

The smoky sighes

The shining season

To loue alas who would

To my mishap alas

The golden apple

The coward oft

Though in the were

The dolefull bell

The flickring fame

The souies that lacked

The sun when he hath

The secret flame that

The bird that sometime

Thou Cupide god

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The



The table

The bertue of blisses	100	what rage is this	41
To false reporte	100	what worde is that	42
To walke on doubtful	101	when Dido feasted first	49
To trust the fained face	102	who iustly may reioyce	51
The blind boy	103	who list to liue vp right	57
The wisest way thy boate	104	what thing is that	62
The auncient time com.	113	what crafty castes do sterc	64
Therefore when restlesse	116	when dyedfull swelling	65
The long lone that in my		when Audley had ron	69
		when Cupide scaled	71
		with Petrarch to compare	74
V Stable dreame	20	what fearest thou thy	85
Unwarly so was	34	who loues to liue in peace	85
Generous thornes	42	walking the path	87
Vulcan begat me	43	what herder is then stone	80
Unto the liuing lord	57	who list to leade a quiet	97
Plain in the fleting welth	106	whom fany forced	109
		who so that wisely waies	104
		when Shebus had	110
VVhen youth had led me	3	what one art thou	113
when somer toke in	4	what path list you to	114
when wind for wallis	5	what race of life ron you	114
when raging lone	7		
wrapt in my carelesse	13		
What restes here	16		
Was neuer file	19	Y Et was I neuer of	19
What nedes these thezcat	23	yet that in loue finde	20
where that I haue	27	Your lokes so often	30
what man hath heard	28	Yet once againe my Muse	88
what baileth trouth	29	Ye that in play peruse	80
within my brest I neuer	30	Your bozowd man	98
when first mine eyes	39	You are to pong.	111

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IMPRINTED AT LON-  
DON IN FLETESTRETE

within Temple barre at the

*signe of the hand and starre, by*

*Richard Tottell.*

*Anno. 1567.*

Cum priuilegio.

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Quid

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